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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

April 13, 1955

PRICE



EASTER BONNETS
See pages 16, 17.

Inside: Lift-out book of Household Hints

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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APRIL 13, 1955

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THE EASTER MESSAGE

THROUGHOUT the Christian world no period of the year holds greater significance than Easter. And no message in Christian doctrine (or in any other doctrine, for that matter) has greater significance for troubled humanity than the Easter message.

Fundamentally, the message is one of self-sacrifice—the sacrifice which Christ exemplified when, at the Last Supper, He comforted His disciples by saying: "This is my body which is given for you. This is my blood which is shed for you."

With the magnitude of Christ's sacrifice, and with His Resurrection, came new hope for mankind and a new code of human behaviour—the code of unselfishness.

Two thousand years of changing social habits have altered many things about Easter. Bonnets and bunnies, eggs and entertainments have become part of today's Easter scene.

But underlying them, and as unchanging as innermost man himself, is that fundamental message of self-sacrifice.

It is a message with a personal application for everyone. In most everyday things, as well as in major activities, it is possible for everyone to show a tiny spark of that Divine selflessness.

The holiday motorist who drives carefully, taking no more than his share of the road and caring about the safety of other road-users, shows it. So does the Easter picnic party which preserves the beauty of the bush for others and does not leave it devastated or defaced.

To some people such small acts of thoughtfulness and unselfishness may seem trifling and unworthy of ranking as part of the spirit of Easter.

But are they?

Surely the undying quality of the Easter message proves that its greatness and truth apply not only to the lofty realms of spiritual endeavor but also to the humblest of human activities.

Our cover:

● A little New York girl who has chosen her Easter bonnet and is now free to turn her attention to the rest of her wardrobe.

This week:

● Leo Aarons, New York photographer, who took the cover picture and two pages of junior New Yorkers in color in this issue, says that sometimes he feels more like a gambler than a photographer.

He says he uses about £A40 worth of film in a sitting and only about two out of ten of his child models give him saleable pictures. Experts say the secret of his lively color shots is that he knows just when to press the shutter as the little model is registering appreciation of some of his studio props or the faces or noises Mr. Aarons is making.

Other big features are:

Our colorful lift-out booklet of household hints.

Scenes in color from the film "Interrupted Melody," the life story of Marjorie Lawrence, to have its world premiere in Melbourne, where Marjorie first sang in public.

Mary Hordern's Paris Notes in color on the plain wool dress in jersey or tweed—indispensable for autumn and winter.

Gardening—how to reduce spade work by cultivating herbaceous borders.

● In our Beautiful Australia series, Rev. George Rees, of West Ryde, N.S.W., proves himself an artist with a camera in the composition of his picture of the oldest Roman Catholic Church in use in Australia and the oldest Australian bridge on page 11.

Next week:

● Parents, often bewildered by emotional storms in their children, will welcome the first of a series of articles from the book "Helping Your Child's Emotional Growth," by Anna W. M. Wolf and Suzanne Szasz, author and photographer respectively. Mrs. Wolf is a member of the staff of the Child Study Association of America.

● Candy Hardy selects a party dress which she calls "Short and Sweet" to begin the teenage supplement. The dress can be bought ready to wear for a special price or cut out, ready to sew, for even less. There is a wide choice in colors and materials.

● Debbie is in a party mood, too, and makes attractive savories such as asparagus lilies and egg and anchovy daisies, which are decorative as well as appetising.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

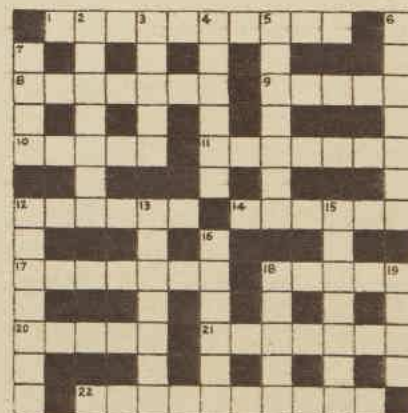
ACROSS

- In a thoroughfare where this exists you may build a pub, but it must be without a bar (5, 2, 3).
- Flower with a large cask in the centre (7).
- Rest for a layer (5).
- Sluggish sailor for a start (5).
- Enchantment mostly by love intrigue (7).
- Twilled table-linen where our time turns to disguise (6).
- Red men (Answer: 6).
- Mother with Gaelic people supposed to bring luck (7).
- Bookie or ten can be good amusement (5).
- Use abusive language not in standard English (5).
- Component part in which men make a component part (7).
- ISM (10).

Solution will be published next week.

HANDTOMMOUTH
O L R B P R W
G R A D A T E R A T O
R B P R R O W
E L A T E O N A G E R S
O N T I E
A M A L F I W E L D E R
G L R E
R E P R O V E T W I S T
E A U T R F R
E S S E N I N U T I L E
D H C N S E E
M A L E F A C T O R S

Solution to last week's Crossword.



DOWN

- Temporary substitute to repair a defect (7).
- Cattle dealers with medical degree (7).
- Give acquiescence as despatched (6).
- Write a word letter by letter with occult power (5).
- Adds to a backwards holy man (4).
- There is merit in intervening (7).
- Such man is useful for odd jobs (5).
- Fruit in South African river (6).
- Strife to get on in hostilities (7).
- Purveyor who carries his puss on his head (7).
- Bookie turns to a speck (4).
- Bequeathed an imperfect young lady in a deed (7).

FASHION NOT



Lovely Jeanette Elphie models next season's fashions six to nine months before release. Like many other famous models she finds the work most exacting—but most interesting.

One of the many things top model has to pay special attention to is her hair. For this is no problem for Jeanette, who says: "Every weekend without fail I shampoo my hair. I use 'Vaseline Liquid Shampoo,' because it's so wonderfully foamy and cleansing—leaves my hair soft and fresh." Your hair will look alive, shining clean, after just one shampoo with "Vaseline Brand Liquid Shampoo." "Vaseline" is the Registered Trade Mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Cons'd.



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By
BOB HOPE

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FROM ALL BOOKSELLERS

Bachelor Husband

BY CHARLOTTE EDWARDS

THE boys at the office all warned Jack Hale about the same thing. "Don't let her get the upper hand or you're a dead duck," they all said. "You've held out longer than any of us and it would be a crime if you lost the ground you've fought for these extra ten years."

It struck him as funny, being warned against a gentle little thing like Amanda. If she had been one of the very determined ones, or the ultra-sophisticated ones, or the successful ones who had filled in the spare time he was willing to devote to women during his bachelorhood, he could have understood their qualms. But Amanda was the type who went out with World War I. A throw-back to the slower, sweeter era.

It was the first thing Jack noticed about her, how out of place she was, sitting at the reception desk in the busy radio station. She looked so well groomed and gentle. Her hair was smooth and shining and her mouth was pink instead of a shrill crimson, although he realised more than once that it was richly shaped and smiling enough to stand any accent. Her eyes, when they finally lifted to his, were an innocent clear blue, friendly and shy at the same time, and asking to be liked.

"That's when I was first a dead duck," he told himself, thinking it over later. "That moment when she looked at me and smiled."

He liked being a dead duck. It was a feeling of both warmth and uncertainty. It was a consciousness of the breadth of his shoulders, wide enough and strong enough to plough through any of life's difficulties, making a path for Amanda to walk safely. It was a tenderness that wanted to protect. It was wondering what Amanda was thinking, and wanting to make her happy. It was, he finally concluded without a struggle, love.

The night he asked Amanda to marry him it was summertime, and she wore a white dress and her skin was lightly tanned and the candles on the dinner table made her shimmer before his eyes. He knew that if she said no he wouldn't know where to turn or what to do with the rest of his life.

"Amanda," he said, hurrying it, not waiting for that time beside the moonlit lake as he had planned, "I'm thirty-two—" He stopped.

She smiled at him. "So you're thirty-two," she said in her soft, happy voice, "You don't look a day over seventy."

"I'm thirty-two," he repeated stubbornly, "and it makes it harder. If I were a— a callow youth—"

Her smile widened.

"Don't look so superior," he found his voice rising. "So feminine and superior and as if you knew something I don't."

"I don't know anything you don't," she murmured. "But maybe I know the same thing you do."

"Oh," he cried, comprehension rising in him. "Let's get out of here so I can kiss you."

The fellows were crazy with their warnings. Off their rockers.

Once the fortnight's honeymoon was over and Amanda left her job and they were settled in the apartment that looked old and shabby outside and was shined-up heaven inside, Jack proved how wrong the boys were.

The night after there was nothing more to paint and polish, he said: "I usually play tennis on Wednesday nights, Baby. Ad men against newspaper men." He pushed out his chest. "I'm good."

She looked at him from the modern davenport where she had stretched out

To page 46

"You're angry with me," Amanda said flatly. "You want to quarrel with me."

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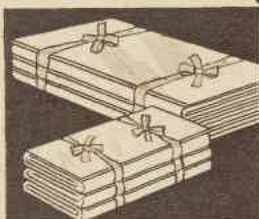


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NAME

ADDRESS

Third instalment of a six-part romantic serial

By GEORGETTE HEYER

Bath Tangle

BEAUTIFUL, high-spirited SERENA, only child of the late Earl of Spenborough, is furious when her father's will leaves her affairs under the control of her ex-fiance, the MARQUIS OF ROTHERHAM. She and Rotherham broke their engagement because of repeated clashes of temperament and can now seldom meet without quarrelling.

As her home, Milverley Park, now passes to the new Earl, her cousin HARTLEY, Serena decides to live at the Dower House with her youthful stepmother, FANNY, and later the two take a house in Bath.

They have occasional visits from Rotherham, but mostly these end in quarrels. Meanwhile, Serena makes an amazing acquaintance in good-hearted, vulgar, and extremely wealthy MRS. FLOORE, who, it transpires, is the mother of LADY LALEHAM, a noted social climber, and supports the Laleham household, though she is never received there.

Lady Laleham previously had tricked Fanny into introducing her and her daughter EMILY to Rotherham, and Serena was very annoyed that Rotherham, in a fit of devilment, paid marked attention to the pretty, artless Emily and later had her invited to a ball at Rotherham House given for one of his wards.

In Bath, Serena also meets again MAJOR HECTOR KIRKBY, a girlhood sweetheart of whom her father disapproved. Fanny declares that the Major will propose to Serena before the week is out. NOW READ ON:

FANNY was disappointed. It was ten days later before the Major declared himself, and he did it then at her instigation.

That he was head over ears in love no one could doubt. He went about like a man dazzled by strong sunshine, so oblivious of his surroundings or any worldly care that his anxious mother was thrown into great disquiet, convinced at one moment that he no longer held her in affection, and at the next that his restlessness and absence of mind must have its root in some deep-seated disorder. Since the state of her health made her shrink from social intercourse, and her only expeditions from her eyrie in Lansdown Crescent down into the town were to the Abbey Baths, she remained in ignorance of the true state of affairs.

Fashionable Bath could have enlightened her, for, although the Major retained just enough sense not to haunt Laura Place, it seemed not to occur to him that the spectacle of a tall and handsome young man searching the Pump Room every morning for the Lady Serena Carlow might possibly attract attention. The habitués of the Pump Room derived considerable entertainment from it, one gentleman asserting that it was now his custom to set his watch by the Major's arrival; and old General Hendy, whose own practice was to steer a gouty and determined course to Fanny's side, saying indignantly that he never saw such a silly, moonstruck fellow, and had a good mind to tell him what a cake he was making of himself. Whenever the Major came bearing down upon Serena, he scowled at him awfully; but, as the Major had no eyes for anyone but Serena, this strong hint from a senior officer went unnoticed.

General Hendy was not the only person hostile to the courtship. High sticklers viewed it with disapproval, some maintaining that it was improper for the Lady Serena to be encouraging any gentleman to pay his addresses to her while she was in mourning for her father, others considering that such a match would be scandalously unequal.

Had the Major been less besotted he must have perceived the glances, curious, amused, or condemnatory, and have realised that his goddess had become the most talked-of woman in Bath. He would

have been aghast. Serena realised it and laughed.

Fanny did not realise it until Mrs. Floore shocked her by saying: "A very pretty beau your stepdaughter has got for herself, my lady, I do declare! Lord, it's as good as a play to watch him! Morning after morning, in he comes, and if Lady Serena is here he goes plunging across the room to her, never noticing another soul, and if she ain't he goes off like a dog that's lost its tail!"

Dismayed, Fanny exclaimed: "Oh, how could I be so thoughtless? I never dreamed that people would notice—talk about Lady Serena—!"

"Who cares for a bit of gossip?" said Mrs. Floore comfortably. "There's no harm that ever I heard of in a beautiful girl being courted, and if people choose to talk, let 'em!"

Serena said the same. "My dear Fanny, don't tease yourself! The world began to talk about me when I drove a high-perch phaeton in Hyde Park! I was eighteen then, and much Papa cared for the exclamations of the censorious! When I declared I would no longer be burdened with a duenna hands were up-flung in horror; when I jilted Rotherham I was known to be past reclaim! Add to these all my other iniquities and you must perceive that I've given people so much to talk about that had I cared for their whisperings I must have retired to a nunnery! What's more, didn't my aunt warn you that I am an acknowledged flirt?"

"Serena, do not say so!"

"Well, it's quite true, you know!" said Serena candidly. "How often have you accused me of trifling with some ridiculous creature's sensibilities?"

"Oh, no, no! I never said that! Only that you have so much liveliness, dearest, and so much beauty that—that gentlemen can't help but fall in love with you, and you are so heedless of your beauty that you don't quite realise it!"

"Fanny, you're a goose!" Serena told her severely. "Of course I do! If a personable man does me the honor to think me beautiful—alas, that there should not be more of them! But my red hair, you know, is a sad blemish!—well, if he does admire me, what should I do but reward him with a little elegant dalliance?"



"How can you talk so? If I believe you to be flirting with Major Kirkby—Oh, no, Serena, you could not!"

"You are very right! It would be a feat beyond my power. He would be incapable of it!"

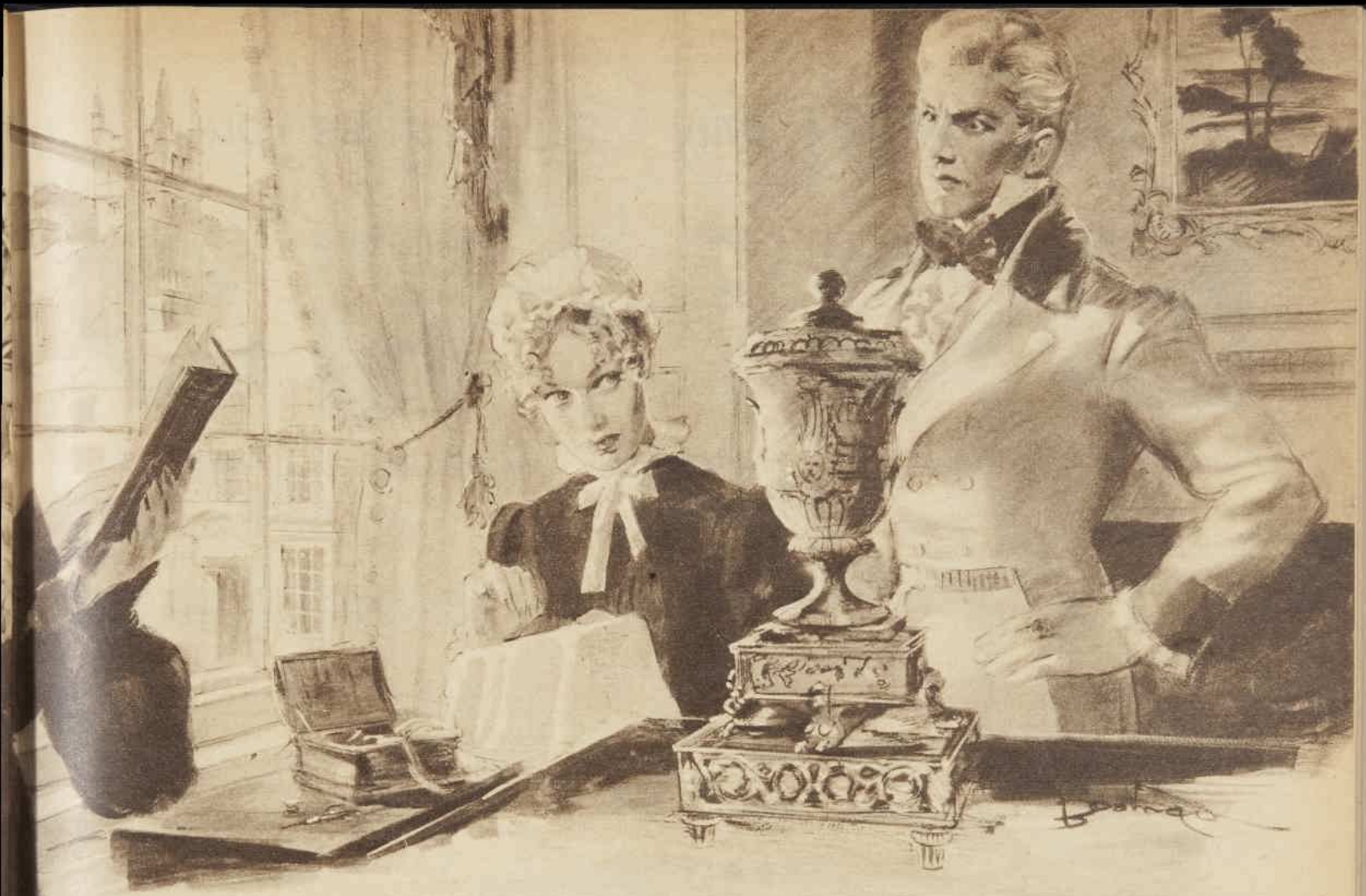
"I wish you would be serious," Fanny said despairingly.

"I can't be! No, no, don't pester me with questions or lecture me on the proprieties, Fanny! Very likely I have taken leave of my senses—indeed, I sometimes fear I have!—but either I shall come about or—or—I shall not! And, as for the rest of the world, it may go to the devil!"

Fanny could only conclude that it was as much in love as the Major wished that he would come to the point. Why he did not do so she was at a loss to understand, and was beginning to wonder if some impediment perhaps existed, when, to her surprise, he ushered into the drawing-room in Lady Place one afternoon.

"I hoped I might find you at home," he said as he grasped her hand. "Serena is out, I know; it is you I particularly wish to see! You are her guardian—the properest person to be consulted! You know her—I believe you must be well of the nature of the feeling which Lady Spenborough, in the joy of seeing her again, hearing her voice, touching her hand, all other considerations forgotten! I allowed myself—" He broke off, trying to collect himself, and took a few hasty steps about the room.

Filled with trepidation, she said at a moment: "You allowed yourself, Major Kirkby—?"



"It sounds unedifying, to say the least of it," the Major said stiffly as Serena read on, laughing.

"To be happy in a dream. A dream of years which seemed suddenly to have turned to reality!"

"A dream! I beg your pardon, but why do you call it so?" she asked anxiously.

He turned and came back to the fireside.

"Should I not? Lady Spenborough, I ask myself that question again and again. I tell myself it could be reality, but I cannot silence the doubt—the scruple—that warns me it should not!"

His agitation, the strong emotion under which he was evidently laboring, the oppressed look upon his brow, all awoke her ready compassion. Her disposition was timid; she was always very shy with anyone whom she did not know well; but she felt no shyness upon this occasion.

"Will you not be seated and tell me what it is that is troubling you?" she said with her pretty smile. "You know I am very stupid and I don't at all understand what you mean!"

He threw her a grateful look, saying: "You are so very kind! I am talking like a fool, I suppose! I came to ask you—Lady Spenborough, should I be the most presumptuous dog alive to beg Serena to marry me?"

Astonishment widened her eyes. "Presumptuous? But—but why?"

"You don't think so? But have you considered? You know, I fancy, that the feelings I entertain are not—are not of recent birth! It is nearly seven years since I first saw her and from that day those feelings have remained unchanged! She appeared to me then like some heavenly creature descended to earth to make every other woman seem commonplace! Her beauty, her grace, the very music of her voice, I could never forget. They have remained with me, haunted all my dreams—"

He stopped, reddening, and tried to laugh. "I am talking like a fool again!"

"No, no!" she breathed. "Pray do not think so! Go on, if you please!"

He stared down at his hands lying clasped between his knees.

"Well, you are aware, I daresay, that I had the temerity to raise my eyes—too high!"

"You should not say so," she interpolated gently.

"It was true! Then I thought otherwise. I was very young! Rank and fortune seemed to me to be of no account when set in the scales against such an attachment as I believed ours to be! I think I never forgave those that parted us until now, when the treasure I had believed unattainable seems to be within my reach, and I see—as any man of honor must—all the force of the arguments which were advanced against me seven years ago!"

Again she interrupted him.

"Forgive me! But seven years ago she was just come out and you were a younger son with no prospects! She is her own mistress now and you are not a boy, just joined, and proud, as Serena once told me, of your first regimentals. Then, had she been permitted to marry you, she must have followed the drum; today it is otherwise, is it not?"

He looked up, fixing his eyes upon her intently.

"I have come into the property which I never thought to inherit, but it is not large. Indeed, in her eyes the estate must seem a small one and brings me what I should rather call an easy competence than a handsome fortune. The elegance of life I can command, but not its luxuries! The house to which I should take her, though I have been used to hear it spoken of as a commodious, cannot compare with Milverley. I was never at Milverley, but I have visited such places. I have even stayed in one or two and I know that beside the size and style of such an establishment my poor little manor must be dwarfed indeed. I could afford, I think, to hire a house in town for the season, but it could not be a mansion like Spenborough House."

"Oh!" she cried involuntarily. "Can you suppose that such considerations as that would weigh with Serena?"

"No! Her mind is too lofty—her disposition too generous! If she gave her heart, she would, I think, be ready to live in a cottage! It is with me that those considerations weigh. They must do so—and the more heavily because she would laugh them aside!"

"I don't know what any woman could want more than what you can offer her," Fanny said wistfully.

"Lady Spenborough, are you sincere? You don't think it would be wrong in me to ask her to be my wife?"

"No, indeed! To be sure, I cannot feel that a cottage would do for Serena," said Fanny, quite unable to picture Serena in such a setting, "because she doesn't like to feel herself cooped up. Besides, you could scarcely keep servants in a cottage and, with all the will in the world, Major Kirkby, she could never manage without!"

He could not help laughing. "I should think not, indeed!"

"You see," Fanny explained, "she has always had so many servants to wait upon her that she has never been obliged to attend very much to domestic matters. But I daresay you have a good housekeeper?"

"Oh course! I didn't mean that she would have to sweep floors or cook the dinner or even tell the maids what they must do. My mother was used to direct the servants, but since she has lived in Bath, Mrs. Harbury has attended to all such matters and could very well continue to do so if Serena wished it."

"I expect she would wish it," said Fanny with lively memories of Serena's unconcern with the domestic arrangements at the Dower House. She added reflectively: "It is the oddest thing! I am sure Serena never groomed a horse in her life or swept out a stall, but she would manage a stable far more easily than a house!"

These words brought another scruple to his mind.

"Her hunting! Could she bear to give that up? Even if I could endure to let her risk her neck, my home is in Kent, and that is poor hunting country—humbug country. I expect she would call it! There are several

packs, but I have never been much addicted to the sport. I could become a subscriber, but I doubt—She told me once that she thought nothing equal to the Cottesmore country."

"Yes," said Fanny. "She and her papa were used to visit Lord Lonsdale every year at Lowther Hall. But for the most part, of course, they hunted with the Duke of Beaufort's pack. I believe—but I have never hunted myself—that that is very good country, too." She smiled at him as something very like a groan burst from him. "Major Kirkby, you are too despondent! It would be a very poor creature who would set such considerations as that in the balance!"

"I know she would not! But I should wish her to have everything she desired."

"Well, if she desired it so very much, perhaps it could be contrived. You might purchase a lodge in the Shires or—"

"That I might do, but maintain a dozen or so first-class hunters I could not."

"But Serena has a very large fortune of her own!" said Fanny.

He sprang up and began to walk about the room again. "Yes. I have no knowledge—but it was bound to be so. I wish it were not! You will understand me, Lady Spenborough, when I say that I had rather by far she were penniless than that there should be so great a disparity—as I fear there must be—between our fortunes!"

"I do understand you," she replied warmly. "Such a sentiment cannot but do you honor, but, believe me, it would be most wrong, most foolish, to let such a scruple stand in the way of—perhaps—the happiness of you both!"

He came striding back to her and caught her hand to his lips.

"I have no words with which to thank you! If I have your consent, I care for no other! You know Serena—you love her—and you tell me to go forward!"

"Oh, yes, but I am not her guardian, you

To page 54

For Cooking only **GAS** gives you...



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With a sidelong glance at Stella Tom said, "Ever get the feeling that you'd had enough travelling?"



Home Sweet Home

BY ROBERT PATTERSON

ILLUSTRATED BY BECK

IN the kitchen Stella McCracken was capping the last of the cases with folded newspaper when she heard footsteps on the back porch.

Then the screen door opened behind her and she turned and greeted her sister, "Hi, Jill."

"Finished packing already?" Jill's eyebrows shot skyward in dismay at the trunks and packing-cases and stray wisps of straw. "But I came to help!"

Stella smiled. There was something about seventeen-year-old sisters. "You move nine times in eight years and you learn how to pack."

She knew it was nine because every third time they moved Tom didn't tell her or the kids where they were going until they got there, and this was one of the times. It was rather fun, especially for the kids.

Jill leaned against a case and frowned. "Doesn't he ever help you pack?"

"Tom? Yes, when he's home. But he had things to do this morning."

"I'll bet!" Jill said. "The way he carries you around the country whenever he feels like it, making you live in old, leaky summer cottages and third-floor flats! Mother says—"

"Look," Stella interrupted gently, "when I start complaining it will be plenty of time for you and Mother to start worrying. Let Mrs. Lewis in, will you, please?"

Jill opened the door. "Ugh!" she said as the big black cat stalked in and gave them a baleful stare. "That awful creature!"

Stella smiled and, leaning down, stroked the black, battle-scarred head. Four years ago, in Poplar, Minnesota, Jimmy had arrived at the kitchen door one frosty winter morning, a shivering mop of a kitten clutched in his arms. "Found a cat!" he had announced proudly.

He had named it Mrs. Lewis after a favorite neighbor who gave him

cookies. That his pet had grown into the biggest, ugliest, toughest, blackest tomcat in forty-eight States was neither here nor there to Jimmy. The name was Mrs. Lewis.

"Take a good look around, cat," Stella said softly. "Goodness knows where we'll be living next."

Jill said, "Hasn't he even told you where you're going yet?"

"No."

"Of all the crazy people!" Jill cried. "Travel, travel, travel all over the damned country! Oregon, Maine, New Mexico — six months here, a year there—"

"Excuse me, honey," Stella interrupted. "I have to call the kids."

"I'm sorry," Jill apologised unhappily. "But we hate to see you go, that's all. When you moved back here last year we thought you'd finally had enough and were home to stay."

Stella lifted the policeman's whistle from the nail by the door. Maybe she'd thought so too. "Don't worry about us," she said.

She blew three short blasts on the whistle. Two backyards away a chunky little figure in a green and striped polo shirt stood up.

"Come on, Mike!" Stella called. "Where's Jimmy?"

"Here I am," Jimmy said, crawling out from under the back steps. Another boy followed. Both wore big black hats and brass-studded boots. They eyed each other.

"Adios, amigo," Jimmy said. "Maybe our trails'll cross again sometime." The other boy mumbled something, then disappeared along the driveway.

"Scrub up in the bathroom," Stella said to Jimmy. "I've left one towel out." She looked at her watch. It was almost noon, and the removal men were due and so was Tom.

He'd said he'd grab a bite on the way home. She and the kids would eat in the corner cafe while he helped

the men load. Then they'd pile into the car and be on their way.

"Hi, Aunt Jill," Jimmy said, hurrying through the kitchen. "We're moving!"

Mike trailed behind him. "You wash with Jimmy," Stella said. "And remember, the dirt's supposed to come off in the water, not on the towel."

"Hi, Aunt Jill!" Mike crowed excitedly. "We're moving today and we don't know where to!" The bathroom door closed behind him.

"Well," Stella said brightly, "that's—!" She broke off. In the bathroom the kids had begun to sing. She chuckled. "Listen!"

"The father was a travelling man, A journeyman printer was he..."

It was a song Tom had made up when they were crossing Iowa five years ago—or was it six? Anyway, before Mike was born. Ever since, it had been the signal.

Whenever he came home from work whistling it, she'd know another move was as good as on. After supper he'd haul out the current issue of "Printers' World" magazine and turn to the Help Wanted ads.

"How'd you like to winter in Tennessee, honey?" he'd say, depending on who happened to need a printer. Or, "There's a nice-looking job in Texas. But no, we've seen Texas. How about Utah?"

Later he'd write letters and mail them. Sometimes nothing happened, of course. But when it did, they'd haul out the cases and in great excitement start packing.

When the kids were babies it was a lot more difficult, of course. There was always so much more to move... cots, baths, prams, and the boxes of assorted toys.

It had been a relief to have finally sold all those things. And now that they were older it was surprising how Mike and Jimmy helped with the job of packing.

Tom's voice interrupted her thoughts.

"Hi, everybody!" He came into the kitchen and winked at Jill, who sniffed. He kissed Stella. "All set?"

Stella smiled up at him. "When-ever you say."

He grinned. "Then I say!"

When they got back from the cafe, the van had been loaded and was gone. The car, with Mrs. Lewis inside, was at the kerb. Tom was sitting on the front steps. He stood up. "Into the car, kids," he said. "Honey, do you want to take one last look around?"

Stella looked at the house. She shook her head.

"Well," Jill said forlornly, "I—I guess I'd better go home. Good-bye, Stella."

Stella kissed her. She was glad she'd said goodbye to her parents the night before. "We'll be seeing you, honey," she said.

She felt suddenly sorry for Jill, who only wanted the best for her, she knew. But there were some things Jill just didn't understand yet. "Goodbye, dear," she said gently. Then she got into the car.

At the corner they turned left, heading westward across town. In the back seat the kids were singing Tom's song. Stella tried not to think. Leaving here was different, somehow. This was where she'd grown up.

Tom turned a corner. "Short cut," he said. She glanced at his face. He seemed quiet today.

Glancing at her sideways, he said, "Ever get the feeling you'd had enough travelling—that you wanted to settle down?"

She smiled.

"Have you?" he asked. "Suppose somebody offered you a nice old house with a big garden at the back

and lots of cupboards and a big sunny kitchen and said you could live there for the rest of your life if you wanted to. What would you do?"

She glanced at him, then gave a short laugh. "Don't tempt me," she warned. But at the same time she knew that if he asked her to go to the ends of the earth with him, she'd go.

Thinking this and looking at him, she didn't see the moving van until Tom pulled unexpectedly over to the kerb behind it and stopped the car and pointed.

"This is it, darling," he said carefully. "I put a deposit on it."

It was a house.

"Of course," he said, grinning uncertainly, "we don't own the car any more, and we haven't any money left in the bank. But it does have a nice big garden, and a big, sunny kitchen. And it's not too far from your mother's, and—"

He broke off then and they looked at each other, and he said gently, "Did you think I didn't know, honey? And did you think I haven't felt that way too?"

Then, looking from the house to Tom and back again, while behind her the kids squealed their delight, Stella could hold it all inside herself no longer. She began to cry.

The tears flowed down her cheeks but in the next minute she was laughing, because the boys had thrown their arms around her neck and were saying hilariously, "We won't have to sing that old song anymore, 'cos we've got a new one. How do you like it, Mom?"

And their shrill voices burst into "Home, Sweet Home."

She reached out for Tom's hand and held it tight. "It's the most beautiful song in the world," she said softly.

(Copyright)

THE WITNESS WOULDN'T TALK

THE trim, red-haired girl in the dark frock and leopard-skin hat proceeding towards City Hall radiated determination. She strode ahead firmly, clutching her leopard-skin muff, chin tilted high, her eyes intent with purpose. But as she approached the courthouse side of the building, worry overtook her. Would she get there too late?

Kate Conlin had a way of giving herself a scolding when her behaviour dissatisfied her; she did so now.

"You lose your temper," she said, "when you should be deciding on what to do. And all the while time marches on!"

She hurried into the building. There was no elevator waiting. And when it came, passengers had to get out. She stamped her foot impatiently.

"What's the rush, Miss?" the operator said. "Sheriff after you?"

"Aren't you funny!" The girl stepped into the conveyance. "Third floor," Kate Conlin said.

In the Criminal Division, the jury foreman delivered the verdict, "Guilty!"

The usual drama followed the conviction. Paul Reed, dark-eyed young defendant, walked shakily to the bar of the court. He had no lawyer. An out-of-town young man of twenty-two, his offence was an attempt to extort money from Clyde Wetherill, a prominent banker. Wetherill advanced from the front row, accompanied by Edmund Trevard, his counsel. The judge was ready to impose sentence.

John Doowinkle, assistant district attorney, was in charge for the Commonwealth. A slight, rather stubborn man wearing glasses, he was one of the lesser assistants in the department, not often in court. With John was his friend, Lieutenant of Detectives Bill Stuart, who had made the arrest in the case.

Doowinkle began to the bench: "There is little we can say for this defendant. His attempt was made against a man who once helped him—"

He was interrupted by the march of a girl from the rear of the court; she had entered while the jury was being polled. Lifted eyes followed her to the railing. Red-haired and pretty, she stood a moment collecting herself.

She spoke with a quick nod to the dais, "My name's Kate Conlin. That young man is innocent. You see, I worked for Mr. Wetherill—"

Edmund Trevard cut in, "This is absurd, Your Honor. The defendant denied his guilt on the stand and failed to convince the jury. The case is over."

"But I have information!" She appealed to the bench. "You must listen to me!"

Judge Lance gestured. "I suppose I have no choice." A judge who chafed at digression, his tone was sharp. "Why weren't you at the trial?"

"I can explain that," She hurried to the stand.

The Press table stirred; this peppery redhead gave a new fillip to the case. From the railing, Paul Reed stared up wonderingly at the girl.

Judge Lance faced her. "Well?"

She spun accusingly towards John. "Did you really look into the case? As a district attorney, that's your job, isn't it?"

John was nettled. Perhaps he had treated the case as routine. But, knowing Clyde Wetherill's high standing in the city, he saw no reason to let his suspicions run loose.

He said, "Pray continue, Miss Conlin. What revelation have you for us?"

She looked at Wetherill. The banker stood staring. Next to him, Trevard viewed the girl with amusement.

Until today, Kate Conlin began, she was Wetherill's stenographer. And six days ago, young Reed came in from his home town of Granger Falls, up-State, to see her employer. "The door was open and I heard their conversation. I mean, I couldn't help hearing it."

"I see. What what was it you—ah—couldn't help hearing?"

"Well, Mr. Reed thanked Mr. Wetherill for paying his way through college. He said, 'I know you wanted it kept anonymous, but I felt I had to. I got the bursar to give me your name. I hope you don't mind.' Mr. Wetherill said, 'I do mind!' He sounded very angry. Then he said, 'Oh, well, it doesn't matter.' Mr. Reed mentioned that he was in town to find a job over the summer, and Mr. Wetherill said good, maybe he could help. Then he took Mr. Reed to dinner at his club."

"The next day Reed came in around two; this time the door was closed. Then Mr. Wetherill came out and phoned the detective bureau from my desk, to send an officer right away. You know what he accused Mr. Reed of. And it's not true!"

John glanced at Wetherill, recalling his testimony against Reed: "Some years ago I heard of this orphaned boy in Granger Falls and obeyed an impulse to further his education . . . Now, on his second visit to my office, he announced he had come to get money out of me; that I had it to spare, and anyway I owed him a start in life. He was quite cool. If I refused, he threatened to spread tales about me—that I gambled heavily, for instance. He said, 'Bankers are vulnerable, you

know. Isn't it worth a measly five thousand to get rid of me?' Regrettably, I decided this young man needed correction."

Pretending to agree, and that he had to get the cash from a teller, he called the police instead.

"Go on, Miss Conlin. What makes you say Mr. Wetherill trumped up the charge?"

She replied, "It was his manner when he called the police. He—he hesitated, and the look on his face—it was so guilty—he knew what he was doing was wrong!"

John said, "You read that from his facial expression?"

Judge Lance said, "Perhaps it was her feminine intuition working." He eyed the girl. "That is your so-called information? And on that flimsy basis we are to disbelieve Mr. Wetherill, whose reputation we all know?"

She declared, "I know I'm right. This morning as he was leaving for court I said to him, 'I've always respected you, and I tried talking myself out of it, but you did frame that young man.' He brushed by me and I told him I was resigning. At first I was just angry. Then I thought of my own duty, but by the time I got here—that's why I was so late. And if you say this is none of my business—I was taught that justice is everybody's business!"

Trevard put in, "And everybody's business is hers. If she has finished at last—"

"I haven't," she flashed at him. "You're not Mr. Wetherill's



An unusual short story

By HARRY KLINGSBERG

regular lawyer. Why did he hire you just for this case? . . . I've finished now, Your Honor."

John watched her a moment. A girl with a lot of courage; if nothing else, her strong sincerity cast a shadow over the case. And she seemed to put new will in the defendant. Young Reed squared his shoulders and nodded slowly, as though deep in thought.

"Now that calm is restored," Trevard said, "Your Honor, the last thing we wish is a prison term for the defendant. He has already had four days in gaol, awaiting trial, to ponder his mistake. But we do urge a long period of probation—say, five years—as a necessary control over his future conduct."

Paul Reed spoke steadily to the bench, "I am not guilty." He faced John. "I want a chance to talk to you and the officer who arrested me."

Trevard scoffed, "So he can try out some cock-and-bull story on them?"

John said, "Lieutenant Stuart and I will look into whatever he has to say."

"Then I appeal to Your Honor! This district attorney is falling for a trick!"

John retorted, "The district attorney will judge that for himself. With the court's permission, I will continue the date of sentence for a week."

Judge Lance was plainly reluctant, and John said stubbornly, "He can always be sentenced, Your Honor."

The judge grumbled, "Sheer delay. I'll have to set bail for his appearance. Five hundred dollars."

Kate Conlin came forward. "I've that much in the bank. I'll put it up for him."

John directed Reed, "Be in my office at four." He said to Bill Stuart, next to him, "You'll be there, too?"

The tall officer nodded. "That girl gave a last-minute turn to the case, didn't she?"

Paul Reed began slowly from a chair in John's cubicle, "Of course, I never tried to get money from Mr. Wetherill. But before coming to that, I have to tell you about myself."

He lived with his grandparents, his mother having died

To page 42

John Doowinkle's eyes, behind his glasses, were disconcerted as the girl said, "My name is Kate Conlin and I want to say that this young man is innocent."

ILLUSTRATED
BY DUNLOP



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new purifying ingredient to stop "B.O." hours longer

Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every letter published on this page.

THIS WEEK'S BEST LETTER

SOMETIMES it is wrong to be too independent. A family I know have a tremendous battle with illness and yet refuse offers of assistance from folk around who are eager to help with washing, ironing, and housework. Everyone appreciates those who don't impose, but I think the refusal of a helping hand is often a little selfish. People generally refuse so as to avoid being under an obligation and this action denies friends the pleasure and privilege of helping a friend in need. It would be far more gracious to accept aid than to refuse.

£1/1/- to "Freda" (name supplied), Sans Souci, N.S.W.

WHAT has come over the modern teenagers that they act like a pack of dingoes at the kill? I am referring to the riotous greeting bestowed by them on visiting "celebrities." Are our young girls so short of men that they are prepared to risk getting germs from strangers who bestow kisses, or have they lost all sense of decency and self-respect? In either case, I suggest to these young people that they stop acting as if they need psychiatric treatment and learn to become healthy-minded, responsible citizens.

10/6 to Mrs. R. Dowling, Burpengary, Qld.

I HAVE had many and varied discussions concerning whether teenagers should pay board as soon as they start earning. The argument against it is that they should have all their pay to establish a good wardrobe; the argument for it is that they should immediately begin paying something as an appreciation of what their parents have done for them. The latter is best, I think; it teaches them a sense of value.

10/6 to "Handout" (name supplied), South Melbourne.

I AM privileged to be one of the small group of people who through no fault of their own are left-handed. I consider it mean and unfair the way right-handers tend to consider themselves more efficient than left-handers. I believe this subject should be brought before the eyes of the public more than it is and that children who are left-handed should be allowed to write that way always.

10/6 to Janice Diers, Geelong, Tas.

I WORK in an office, and as a junior clerk it is my duty to send out all letters for mailing. The new 3½d stamps make it a trying job. They measure no less than 1½in. long, and so to send out only 12 letters I have to lick 18in. of stamps. Most of our stamps measure only half an inch long and I anxiously await the return of the 3½d stamp to this size.

10/6 to "Exhausted" (name supplied), Queenstown, Tas.

WHAT is happening to the musicians of today? I am only 14, but, honestly, when some people start raving over Frankie Laine, Johnnie Ray, Eddie Fisher, and the like, I feel like asking them where their taste in music is. How long is it since you heard a song with a little melody attached to it? Even if you do hear an oldtimer it is modernised to such an extent that, unless the announcer enlightens you as to the title of it, you don't even recognise the song. I am convinced that modern music is no more than a few cowbells, some kerosene tins, and somebody to drool over the words like a person under the influence of alcohol.

10/6 to "Melody Music," Townsville, Qld.

Princess Margaret

I WAS very astounded at Mrs. Spraggett's medieval comment on Princess Margaret's eventual marriage (*The Australian Women's Weekly*, 23/3/55). I won't discuss Mrs. Spraggett's other points of view, only her obvious horror of divorcees as if all were depraved sinners. There was a time when people were sentenced to death for slight offences; also a time when divorcees were despised and social life with them avoided by "nice" men and women. Today law and public opinion are fortunately more humane and rightful and we know very well that many divorcees are morally irreproachable. Shall they be denied a normal family life based on a second marriage?

10/6 to T.S. (name supplied), Cremorne, N.S.W.

HAVING read so much in the Press lately in favor of Group-Captain Townsend—his charming manner, his poetic good looks, his gallant war record—one cannot help wondering why his first wife left him and her children for another man. Was she just not his type? Did she not love him enough to stay at home alone while he, in the course of his duties, escorted Princess Margaret to the theatre, dances, house parties, etc.? Did she seek consolation elsewhere because she felt rightly or wrongly her husband no longer loved her? Believing it takes two to make a divorce as well as a marriage, will we ever know what really went wrong with the first Townsend marriage?

10/6 to "Interested Reader" (name supplied), Kingaroy, Qld.

WHEN I read Mrs. Spraggett's letter and the many things that have been written about Princess Margaret and Townsend, it strikes me how great a lady is Elizabeth, our Queen. She came to us as Queen under the great stress and sorrow of losing her beloved parent, bravely and majestically knowing and doing the right thing always. Her path since then hasn't been at all times particularly rose-strewn. Margaret, her sister, could be so great a help and support to her. May she choose the course that will bring the least unhappiness to our beloved Queen.

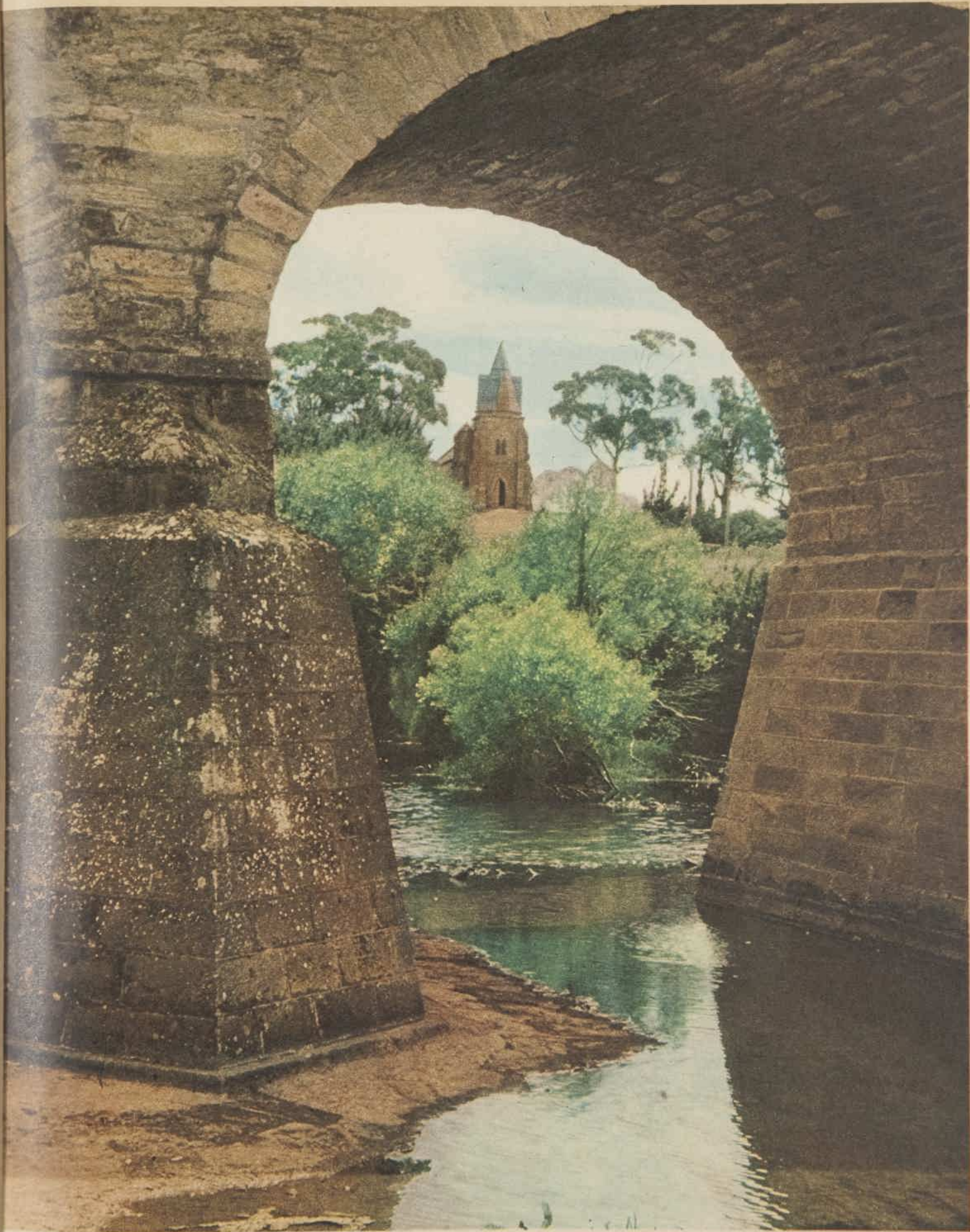
10/6 to "Another Margaret" (name supplied), Heyfield, Vic.

Family Affairs

• Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

ALL my threats and reprimands failed to have any lasting effect in teaching my family to put away their things in their proper places. Exasperated by the time wasted each morning in tidying up after them all before even starting my usual household chores, I hit upon a plan. I put their things away for them myself, but not in their proper places. I hid them. When they'd come asking where certain things were, I'd tell them to look for them, as they had left them lying about. After they had been kept late looking for things on many occasions, the plan is now showing most successful results.

£1/1/- to Mrs. F. Wilson, Randwick, N.S.W.



BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA

RICHMOND, TASMANIA, with the oldest Catholic church in Australia, seen through the arches of the oldest Australian bridge—two landmarks which have seen many Easters pass. The bridge was built in 1828 by convict labor. The church, named after the Apostle John, was built in 1835. Richmond is a tourist attraction, with its old relics, including the court house and gaol, conjuring up a grim picture of inhumanity of a type that the Easter message, renewed and repeated, has helped to stamp out. Rev. George Rees, of West Ryde, N.S.W., took the photograph.

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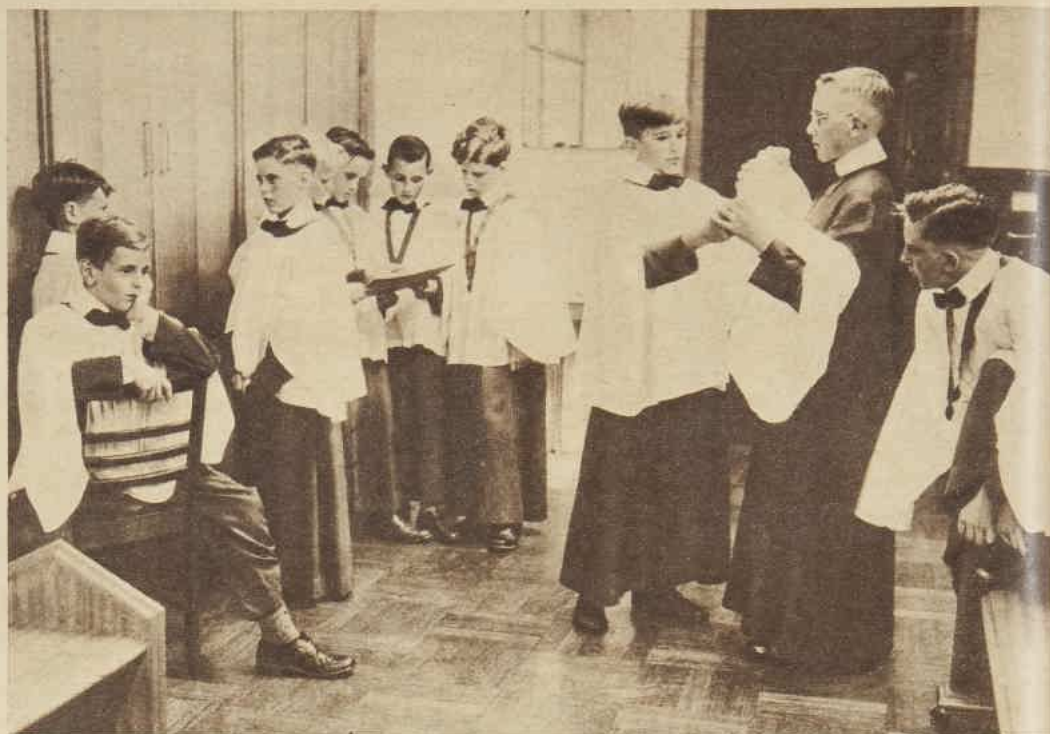
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CATHEDRAL CHOIR.



CHORISTERS of St. Andrew's Choir School meet in the Cathedral vestry before a Sunday morning service to put on their purple robes and surplices, slick down their hair, study their music scores, and chatter quietly. Head choristers and "corner boys" wear on their surplices the medal of St. Nicholas, patron saint of choirboys.



NON-SINGING SENIOR PUPILS Reg Wilson (14, left) and David Long (15) work with spirit-level and saw in the carpentry class. Technical subjects are in the curriculum.

Boy choristers of St. Andrew's Cathedral, Sydney, who are all pupils at the Cathedral's Choir School, will help the school's 70th birthday appeal for £75,000 in the way they know best—by singing.

THE choristers will start on a tour of Northern New South Wales, Brisbane, and Ipswich on May 9, singing cathedral music and some of the songs they learned from the Vienna Boys' Choir when it visited Australia last year.

"The Vienna boys did us a lot of good," choirmaster Kenneth Long said. "They showed us just how good a boys' choir can be and they made our boys keen to be just as good."

"We haven't reached the Vienna boys' standard yet, but we're trying."

St. Andrew's Choir School is the only choir school in Australia that is run in the tradition of the great English choir schools.

The school, situated in a building behind St. Andrew's Cathedral,

will celebrate its 70th birthday on July 13. With the money raised by its birthday appeal, it is intended to expand the school's range to the Leaving Certificate standard, and to build dormitories to accommodate boarders.

There are at present about 130 pupils, who are all day boys. Only 40 of their number are members of the school's two choirs—the Byrd and the Purcell Choirs.

In addition, there are probationer choristers and ex-choristers among the pupils.

Originally founded to teach only choirboys, the school has expanded to take ordinary pupils as well.

Headmaster of the school, Canon Newth, said, "We have a full curriculum up to Intermediate Certificate standard, so choir work must be an extra. We don't let it interfere with scholastic activities."

"We've found that choir work helps the boys in their school work rather than hindering them. Cathedral music is intricate and demands a lot of concentration from the boys. It seems to sharpen up their reflexes and makes them more alert. The boys who top their classes in exams are usually choristers."

The present aim of St. Andrew's Choir School is to provide a sound general education from primary standard to the Intermediate Certificate, with special emphasis on a thorough basic training in the theory and history of music.

The school numbers many distinguished citizens among its "old boys." Mr. Justice Webb is president of the Old Boys' Union.

Other famous "old boys" were airman Sir Charles Kingsford Smith and Test captain M. A. Noble.

Auditions will be held at 10 a.m. on Monday, May 2, to fill vacancies for choristers. Parents of applicants should apply to Miss Harvey at St. Andrew's Cathedral, Sydney, for details.



CHOIR PRACTICE is conducted by Cathedral organist and choir-master Kenneth Long. Young choristers gather round to sing.

...But they're real schoolboys, too



SHINING, INTENT FACES of the St. Andrew's choirboys look out from the choir stalls, where for 70 years the Cathedral choirboys have carved their initials. Composer John Antill was once a choirboy of St. Andrew's, which has many other noted past pupils.

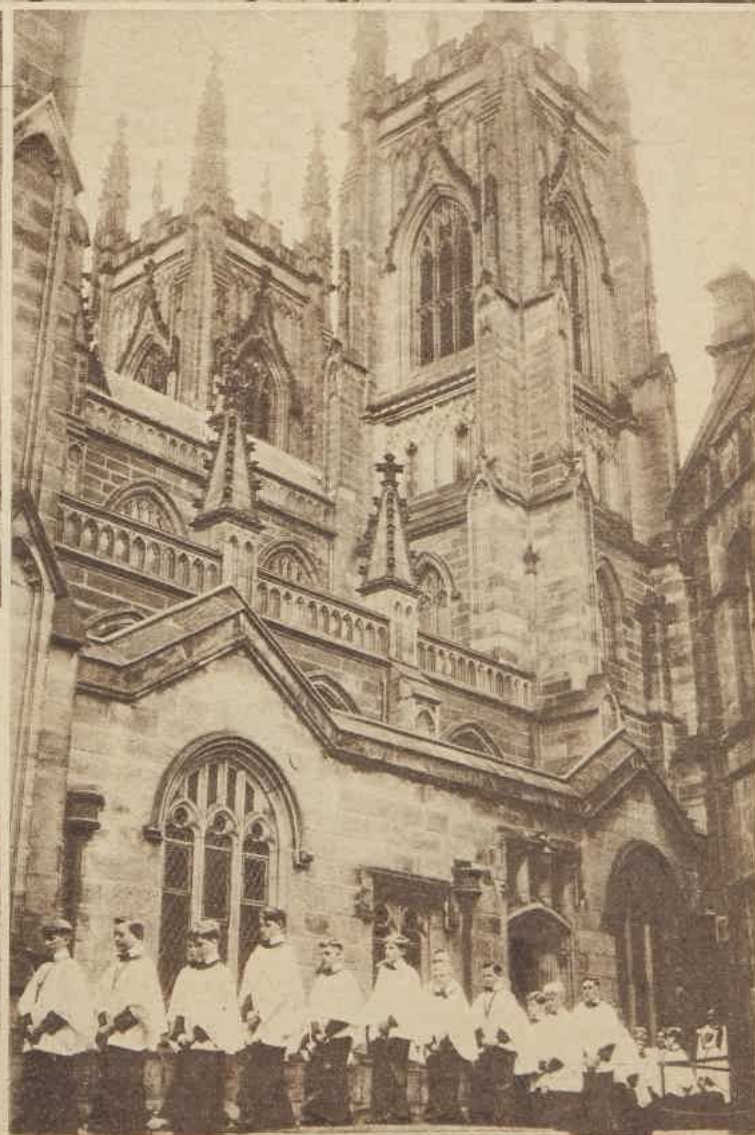


SCHOOL TUCKSHOP is rushed by St. Andrew's boys at lunchtime and the mid-morning break. Mrs. S. Dowse (centre), of Beauty Point, Sydney, and Mrs. E. Wood, of Belmore, Sydney, members of the Women's Auxiliary, help during a rush period. Mothers of the boys run the tuckshop three days a week. Pictures by staff photographer Colin Smith.



FOOTBALL (above) brings out the grubby schoolboy inside every angel-faced chorister. Head chorister, G. Carless, tackles B. Clark.

GREY STONE spires of the Cathedral (right) tower over the choirboys, sedate in their surplices, marching in to sing at a service.



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The Australian Women's Weekly £2000 ART AWARD

The Australian Women's Weekly Portrait Prize, 1955, has been hailed by directors of the National Art Galleries in the Commonwealth as "the most generous gesture ever made to Australian art and artists" and as "an admirable means of stimulating both established and new artists to express themselves as portraitists."

JUDGES



DARYL LINDSAY,
Director, National Gallery of Victoria.



ROBERT HAINES,
Director, Queensland National Art Gallery.



ROBERT CAMPBELL,
Director, National Gallery of South Australia.

THE prize-money of £2000," said Mr. Hal Missingham, Director of the National Art Gallery of N.S.W., "is, as far as I know, the biggest portrait prize in the world."

As already announced, the sum of £1500 will be awarded for the best portrait of a woman, or of a woman with a baby or young child up to ten years, or of a child under 14 years. The remaining £500 will be awarded for the best portrait by a woman artist.

If the winning portrait is painted by a woman she will receive the total prize-money, i.e., £2000.

The competition will be judged by the six art gallery directors, whose photographs appear on this page.

Referring to the fact that the contest is to be international, Mr. Robert Haines, Director of the Queensland National Art Gallery, said:

"Conducting the contest on a world-wide basis will give our artists a higher standard of competition and will have the added advantage of bringing works of today's internationally known artists before the Australian public."

"Such a large prize will surely attract many of the best portrait painters in the world today."

"I hope," said Mr. Daryl Lindsay, Director of the National Gallery of Victoria, "that The Australian Women's Weekly Portrait Prize will bring forth new talent in the realms of portraiture."

"Apart from some half-dozen well-established artists, few of the younger generation accept the challenge of portrait work."

"In addition," he added, "the contest, with its nation-wide search for undiscovered talent, will help tremendously in broadening the sphere of Australian art appreciation."

ing the sphere of Australian art appreciation."

Portraits entered for our Prize can be in oils, water-colours, or in pastels.

They must be painted from life, must form the major part of the composition, and be no smaller than 12in. x 16in. A painting of the nude figure will not be accepted as a portrait.

Competitors are restricted to two entries, which must be their own original work and must have been painted during the 12 months preceding the dates fixed for sending in entries.

Entries, suitably framed, must be sent to the National Art Gallery in Sydney between Monday, July 25, and Saturday, July 30, 1955.

No entries will be accepted at the Gallery after 12 noon on Saturday, July 30, 1955.

The judges' decision will be final and binding in all matters relating to the awarding of prizes and the subsequent selection of works for exhibition.

After their decision is announced, selected entries will be hung in the National Art Gallery of N.S.W. in Sydney for a minimum period of one month.

They will then be exhibited in other Australian capital cities for a period of up to ten months from the closing date of the competition.

Entry forms containing full details of the rules of the competition may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly offices in each State or by writing to "Portrait Prize," Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Forms have also been sent to the major art galleries and societies in each State and overseas.

JUDGES



HAL MISSINGHAM,
Director, National Art Gallery of N.S.W.



Dr. W. BRYDEN, Director, The Tasmanian Museum and Art Gallery.



LAURENCE THOMAS,
Director, Art Gallery of Western Australia.

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Kensitas
EXTRA SIZE

PLAIN AND CORK-TIPPED

Easter BONNETS



Above: "But does it do anything for me?"

Page 16



"So glad you really like it on me."



"Just a little thing from Paris."



Right: "I rather feel, you know, it's ME."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 13, 1955

● A lady is never too young to begin giving serious consideration to the important matter of her new Easter bonnet.

Photographs by LEO AARONS,
New York



Above: "What I like is a hat you don't have to worry about."

Below: "Well, as long as you really think it's not too young."



A FLAVOUR TREAT AT ANY TIME

... wonderful for
throat irritations, too!

WALCO



Your flavour
favourites, **HONEY
& LEMON**, in extra
hard gums, guaran-
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harsh washing soaps.
- ✓ Wind and weather
chapping.
- ✓ Coarse elbows.
- ✓ Hard skin on palms
and fingers.

Your hands need the rich,
protective oils that neutralize
the drying effect of harsh
soaps and detergents and the
chapping caused by wind
and weather.
Use fragrant creamy
Softasilk after every
household task and
see how your hands
stay soft as silk!



Keep your hands
romantically
lovely

It's handier in a tube... Small, Large,
keep it handy! Economy Sizes.

HAND BEAUTY CREAM

In our contest you can...



FOUR HILLMAN MINX CARS like this one are the prizes in our Ideal Wife and Mother Contest. As this happy picnic party shows, the car is perfect for family outings.

WIN A NEW CAR

This is the fifth week of our unusual and entertaining Ideal Wife and Mother Contest which offers as prizes four beautiful Hillman Minx cars.

THE contest is simple as well as entertaining. Each week, in eight consecutive issues from March 16 to May 4, we are publishing in coupon form four qualities which experts in the subject believe contribute to making an ideal wife and mother.

In all, 32 qualities will be listed. The final four will be published in our issue of May

4, together with an official entry form.

When you have this form, all you have to do is list on it, in your order of preference, the 12 qualities out of the 32 which you think are most essential to making a wife and mother ideal.

Each entry must be accompanied by a complete set of eight coupons.

June 8, 1955, is the closing date for entries.

For the time being, by sav-

ing the coupons and thinking about the qualities, you'll be giving yourself the chance to win one of those handsome new cars.

HOW TO ENTER

Cut out each week the coupon showing four of the qualities of an ideal wife and mother. When you have the whole 32 choose the 12 you consider the most essential and list them in order of merit on the entry form which will be printed with the last coupon in our issue dated May 4. A complete set of eight coupons must be attached to each entry form submitted.

SAVE THIS COUPON

17. HOME HANDICRAFTS SKILL
18. TOLERANCE
19. SELF RELIANCE
20. UNDERSTANDING OF CURRENT AFFAIRS

Wizard with babies

New York photographer Leo Aarons, who took the enchanting baby pictures on our cover and in our issue this week, is new to the "baby game." He has spent only five years photographing children.

BUT his touch is so deft, his technique so natural that he has already earned a place at the top of his specialised field.

Aarons, 55 years old, married but childless, arrived in the United States from Rumania in his teens. He began his career as a sign painter and commercial artist. One day he brought to a client some photographs he had taken to give him an idea for an illustration he intended to draw.

"Don't bother about the drawings," said the client, "we'll use the photographs."

Aarons pioneered the use of color film in the early 1930's. Now he takes nothing but color pictures.

The dynamic photographer spends much of his 60-hour working week seeking out models. His favorites are girls in the nine months to three years age group.

"Little girls," he says, "are more finished and cuter."

At week-ends and on sunny afternoons he loiters in Central Park, New York. When he spots an appealing child among the strollers he follows for a discreet second look, then presents his card to the mother or nursemaid.

He is careful to use this method of recruiting only during daylight hours on well-populated pathways and swears he has never been beaten off with an umbrella.

Once the little model is in the studio he shoots a series of test shots to check on her photographic quality and camera temperament.

Only about two out of ten prospective models really "click" before the camera, Aarons has found.

"I'm lucky to find one top-notch charmer a year," he says.

What does a professional baby photographer get into



PHOTOGRAPHER Leo Aarons, who took our Easter Bonnet pictures.

his pictures that eludes Father with the box camera at home? "The natural look," says Aarons.

Dolls, toys, cats, dogs are accessories he often uses to add interest to each picture.

"Without a prop in the picture," he says, "all babies look the same."

Only one thing distresses Aarons about his occupation—the short professional usefulness of his child models.

"I scarcely get to know them before they're too old for me," he complains.

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Headspin,
the amazing
new powder!

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Simply added to
water, waves hair
permanently!

keeps

For coarse,
fine or medium
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So easy to
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Headspin

30 curl size

5/6

60 curl size

8/6



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Only **12 Gns.** or on extremely easy terms.

DRY FRY that breakfast, dinner, or snack at the table right before your eyes! No splashing fat, no greasy fumes, no messy washing up (just a little cold water on the hotplate, wipe and pour off). Westinghouse MENU-MASTER keeps plates warm—keeps food sizzling hot—serves family meals right at the table! And MENU-MASTER's cast-in element ensures "tru-temp" control . . . makes every dish a new taste thrill! Economical, too; tests prove that cooking on MENU-MASTER costs only a penny-farthing an hour!

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**gives most heat —
uses 17% less fuel**

AND ALL THESE WONDERFUL FEATURES, TOO!



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MIGHTY "STEEL-HEAT" BURNER
WITH LINERS GUARANTEED
TWO YEARS**

Warmma's exclusive stainless steel burner drops straight on, without juggling — and it gives record breaking heat! It burns every drop of kerosene into clean, cosy warmth.



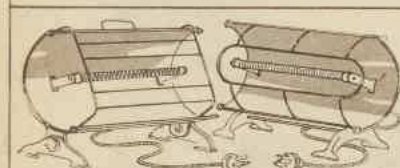
Easy to light:

It's as easy as plugging in an electric radiator — and much, much cheaper.



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More heat than these radiators

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MW4-2

WARMA IS A GUARANTEED MALLEYS PRODUCT

Wedding bells at The Lodge

By NAN MUSGROVE

Heather Menzies, only daughter of the Prime Minister, Mr. R. G. Menzies, and Dame Pattie Menzies, will be the first bride to be married from the Australian Prime Minister's official residence, The Lodge, since it was opened in 1927.

THE wedding will take place at the end of May or at the beginning of June, when her fiance, Peter Graham Faithfull Henderson, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. S. Henderson, of "Trentham," Goulburn, N.S.W., arrives from his post as Third Secretary in the Australian Embassy at Djakarta, Indonesia.

The engagement was announced at a dinner party of close friends on Monday night, March 28, at the same time as a release was made to the world Press at Parliament House, Canberra.

Peter, whom Heather describes as "tall, dark, and very nice," was at a party in Djakarta when the announcement was made in Canberra. He broke the news to his friends at the same time as the official announcement.

A close friend who was at the Djakarta party and has since arrived in Sydney telephoned Miss Menzies to tell her of the excitement and of the champagne that was immediately produced and toasts that were drunk.

Peter Henderson is 26, the same age as Heather, and is described as a "promising young officer" of the Department of External Affairs which he joined as a cadet in 1951.

The year before he graduated Bachelor of Arts from Merton College, Oxford, with second-class honors in politics, philosophy, and economics.

Goulburn townspeople, who claim Peter Henderson as one of Goulburn's brightest boys, vote the engagement "more



HEATHER'S FIANCE, Peter Graham Faithfull Henderson. His mother was formerly Miss Faithfull, a member of the well-known N.S.W. family of graziers. His father is an ex-Indian Army officer who came here in the early 1920's.

exciting and twice as interesting as all the talk about Princess Margaret and Group-Captain Townsend."

Heather says of the romance that it was definitely not love at first sight.

"Remember, we knew each other for four years before we became engaged," she told me.

They met in 1951 when

they were fellow-guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Campbell on their sheep station, "Woden," outside Queanbeyan, N.S.W.

In the excitement caused by the engagement Heather could not remember whether the house party was given for the polo or for the Canberra picnic races.

From then on they "went round in the same crowd" until his posting to the Australian Embassy in Washington, D.C.

Their friendship was continued by correspondence until May, 1953, when they met in New York. They became engaged last January when he returned briefly to Canberra before his re-posting to Djakarta.

Father's consent

PETER HENDERSON was saved a face-to-face request to the Prime Minister for his daughter's hand because Mr. Menzies was on his way to the recent Prime Ministers' conference in London.

He describes the letter he wrote, however, as "a most difficult job."

Mr. Menzies arrived back in Australia after a most arduous trip only three days before the engagement was announced, but despite his pressing and important tasks he had time to unpack trousseau shopping he had done for



P.M.G. MESSENGER Raymond Menzies, who delivered more than 100 telegrams to Miss Menzies the day after her engagement was announced. Raymond didn't find his job tiring. Being named Menzies, too, he said he was right in it.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 13, 1955

HEATHER MENZIES, whose engagement ring is a diamond solitaire set in platinum with diamond shoulders, with *Pie*, the family's white Peke.



Heather in the U.S., Italy, and Greece.

Gifts he brought back included silks from Rome and a cotton dress from New York.

"Dad is a very good shopper," Heather commented.

Most of her trousseau will be cotton as she will live in tropical Djakarta for the remainder of Peter Henderson's term of duty there.

Dame Pattie and Heather will be busy from now on with wedding arrangements. Nothing has been finalised yet except that the wedding ceremony will be held at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Canberra, and the reception at The Lodge.

Reception

THE LODGE is a charming but small residence, so it is most likely that the reception will be held in a marquee next to the tiled terrace that runs alongside the northern side of The Lodge.

Canberra's bitter winter poses problems of heating and underfoot comfort.

Heather will have an all-white wedding. Her frock will be an elegant floor-length gown with a train and will be made by a Melbourne dressmaker.

She will announce the names of her bridesmaids soon.

Best man at the wedding will be David Burns, only son of Mr. and Mrs. James Burns, of "Moidart," Bowral, N.S.W. David is the grandson of the founder of Burns Philp and Company. His father is the present chairman of directors.

He was at school with Peter at Tudor House, Moss Vale, N.S.W., as well as at Geelong Grammar School, Victoria.

Geoffrey, Peter's 23-year-old brother, will be another of the groom's attendants. The part to be played by his youngest brother, Tony, 13, who is at school at Geelong, is not yet decided.

Geoffrey is kept busy on the family property, a magnificent sheep station at the 13-mile peg on the Goulburn-Braidwood road.

Mrs. Henderson is enjoying the excitement of the engagement and is relieved that the secret is out.

"It was so hard to keep the news to ourselves," she told me.

Now that the news is official, Peter is busy hunting for a flat or a house.

Until now he has only been able to make guarded inquiries, but now he is the busiest man in the house-hunting business in Djakarta, where he says housing is difficult.

Heather has mixed feelings about making her home outside Australia.

"Whenever I have left Australia I have always felt the

nicest part was coming home," she said.

"But we can always look forward to coming back to Canberra between postings."

"Not domestic"

HEATHER says she is afraid she will not be a very good wife because she is not sufficiently domestic.

However, her friends feel that she has had excellent training for her new life as a career diplomat's wife. They praise her for her charm and for the part she has played in the community life of Canberra.

"She has her father's wit and eloquence and has been a great political asset to him," an old friend said.

"We all feel that Peter Henderson is the first of the men she has known who has measured up to the very high standard she set, modelled on her father."

Mr. Menzies appreciates the role Heather has played in his political life.

He said, "I do not feel that I am losing a political asset. I am transferring it."



PARENTS of Peter Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. S. Henderson, photographed at "Trentham," their beautiful sheep station at Goulburn, N.S.W., with their second son, Geoffrey. Mr. Henderson is a Scot.



Fiesta's AUTUMN STOCKING DIARY



Here comes the H-line. Nobody is going to put little old Candy in the shade this season. I've got a new evening dress — my dressmaker and I evolved it with a great deal of help from Mr. Dior — and it's in the most luscious, pearliest pink satin

I've ever stroked. It's short, too, to show off my matching pastel pink Fiestas. I've been wearing those divine twelve denier nylons for every festive occasion all this year, and every time one or another of my girl-friends has become converted to Pastel nylons. Especially when they hear they are long-wearing 66 gauge.

really believe it). Thirty denier nylons are long wearing, and more suited to active life, but they are still beautifully sheer.

The best laid plans. In Autumn I always like to start planning my winter clothes. So I've chosen this year's winter suit already. It's sketched here . . . a black and white thick tweed, with a glossy black fur collar. And a soft neutral Fiesta 15 denier stocking. I'll buy a couple of pairs for wearing with it only — they'll last all season. Fiestas are snag-proofed, and their firm consistent fit makes them proof against unexpected strains — even when I swoop on that dropped sumpence on the pavement.

Old Saw . . . If you own one pair of stockings you'll ruin them; If you own two pairs of stockings you may ruin them; Three pairs — a fifty-fifty chance; Four pairs gives you an upper hand; Five pairs is good insurance; And six pairs of stockings will never seem to wear out.

Wistful Autumn Weather sets me wanting to get out and about on long leaf-scuffling walks. So out come my stout shoes and tweedy skirt, and naturally my thirty denier Fiestas. They look so much at home with casual clothes, and with a chill wind nipping the ankles I tell myself they're warmer (mind you I don't

Fiesta NYLONS { 12 denier 66 gauge
15 denier 51 gauge
30 denier 51 gauge
A PRODUCT OF BOND'S

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A WOMAN'S Crowning Glory

by
Edna Best
your Napro
Beauty Adviser



You know, some of the most beautiful women I have ever seen have had grey hair. When it has that exquisite hint of blue, it's amazing how lovely greying or snow-white hair can be! That's why Napro developed their wonderful Blue Rinse—to achieve that heavenly blue hue so easily. It's perfectly safe, easy to apply and can never turn purple. You can choose from Ice Blue, Sky Blue, or, for a lovely mauve tint, Napro Mauve Rinse. And, while I'm on the subject of rinses, to accentuate the natural colour of your hair and wake up its dormant highlights, try Napro Colour Rinses. They're simply marvellous! Shades range from blonde to black and all give your hair exciting new life and beauty.

★ ★ ★

At a social gathering a man once confided in me, "I hate women who are continually patting and primping their hair into place." Well, to-day, there is no need for any woman to say that her hair "never seems to stay in place." After every "set" simply ask your hairdresser to spray your hair lightly with Napro Hair Lacquer—or you can do it at home, yourself, whenever you wish. Exquisitely perfumed, Napro Hair Lacquer adds a delicate sheen to the hair, keeps the style in place perfectly, yet with a soft, natural look. It gives you a feeling of confidence, an air of good grooming. Moreover, with Napro Hair Lacquer, there is no stickiness or flaky deposit and it combs out instantly! Ask also for the delightful little Lacquer Spray that fits the Napro bottle.

★ ★ ★

If you've ever thumbed through an old family album, did you admire the glorious, thick, long hair on grandma and her lady-friends? One of the reasons they had such beautiful hair, believe it or not, was because they used egg-yolk shampoos! You see, egg yolks contain a wonderful ingredient called Lecithine, which nourishes and beautifies each strand. A special Lecithine shampoo, containing all the goodness of egg yolk, is prepared by Napro. Wonderfully cleansing, Napro Lecithine Shampoo leaves your hair silky soft, aglow with highlights... and you'll just love its delicate perfume.

Equally effective is Napro Tar Shampoo—the best you can use. Napro Tar Shampoo has all the stimulating, refreshing properties of tar oils and is most beneficial to the health and appearance of your hair.

Edna Best

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Why not have a new, lovelier hair colour... for a younger, more beautiful you... with Napro? Napro knows how to keep a beauty secret! Napro's "true-to-nature" tonings are gloriously fresh and subtle—they completely defy detection—give glamorous, youthful colour to greying, dull or faded hair... or will change your hair to any colour you desire. Remember, Napro Hair Dyes do not stain the scalp; are permanent and take a perfect perm. What's more, Napro leaves your hair beautifully soft, glossy and easy to manage. Napro Hair Dye... for that completely natural look.

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At Stores, Chemists and Beauty Salons Everywhere.

AVA GOES HIGH-HAT

Making a film in Pakistan

© This article by Australian BETTY McKAY comes to us from Pakistan. With her husband, David, she is driving by car from Sydney to London via India, Pakistan, Afghanistan, and Persia. Mrs. McKay's account of the preparations for their trip appeared in our issue of February 2, 1955.



AVA GARDNER, followed by fellow actor Lionel Jeffreys, stalks off the set after a day's shooting on the film "Bhowani Junction," which is being made in Lahore, Pakistan.

IT was in Lahore, Pakistan, that we ran into the M.G.M. film unit. The unit was on location, we soon discovered, shooting a film called "Bhowani Junction" with Ava Gardner and Stewart Granger in person playing the leads.

We had arrived in Lahore from Kashmir unaware of the nearness of such stellar celebrities and it wasn't till we tried for accommodation at the pub (which boasts the only sound plumbing in the Punjab) that we stumbled on "Bhowani Junction" in the making.

Within a few minutes of our arrival we also stumbled on a delightful, elderly Irish character-actor, Joe Tomelty, who plays Ava's "Pop" in the film.

Mr. Tomelty put us wise about the big stars in the neighborhood. When we said we'd like to meet them, he obligingly arranged an interview for us at 9.30 the next morning with M.G.M.'s public relations man.

The public relations man, a harassed Londoner named Paul Mills, was very much on the ball when we turned up at 9.30. With one hand he was holding a typewriter and with the other he was constantly answering the telephone and assuring irate callers that "Bhowani Junction" was not anti-Indian, anti-Sikh, or anti-Muslim.

In fact, it was, he said, if anything, anti-British. This nearly involved him with us, but, remembering we hadn't yet met the stars, we held our peace.

Armed with Press hand-outs we were driven to the Lahore station, which has made one of its platforms and some of its rolling stock available for the film.

The real "Bhowani Junction" is some 80 miles north of Delhi (India), and it was in India that the film was originally to be made. However, the Indian Government got hungry and asked for a 12½ per cent. rake-off. At this M.G.M. folded its tripods and stole away to hospitable Lahore, mainly, we think, because of the plumbing, though, possibly, because of the railway, too.

It was 10.30 when we reached the station and elbowed our way through the

crowds of extras. The Press hand-out dilated at length about the "... color, virility, and passion of this teeming sub-continent, wherein lives one-sixth of the world's population."

Most of them were on Lahore station this day.

Suddenly we saw "Them." They were sitting under a couple of beach umbrellas right in the centre of our gaze and the gaze of the one-sixth. The chairs on which they sat were carefully draped across the seat and back with large, clean, white bath towels.

Gardner and Granger—real, touchable, and we were going to meet them! Paul Mills went up to "Them"

Put head in the air

while we waited in the sun a dozen respectful paces away.

We carefully pondered our approach.

"They" were looking at us. Suddenly they burst out laughing. We self-consciously checked our dress. Yes, all was in order, and clean, too, for the great occasion. We were getting hot from the sun and from embarrassment.

The palaver with the stars went on for ten minutes, and every minute we thought we'd be called into their presence. We were eager to show the one-sixth, already breathing down our necks, that this "god" and "goddess" were friends of ours. We would talk with them, and maybe even shake their hands.

But it didn't work out quite

like that. What did happen was that suddenly George Cukor, the director, cracked his whip and Gardner and Granger sprang into harness. A few stills were shot.

Mills came back to us. "Hard to get an interview," he said, "but maybe I can get you a hullo later on."

It was a straw and we grasped at it.

We waited in the heat for two hours while a couple more shots were taken. They lasted about five minutes each, but were so exhausting to the stars that Gardner had to have her eyes shaded by Lionel Jeffreys'

(Lieut. Macauley's) hand, and Granger called for his man to pass a damp chamois leather over his sweating face.

We thought a little sweat here and there would have been more in keeping with the part of Colonel Savage, who, in the book, is a worried but rugged soldier, with riots on one hand and a love affair on the other.

Certainly Granger looked a soldier. He had rows of ribbons, badges of rank, pistols, and ammunition like the copy-book soldier. But he was so clean, so perfect, and so conscious of his elegant appearance that we couldn't suppress an irreverent grin.

Gardner, the real one, not the celluloid one, has a good figure. She is not as leggy or

as bosomy as the camera shows and seems to do more acting off than on the stage.

She had apparently angered a section of the populace by expressing surprise that Anglo-Indians can understand English and are, in fact, rather like herself. Maybe she expected us, as Australians, to be in loincloths and packing a boomerang or two. Perhaps this was the cause of her merriment when Mr. Mills told her about us.

But we still had hopes for our "Hello, good-bye" with her and Granger. We even took a few shots of Ava as she passed us—head in air, on her way to the car which took her to the hotel, and, though we didn't know it then, out of our lives.

Mills took us back to our car and apologised, saying Ava was "finished for the day." She had complained of the heat. It seemed a normal Sydney summer day to us, and in the two hours we were there she was being filmed for maybe 10 minutes.

However, whatever our impressions of Gardner and Granger, we were impressed with Cukor and his men. The staff wasn't half as large or as glamorous as we had imagined.

Cukor was all in white, even to sunburn cream, and gave his orders over a public-address system. An Indian interpreter relayed them to the crowd, who either cheered or booed at given signals, or waved pictures of Gandhi and banners saying, "Up with the National Flag and down with the Union Jack," "Quit India," and other niceties.

There was a definite air of hard work and effort in the production side of this unit. The sweeper at the hotel where we stayed had been working as an extra, and although paid 8 rupees a day (about £A1) and food, he had declined to go back for further toil.

The work, he declared, was too hard, even though the pay was three times what he usually earned.

Which reminds us we must send a bill for services rendered. We think that, unless an eagle-eyed cutter finds it, we may feature in a crowd scene—not, of course, anywhere near Miss Gardner.

"I'll take the one with the Sutex label"



For that line of distinction which every well dressed woman seeks, choose your next Skirt from the wonderful, new-season's Sutex range now showing at all the best stores. The Sutex label is your guarantee of exclusive all-wool Sutex Worsted, fashion's latest fabric colours and designs, and beautiful Fenmoor styling.



AND OF COURSE, EXQUISITE SUTEX NYLONS. THEY'RE SI-RO-PREGNATED



SITTING IN THE SHADE between sequences on Lahore station are film players (from left) Joe Tomelty, Abraham Sofaer, Ava Gardner, Stewart Granger, and Lionel Jeffreys.

Meet the MUDLARK TWINs



Billy

-he can't resist a puddle

Puddles attract Billy like a pin to a magnet. His mother doesn't worry because she bought him a pair of Splashers. Billy never has wet feet. And Splashers protect his leather shoes, too—make them last so much longer.

**Betsy - wet grass
is her long suit**



Soon as the sun's up—so's Betsy. Out in the garden, tramping through the wet grass looking for anything interesting. But she's wearing Splashers, so Mother hasn't wet shoes and chills to worry about!

Easy to put on—easy to walk in—easy to remove

Ansell Rubber Splashers are the new, gay-looking rubber over-shoes for children. They can start wearing Splashers when they start wearing shoes. Made from the strongest, finest rubber latex, they're light but tough... completely waterproof, stand up

to plenty of hard wear, won't make the feet perspire. They keep them comfortably relaxed.

Ansell Splashers are an economical and novel way to protect children's expensive leather shoes—and keep their feet dry.

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**Rubber gets its
feet under the
table**

EVER stopped to think of how many articles in and around your home are made of rubber these days? You'll notice a brand name that appears on most of these valuable adjuncts to our daily life. That name is Ansell. Thousands of Australians every day are asking for Ansell made goods. This name is recognised as the household name in rubber.

The "Silver Lined" rubber household gloves marketed by Ansell are the largest selling rubber gloves in Australia. The big "appeal" feature of these gloves is the smooth silver lining which makes them so very easy to slip on and off. We've noticed that they're becoming very popular with men too. They're ideal for most household jobs.

Ansell are also the biggest sellers of hot water bags!

Look round your home. Your hot water bag is probably Ansell made. Ansell bring you their hot water bags in various sizes under names like "Trojan", "Viking", "Mercury". Their latest model—really the last word in hot water bags is the Ansell "Sleek", a bag that needs no cover. The surface of the "Sleek" bag is covered with soft, pliable rubber fins. The water inside might be near boiling point but these fins protect the user from burns, by transmitting radiant, snug warmth. People are asking for Ansell hot water bags. They've come to know and trust the brand.

**Baby gets
the best!**

Another very popular Ansell product is the antiseptic feeding teat. Designed on medical advice it embodies the very latest improvements to assist the natural growth of baby's mouth and teeth. No chances are taken with a product such as this—every operation of manufacture and marketing is carefully studied from the hygiene point of view.

And there are many other Ansell products, some that you've probably never thought about, but which are right there in your home helping to make living just so much more enjoyable. And they all come from the Ansell Rubber Company... all Australian made.

**New overshoes
very popular
with children—
and mothers.**

OF all the various types of protective footwear on the market for children, those made by Ansell are the most popular and practical. Splashers they're called! Unlike any of the others, Splashers are extremely light in weight... but don't be misled by this feature. They may be light, but they're also really strong... there's months of wear in every pair.

Splashers are made from the finest rubber latex. And because they're light they don't tire young legs.

Splashers are available from size 4 to size 11, which means that they can be worn right from the toddler stage. Our advice is to get children into the habit of wearing Splashers as soon as possible and you'll save yourself £'s on shoe bills and, incidentally, short circuit a lot of chills caused by wet feet.

NEW! Inside and Out

Inside

**THE MAGIC
SILVER LINING—**

found only in Ansell "Silver Lined" Rubber Gloves. This means you can slip them on and off like lightning—and without dusting powder.



Outside

**THE SURE-GRIP
CREPE SURFACE—**

gives you barehand touch—even with delicate china pieces, in the hottest, soapy water. Ansell "Silver Lined" Rubber Gloves fit comfortably. Give plenty of freedom of movement.

**Ansell "Silver Lined"
RUBBER GLOVES
are your surest hand protection**

No other rubber gloves slip on and off so easily—or are better fitted to keep your hands as you like them—soft and lovely.

Ansell "Silver Lined" Rubber Gloves

Ansell "Silver Lined" Rubber Gloves are a must for these jobs.

Gardening. No more torn fingers, scratches or blisters.

Painting. Keep your hands free from messy paint.



Washing dishes. You can use hotter water... which means cleaner dishes.

Washing the car. You need protection for your hands the minute you touch your car.

LOOK FOR THE SILVER LINING

ONLY Ansell "Silver Lined" rubber gloves slip on and off like lightning.

2/11 A PAIR

LOOK
FOR
THIS
PACK

Obtainable at stores, chemists, hardware, chain and rubber stores. (Slightly dearer in country areas.) Sizes 6½, 7, 7½, 8, 8½, 9.

Ansell—the household name in rubber

Second marriage is no cure-all

It takes more than divorce
and a new partner to
ensure happiness

"If at first you don't
succeed, try, try
again" is a good
slogan for most things, but
not for marriage.

In 1953 (the latest year for
which statistics are available)
10,356 Australians who had
been through the divorce
courts marched into second
marriage, blithely assuming
that this time "life will be
beautiful."

No easy answer

DIVORCE and second
marriage was the happy
solution to a bad situation —
they thought! But the experts
know that many of these
people are looking for a pot
of marital gold at the end of
a non-existent rainbow, and
the sad fact remains that
second marriages frequently
are dissolved in tears.

Why? Because a man or
a woman who has a defective
personality doesn't improve it
by changing partners. John,
for instance, is convinced that
divorce is the answer to his
problem, so a divorce it will
be. "Mildred's
a nice girl," he
says, "but let's
face it. She
isn't my type.
I'll probably remarry one of
these days, and next time I'll
know just the kind of girl for
me. She'll be..."

You've heard similar stories.
The gist of it is that the
new wife will have "every-
thing Mildred lacks." When
John finds his dream girl,
chances are that neither he
nor she will find happiness—
because John hasn't changed.

The trouble, you see, is in
John, not in his marriage. And
until he realises this fact and
seeks some help, neither a
second wife nor a third will
make things any better.

It isn't true, of course, that
all second marriages fail.
There are exceptions. A girl
may marry too early and
mature faster and farther
than her mate. When this
happens, divorce and a second
marriage are often justified.
If the new husband is her in-
tellectual and emotional
equal, the mere fact that he's
number two does not in itself
preclude happiness.

But even this type of ex-
ception is more apparent than
real, because it is the growth
of the girl's personality which
makes the second marriage
possible and permanent.
Maturity and marital happi-
ness come from change in the
individual's make-up rather
than from the process of
changing a spouse.

Take a look at Irene. She's
cut from the same cloth as

By a leading
psychiatrist

Joan of Arc, the material of
which martyrs are made.
"Poor Irene," her friends say,
"her first husband was a star-
ving politician with big ideas.
Now she's married to a man
who can't hold a job... just
sits around all the time com-
plaining. It's a good thing
Irene is such a brilliant girl.
She can support herself as
well as her husbands!"

Waste no tears on Irene!
She thrives on weak and help-
less mates. Subconsciously
she loves the struggling and
suffering. The world and her
friends feel sorry for her,
and that in turn makes Irene
feel strong, self-effacing, and
long-suffering. Her satisfac-
tions, unhealthy as they are,
come from being needed by the
helpless, who nag and
abuse her.

Not all marriage-repeaters
are martyrs looking for bur-
dens. There are many other

Know yourself

personality factors which pre-
vent two people from becom-
ing one couple.

Howard, for instance, repre-
sents the opposite extreme.
He's already made handsome
settlements to two ex-wives,
and now he's getting ready to
drop the current Mrs. Brown.
Though he is a successful busi-
nessman, the business of mat-
rimony seems beyond him.
Strangely enough, the same
problems crop up every time
he turns happily from the
altar.

Basically, the trouble is this:
Howard is always Howard.
One of his quirks is a need
for a strong woman willing
to mother him. Result is that
the three Mrs. Browns have all
been domineering, bossy ladies
much like each other and
much like the lady who gave
him birth. Howard needs a
leaning post, a woman who
will treat him like a small
boy.

But despite this need for a
mother, he resents the domi-
neering females he marries. He
resents them because he is
half-boy and half-man. When
the boy is satisfied and cared
for, the man rebels at the
childish treatment.

Unfortunately, until Howard
understands himself and his
basic conflicts, he'll go right
on looking for mother and
hating her when she's there.
Even worse, he's going to try
working out his problems in
the divorce court.

In 1953 more than 16,000
Australians shed tears and
spouses in the divorce courts.
Judges heard evidence of de-
sertion, drink, money, and sex
troubles.

Actually, these things may
have been present, but in most
cases they were not the basic
cause that shattered the dream.
They were simply sympto-
matic of basic conflicts.

The Johns and Irenes and
Howards find it comforting to
pose as victims of bad mating.
Next time it will be better,
but meantime it's uncomfort-
able to confess to weaknesses
in oneself which may be caus-
ing the trouble.

Long before approaching a
divorce lawyer, a discontented
mate would do well to consult
a psychiatrist, a clergyman, or
a marriage counsellor. These
people, who fight to preserve
the family, would question the
change.

Of course, no one says that
every marriage can or should
be preserved; or that all
second efforts will fail. The
important point is this: unless
a man and a woman find out
why their marriage has
weakened, terminat-
ing it and trying again is
a poor road to
happiness.

Why does John seek a
divorce? Isn't the argument
that Mildred isn't his "type"
a hoax? Irene and Howard,
with help and insight, might
learn that until the quirks in
their own personalities are
understood and resolved, they
will continue to pick the
wrong kind of spouse.

In big industry it was once
the vogue to switch discon-
tented employees from one
job to another in hopes that
the right work might be found
for the right man. This was
the "square peg in the round
hole" approach. Now
psychiatrists are coming to
the conclusion that the
worker's frame of mind, his
personality adjustment, has
greater bearing on job satis-
faction than the nature of the
work itself.

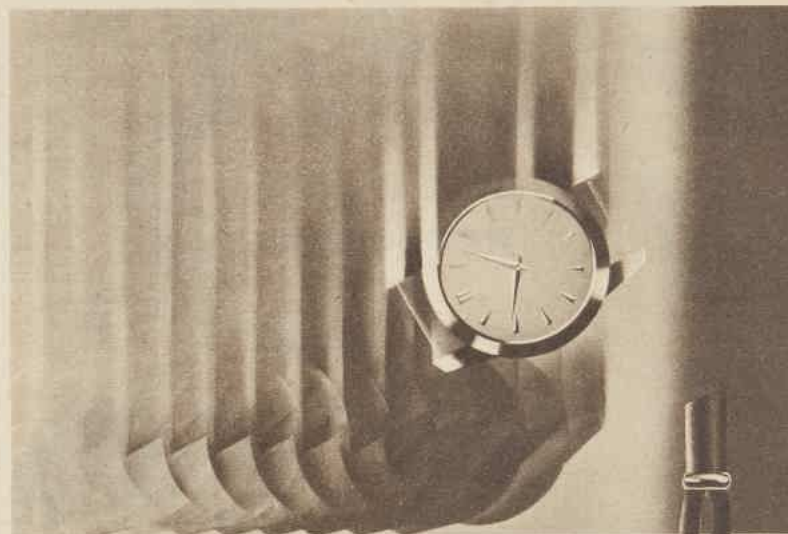
Marriage is a job

OF all jobs, making a success
of marriage is the most
important. It's not easy, par-
ticularly when the going is
rough. But the odds are
against divorce and remarriage
as the surest remedy for an
unhappy couple.

In most cases, a first mar-
riage can become an only
marriage and a good mar-
riage if the partners get advice
from those who have been
trained to help.

Without this kind of help,
divorcees who look to new
mates as a solution to happi-
ness are generally doomed to
disappointment.

100 Shocks a day
for 50 years!



On land, sea and in the air Cyma Watches every-
day are proving the superiority of Cymaflex,
the shock-proof device that has brought free-
dom from watch-worry to millions of Cyma wearers
the world over...

Behind this unique achievement lies a saga of
scientific research, climaxed in the Cyma laboratories
at Le Locle, where a machine was designed to repro-
duce the concussion your watch suffers in falling from
table height... the oblique banging that inflicts the
greatest damage on an unprotected balance-staff.

Preliminary tests had convinced the engineers that
Cymaflex could easily withstand hard knocks. So in
the first of its final trials the new Cyma, equipped
with Cymaflex, was jarred a thousand times — more
than would occur in the lifetime of the average
wearer — ... the movement emerged unscathed from
this rough handling! Again the Cyma was put to the
torture of a thousand shocks. Still no damage!

Relentlessly the engineers continued the tests...
until the watch had been shaken up two-million
times... the equivalent of 100 bumps a day for more
than 50 years. Yet the watch is still in perfect condi-
tion... No wonder that since the invention of
Cymaflex the proverbial risk of a damaged balance-
staff has been virtually eliminated!

Security is only one of the many reasons why your next watch
should be a Cyma. Cyma leads in style and accuracy, too!



The Cymaflex Anti-Shock
Device is protected by the
following patents:

Switzerland	France
147857	815666
198992	854619
200929	USA
208578	2146329
198197	2219068
198769	2294023
	2219067
Germany	2184580
688798	
739135	England
688934	528643

ONLY Cyma watches

have the Cymaflex Anti-shock device

...but every CYMA has it!



With factories at Tavannes, Le Locle and La Chaux-de-Fonds, Cyma Watch Co. is one of
the world's leading watchmakers. Its worldwide Sales and Service Organization insures
your continued satisfaction everywhere.



**Don't wash
woollens in
hot
soapy water**

Want to know how to wash woollens easily and safely? How to do the job quickly and simply? How to prevent shrinkage? And how to get those jumpers and other woollies softer and fleecier than ever before? THE ANSWER IS TRIX—the modern "miracle" detergent. Trix coaxes out grease and dirt as if by magic... it is safe, soft and gentle in action... it does not harden or shrink the fibre. Trix does not form thick, heavy suds, so everything you wash will have a brand new brightness and freshness.

HOW, WHY AND WHEREFORE

Washing with Trix is as simple as A, B, C. You add one tablespoonful of Trix to every two gallons of lukewarm water. Just soak the woollens for a few minutes, then squeeze gently to release the dirt. Trix virtually "works by itself". It's important to use Trix when you wash by hand and it's twice as important if you use a washing machine! The machine is designed to swish and swirl clothes around freely. This action is what helps to slough out stubborn dirt. When you use soaps or powders, you load up the machine with thick suds—you smother its washing action. But Trix, because of its "controlled" suds, keeps the washing action free. You get the very best out of your machine. Trix does not waste its washing energy by lathering into useless suds that "joy ride on top of the water." Every drop of Trix stays down in the water where it gets right after the dirt. Your woollens come out really clean... not half clean. Incidentally, Trix-washed woollens need much less rinsing than if you use soaps and powders. Heavy soap suds glue themselves to the fabric and refuse to budge no matter how often the rinse water is changed. Trix makes rinsing easy, because there's no blockade of bubbles to get in the way. Neither do you get that harsh suds deposit that's so irritating to sensitive skin.

NOTHING CONVINCES LIKE PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

You won't really believe what a difference Trix makes until you prove it for yourself. So, no matter what you've used for washing woollens in the past, why not try Trix right now? Thousands of housewives like yourself have bought Trix more or less as an "experiment"... and to-day they vow they'd "never go back to old-fashioned soaps and powders".

TRIX is thick
it goes twice as far as
ordinary detergents

TRIX is a product of Samuel Taylor Pty. Ltd.—makers of famous MORTEIN



Wash them with Trix

UNDERWEAR JUMPERS, CARDIGANS

Trix gives them a brand new brightness... keeps them "in good shape"... does not shrink.

BABY WEAR

Trix keeps woollies soft and fluffy... leaves no harsh suds deposit to irritate baby's sensitive skin.

BLANKETS

Trix makes blankets softer, fleecier than ever... does not harden or "mat" the fibre.

ALL WASHABLE WOOLLENS WASH BETTER WITH TRIX.

TRIX
cuts wash-up
time in 1/2



NO DRYING-UP when you use Trix! Just stack the dishes and they dry sparkling clean... no smears... and far, far cleaner than if you washed them in suds. TRIX is economical, too... one teaspoonful is plenty!

FAMOUS LAST WORDS



"And if she isn't tired at bedtime, read her Cinderella, and she'll fall asleep in your arms."

MOTHER



"Okay, okay, I'll dress and have breakfast if you'll write a note to teacher saying I'm unavoidably detained."

It seems to me

THOUGH never one to make a platform of women's rights, I believe that now and then it is necessary for the girls to assert themselves.

It is essential to cling like a limpet to certain traditional rights and privileges, which is why I view with dismay the activities of a group of engineers in America.

These boys, worried at all the housework their wives had to do, got together to make a time and motion study of household tasks. You know what time and motion study is. It shows you how to do something in an uncomfortable way, but faster.

The wives of these engineers profess themselves pleased with the time they have saved.

It is my firm belief, however, that the home is a woman's citadel. It is the one career in which she can make a timetable to suit herself, or not make a timetable. She can, if she wants to, do the household jobs in any order she pleases.

Undoubtedly, there are many homes in which an efficiency expert could suggest a hundred improvements in routine—and infuriate the housewife. Just between ourselves, my method, if subjected to such advice, would be to agree with everything the man said and go on pleasing myself.

Masculine interference with the home is, of course, the natural development of the modern prevalence of helpful husbands. You can't expect them to dry up the dishes, run the washing machine, and not have their say.

But you can keep the time and motion study experts at bay, girls, if you try. Otherwise you'll find you've won the battle of women's rights and lost your freedom.

TALKING of men in the home, I have mentioned from time to time the adventures of my friend married to the Frenchman who has developed a taste for fried sausages and tomato sauce.

He refuses, however, to be assimilated entirely when it comes to English and Australian cookery, and to avoid it often does the cooking himself.

The other weekend his wife thought that surely the time had come when she could cook a leg of lamb. This, as he was busy in the garden, she did without interference.

He looked up from the Sunday dinner table and said in the unreasonable way that husbands do, "Why do we have to have this every Sunday?"

"We haven't had it for a month," she said. "No, but other people do," he asserted. "Can you tell me why it is the British people have to eat a joint every Sunday?"

She changed the subject, naturally, and later in the afternoon discovered him stretched on a sofa reading Escoffier's cookbook.

"Are we having visitors?" she asked. "Oh, no," he said. "I'm just reading this to take my mind off the roast lamb."



Dorothy Drann

I AM pleased to see (in the gardening page of a Melbourne paper) that the aspidistra is making comeback in popular favor.

This seems only fair. The aspidistra has long been a object of derision. In fact, am not exactly sure what it looks like.

In the past, if someone owned a green, leafy potplant you never liked to ask, "Is this an aspidistra?" People may have regarded the question as a reflection on their taste.

Yet, in the years that the aspidistra was unmodish, the cactus flourished like the green bay-tree (Query for students: Was the green bay-tree a sort of Biblical aspidistra?)

The cactus had its day, just as cottage wares and Van Gogh prints succeeded lace curtain and steel engravings of stags at bay.

There followed the contemporary print, the queer chair, and a rage for "indoor gardens."

A few months ago I grew tired of a window sill full of potplants and tossed the lot out. Now, encouraged by the thought of being in the mode, I think I shall buy an aspidistra.

WHY aspidistras should remind one of elephants I don't know, but they do.

In India nowadays the bottom has fallen out of the elephant market. They used to be worth a couple of thousand pounds, now seldom bring more than £300. Many are being turned out to roam wild again.

Perhaps they should be whitewashed before being turned loose.

DESCRIBING a celebrated racing scribe the other day a sporting columnist quoted an expert saying: "His health has never been better, his vigor is undiminished, and his gaiety unquenchable."

I don't claim to be an authority, of course. But gaiety is a quality I seldom associate with a horse.

If anyone asked me how a horse felt I would say

Placid or nervous or proud or excitable—but not gay.

Horses are reputed to be noble, and that tends

To win them a lot of ardent devotees and friends;

Often their expression is philosophical, haughty, or calm.

Depending on whether they're milk-cart, race, or farm.

But among the horses you've known and their moods various,

Have you ever seen one who gave the impression of feeling hilarious?

Some animals are one thing and some another, and so

Everybody accepts the idea of a gay dog—but a gay horse? No.

To Mother
for a happy
Mother's Day

HELVETIA

"free arm"
sewing



A 10-year Guarantee plus
full spare parts service
backs every Helvetia
everywhere.

**HELVETIA IS A GIFT THAT
GIVES A LOT IN RETURN**

Choose her choice in
colour... a cream,
green or burgundy
HELVETIA.

You can slip a sock, a trouser leg, a sleeve... ON TO the HELVETIA'S "Free Arm" for darning, mending, patching or reinforcing. There's just no awkward turning inside out or undoing of seams. You just slip the trouser leg ON TO the "Free Arm" and darn away with the cotton or wool thread: there's no garment too awkward for HELVETIA'S "Free Arm".

The full attachment set complete with the machine simplifies advanced sewing to an amazing degree. The controls—backwards and forwards sewing, automatic tension release, etc.—are all made with incomparable Swiss craftsmanship. See a demonstration at your authorised HELVETIA retailer, ask about the easy terms. Distributors throughout the Commonwealth:

S.A.: Newton McLaren Ltd. W.A.: A. H. Gibson Electrical (W.A.) Pty. Ltd. N.S.W.: John Martin Pty. Ltd. Q.L.D.: Chandlers Pty. Ltd. VIC.: A. H. Gibson (Electrical) Pty. Ltd. RIVERINA: A. H. Gibson (Electrical) Pty. Ltd. TAS.: E. J. Castley Imports Pty. Ltd.



A HELVETIA darn, even on coarse trouser material can be a perfect match.



A sock in position for darning. It is easy to darn in heel or toe.



Elaborate embroidery and intricate monogram work is simple on the HELVETIA.



The half-foot enables neat zipper insertion; also quilting and piping.



The HELVETIA hinged presser foot goes smoothly over bulky seams.



The ruffler gives full control through the full stitch range on all materials.



The braider is adjustable to varying sizes. See braiding around the "Free Arm".



Run and fell seams are so easy for pyjamas and shirt making, sheet joining etc.



The extension table is in position on this green HELVETIA. Note the in-built light.

Make a point of looking through the latest VILLAWOOL KNITTING BOOKS now at all good stores. You'll find the nicest knitted for '55: charming patterns for all your family, combining new fashion points with comfort, smartness with good taste. (As for quality, you only have to feel them to know how much better these Villawool 4 Star Knitting Wools really are.)

News for Knitters!

Star Patterns for '55!

Villawool
4 Star Wools

★ HORIZON CROCHET ★ STARLITE CREPE
★ AURORA 4-PLY ★ FAERIE BABY WOOL

Villawool Textile Company, 17 Grosvenor Street, Sydney

Theatre in the suburbs

The Majestic, Newtown, could become an Australian Old Vic

By
AINSLIE BAKER,
staff reporter

Australian lovers of the stage are filled with expectation that Sydney may soon have a theatre of the quality of London's famous Old Vic.

RECENTLY the Elizabethan Theatre Trust acquired an eight-and-a-half-year lease of the old Majestic Theatre in the out-of-town industrial suburb of Newtown.

The Majestic, its admirers feel, deserves a break. Even among theatres, where prosperity is notoriously chancy, it has been more subject than most to the unkind ebb and flow of fortune.

But with something like £5000 to be spent on renovations, gilded cupids will once again smile down on red aisle-carpeted and the long-empty stage boxes awake to the life for which they were designed.

To those who hope that the Majestic might become an Australian Old Vic, it seems a specially happy omen that the Majestic, like London's Old Vic, is situated on an island lot, and, as a further coincidence, is also in an industrial area not usually associated with serious theatre.

When, in the latter half of this year, gala first-night audiences sweep into the newly decorated foyer (there might even be a chandelier), they will be pushing aside the ghosts of former patrons who went there to see lusty vaudeville, old-time stock drama, pantomime, and the full-

blooded Shakespeare of the Alan Wilkie seasons.

Following its building in 1917 for the nation-wide Fuller circuit, most of the great and near-great of Australian vaudeville have played the Majestic.

Stiffy and Mo faced its fearfully outspoken Saturday gallery (three ex-boxers were employed to keep order), as did Jim Gerald and George Wallace.

During the depression years, at a period when the Majestic lights went up only one night a week, a young Jack Davey made a single ap-

pearance as a singer playing his own accompaniment with the Les Shipp Revue Company.

Those who saw him consider that Mr. Davey had not then reached the height of his undoubted powers.

The Majestic got its share of imported white-tie-and-tails acts, too. After playing a Newtown season the now noted film character actor Finlay Currie (Mr. C. of "Maude Courtney and Mr. C.") stayed on for some time as theatre manager.

Vaudeville and drama

Among Finlay Currie's best-remembered performances of recent years are the roles of the convict Magwitch in "Great Expectations" and that

Succeeding the era of Fuller vaudeville came three unbroken years of "Elephant and Castle" stock drama. The weekly change of programme brought to the patrons such pieces as "The Beggar Girl's Wedding," "The Streets of London," and "The Bad Girl of the Family."

The opening Saturday-afternoon performance was always played with an eye to a solitary figure sitting in the otherwise deserted gallery. Newtown people liked their Saturday night out, and it was policy at the time to close the gallery for Saturday matinees.

The solitary gallery figure was the boss, Ben (now Sir Benjamin) Fuller. Every

time the second comic made him laugh, the boss paid him a pound.

The second comic was the boss's son, Ben, junior, who, he says, collected two pounds in three years.

Once when heroine Agnes Dobson and hero Maurice Tuohy were playing a romantic scene sitting in a rowing boat in the moonlight, part of the scenery fell away, exposing the stagehands lying on their stomachs pushing the trolley that moved the boat across the stage.

This was exactly the sort of entertainment the Majestic audiences most appreciated.

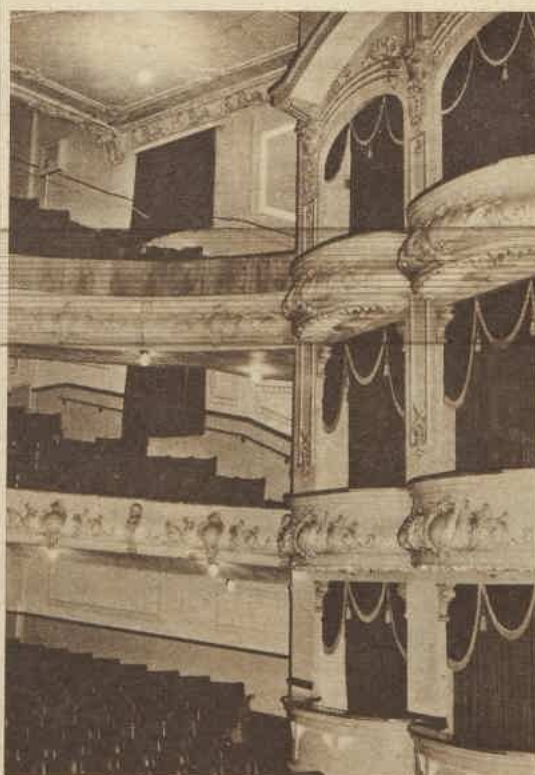
Names still remembered from those days are Lily Molloy, a spritely comedienne; Rutland Beckett, a permanent stage villain; and Mrs. Saverieri, an impressive "heavy."

With the slogan "Children can see it for sixpence," Fuller's early in the piece introduced the first of what were to become its traditional Majestic Christmas pantomimes.

The final performance of each pantomime always caused the management a certain uneasiness, and it was general practice for someone from the Fuller town office to be seated in the manager's box, from where he attempted to subdue the actors' exuberance.

However, this precaution did not save one heavyweight fairy queen from falling flat on her face at the height of the finale.

Amy Rochelle and male impersonator Nellie Kolie are



INTERIOR of the Majestic Theatre, Newtown, Sydney. Built as a vaudeville house in the booming vaudeville era of 1917, its seating capacity is 1670—stalls 750, dress circle 350, and gallery 570. Its six stage boxes are traditional.



EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR of the Elizabethan Theatre Trust, distinguished English producer Mr. Hugh Hunt, who will guide the fortunes of the old Majestic. The theatre is to be renamed, and will most likely become the "Elizabethan."

Peggy Sage

IN 20
FASHION-RIGHT
COLOURS



Glamorous, glowing colours to compliment your clothes... match your every mood. Peggy Sage Nail Polish has a smooth, unchippable quality with a gem-like crystalline finish that lasts and lasts. The world's smartest women always use

Peggy Sage

NEW LEASE OF LIFE



STIFFY AND MO (Nat Phillips and Roy Rene), whose names will always be associated with the great days of Australian vaudeville. When they played the Majestic there was always a full house and a wildly appreciative gallery.

among the most fondly remembered of the long list of principal boys.

Those who knew the Majestic in its heyday will always associate with it the figure of the late Dr. Gus Bohrsman, theatre patron in the grand manner, who spent so much of his time there that finally the management gave him a room of his own.

The parties he gave there, when he entertained friends and players, are still warmly remembered among old-timers.

No matter how far in the doldrums the Majestic would seem to slip from time to time, there has always been someone to come along and save it temporarily from darkness.

Queenie Paul and Mike Connors played their own season there, as did Edgely and Dase with their "Midnight Frolics."

Gladya Moncrieff once played a Newtown season of "Rio Rita."

Theatrical circles will never forget the year when lack of available theatres forced English Shakespearian actor Alan Wilkie to take Shakespeare to Newtown.

Big joke

THEY regarded it as the biggest joke in theatre business.

But the season was a huge success, and for the first time in its history long crocodiles of school girls and boys were seen marching into the Majestic.

Wilkie played Shakespeare in the grand manner, his full-throated delivery and broad gestures finding their feminine counterpart in the queenly bearing of his wife and leading lady, Miss Frediswyde Hunter-Watts.

The daughter of a New Zealand hotel keeper, Marie Fix, made her debut with the Alan Wilkie company at the Majestic. She was to become in time the celebrated Marie Ney, of London's West End. If the years have not been

altogether kind to the theatre, they have not been altogether unkind either. They have taken away the wooden roller shutters that originally acted as doors to the foyer and replaced them with glass.

The original black-and-yellow-tiled front that for so long caused headaches to passers-by in Erskineville Road have happily, somewhere in the years, been replaced by conservative plaster.

In the late 'thirties the Majestic's fortunes sunk to their lowest ebb, and for two years its doors remained closed, with spiders and rats gradually taking over the once noisy dressing-rooms.

When the lights were turned up again at last, there were no longer the sounds of voices and hurrying footsteps in the backstage corridors. The new actors were shadows on a screen. The Majestic had gone over to films.

But, always a theatre of surprises, the fare was not as might be expected, of Westerns, and horror films. The management entered on a policy of high quality second releases, and during the last



ENGLISH STAGE STARS Sir Ralph Richardson and his wife, Meriel Forbes, in a scene from "The Sleeping Princess," one of the plays which they will present at the Newtown theatre as part of their Australia-wide tour this year.

years you could nearly always be sure of picking up an interesting re-release if you went out to the Majestic.

Cheers and tears

ONCE it is played in, a theatre ceases to be simply an affair of bricks and mortar. Something of the laughter, the cheers, the tears, and the personalities of the actors who have played there live on.

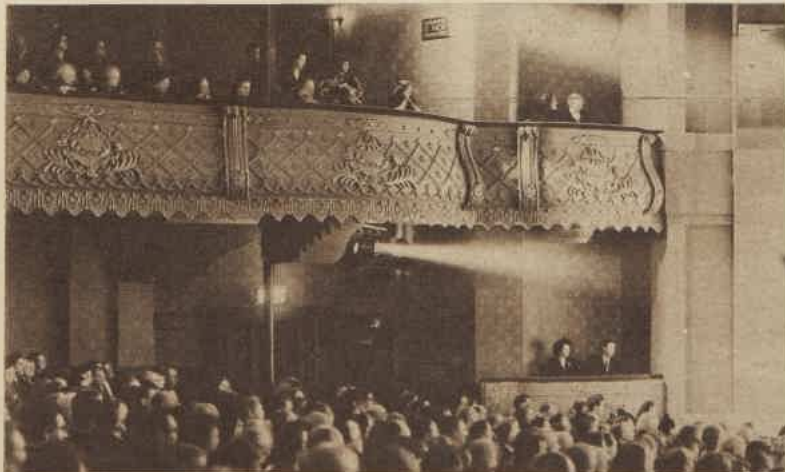
When the Elizabethan Theatre Trust takes over in July, it will be taking over a history as well as a theatre.

All theatre-lovers will rejoice that once again the smell of greasepaint will float from its dressing-rooms and that the long-silent workshop at the top of the theatre will ring again to the sound of saw and carpenter's hammer.

But to many, whatever is the name that goes up in the new neon sign (and there is every reason to think that it will be "Elizabethan"), the theatre standing on the Newtown corner will always be the Majestic.



PRINCIPAL BOY Amy Rochelle as she appeared in one of the many successful pantomimes of the past.



LONDON'S FAMOUS OLD VIC, cradle of much of today's great acting. High hopes are held that Newtown's Majestic will become the Old Vic of Australia. Both theatres occupy island lots and are away from the heart of commercial theatreland. Built shortly after the Battle of Waterloo, the Old Vic still has backless benches in the gallery.

For a really wonderful selection of new-season knitting patterns, see the new VILLAWOOL KNITTING BOOKS, now on display at all good stores. And while you're about it, just feel the extra quality of these Villawool four-star knitting wools, see the delightful new Villawool colours for '55. Then work out how much Villawool will save you on every garment you knit this year. And remember, Villawool washes perfectly - over and over again.



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- ★ STARLITE CREPE
- ★ AURORA 4-PLY
- ★ FAERIE BABY WOOL

Villawool Textile Company, 17 Grosvenor Street, Sydney

salad dressings

as you like them!

TRY THIS QUICKLY-MADE DRESSING

1 level teaspoon each of Keen's Mustard, salt and sugar; 2 dessertspoons condensed milk; 1 dessertspoon salad oil; 2 tablespoons vinegar.

Mix Mustard smoothly with salt, sugar, and condensed milk. Add salad oil a few drops at a time, mixing smoothly with a wooden spoon. Then add vinegar a little at a time.



AN EXCELLENT MAYONNAISE

(with Keen's Mustard, of course!)

Most Australians prefer their salad dressings savoury-sweet, so here's a Mayonnaise tailored to order - and most delicious, too.

Beat 2 egg yolks with 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, 3 teaspoons Keen's Mustard. Add 2 tablespoons of vinegar or lemon juice, and then very gradually add 2 teacups of salad oil, stirring all the time.

KEEN'S MUSTARD

makes all the difference!



V07

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from the Crosley Line...



Rest your eye on the magnificent new Crosleys... never in your life have you seen such practical luxury... here is everything you have set your heart on... roll-out shelves that glide on Nylon bearings; BIG roll-out Crisper and full-width Freezer; plus, of course, the famous Shelvador itself, with five deep-recessed full-width shelves and a Cheese & Butter Keeper that holds 8-1/2-lb. packets. The attractive "Cool-glo" and "Soft-glo" pastel interiors will appeal to your good taste... the many *plus* features will appeal to your good sense... the *obvious* value-for-money will make you wonder why you have been without a Crosley for so long.

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Regular Model with conventional type defrosting.
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£169/10/-



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Shelvador '8'
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Fully automatic. Defrosts while you sleep.
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Regular Model, normal defrost. Roll-out shelves.
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Shelvador '10'
Fully automatic. Defrosts itself. Roll-out shelves.
10
£220/-



Shelvador '10'
With Presmatic power defrost. Roll-out shelves.
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£220/-

All models powered by the Crosley Electrosaver Sealed-in Mechanism warranted 5 years; 12 months' Free Service.

Manufactured by the well-known James H. Kirby Organisation, Sydney, Australia.

Obtainable at leading stores, and Crosley dealers throughout Australia — on convenient terms. (Prices slightly higher in Tas., W.A., and country areas.)



IN A HORSE PAVILION at the Show, Mrs. George Falkner (left), of "Haddon Rig," Warren, and Nancy Stocks, of Bathurst, admire Nancy's horse, Saroy. Mrs. Falkner and Nancy both competed in ring events at the Show.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

UNLESS there's a sudden sharp drop in the temperature, it looks as though feminine Sydney's new "long-line" winter fashions will stay in their owners' wardrobes for the Autumn Race Carnival.

Mrs. Alan Potter, wife of the chairman of the A.J.C., and committee members' wives Mrs. Sam Hordern, Mrs. Strath Playfair, Mrs. Tom Street, and Mrs. Frank Thompson are among elegant racegoers who agree that they'd rather be cool and comfortable in a summer dress than ultra-fashionable — and hot — in H-line winter clothes.

AS soon as the Show is over — "and I have some time" — Mrs. Edwin Ringley, of "Crofton," Castle Hill, tells me that she's planning to give a party for her young daughters, Roslyn and Tania, and their houseguest, Roslyn Ogden, of Singleton. Mrs. Ringley and her daughters are all competing in ring events.

DOWN from their property "Campo Santo," Barraba, for Easter, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Carter are staying at Coogee, where Mrs. Carter says they're hoping for a continuation of the fine weather so they can fit a lot of swimming in before returning home. The Carters are exhibiting Shorthorns at the Show — I met them in the Cattle Pavilion, where they were examining the rival breeds.

JUDGE of dressage at the Show, Colonel A. V. Pope, and Mrs. Pope are staying at Marton Hall. They motored up from their home at Frankston, Victoria, breaking the journey to stay at "Comfort Hill," Moss Vale, home of Colonel Norman Palmer.

AFTER motoring back home next week, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Bushell, of "Fullerton," Crookwell, will have about ten days to recover from Sydney's Easter round before they set off once more . . . to the picnic race gaieties at Cootamundra on April 27. Mrs. Bushell took her youngest daughter, Janet, out to the Showground to watch their cattle being judged — Janet had a special day's holiday from school at Mittagong.

NEWLYWEDS Bob and Margaret Belyea are honeymooning at Southport, and will make their home at Lindfield when they come back to Sydney in two weeks' time. Margaret is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Stone, of Lindfield.



ON THEIR WAY to the horse pavilions at the Show are Mr. and Mrs. Syd Field, of "Gordonbrook," Grafton. Mr. and Mrs. Field both wore white jodhpurs and striped shirts.



SISTERS Dian (left) and Margot Bushell, of "Fullerton," Crookwell, with Roger Braham, of Neutral Bay, at the buffet dinner given for more than two hundred guests by the Shorthorn Society of Australia at the Pickwick Club.



FIRST NIGHT. Mrs. Dick Opie (left) and Mrs. Robert Noss arrive at the Theatre Royal for the opening night of "My Three Angels." Mrs. Noss wore a tiny bolero with her black guipure lace-trimmed dress of oyster satin.



TRIO of guests at the Peter Pan Ball are (from left) Mrs. John Bovill, Mrs. Sam Hordern, and Mrs. Reggie Gaskell. Mrs. Bovill wore silver brocade, and Mrs. Hordern chose gold sequin-embroidered champagne satin.

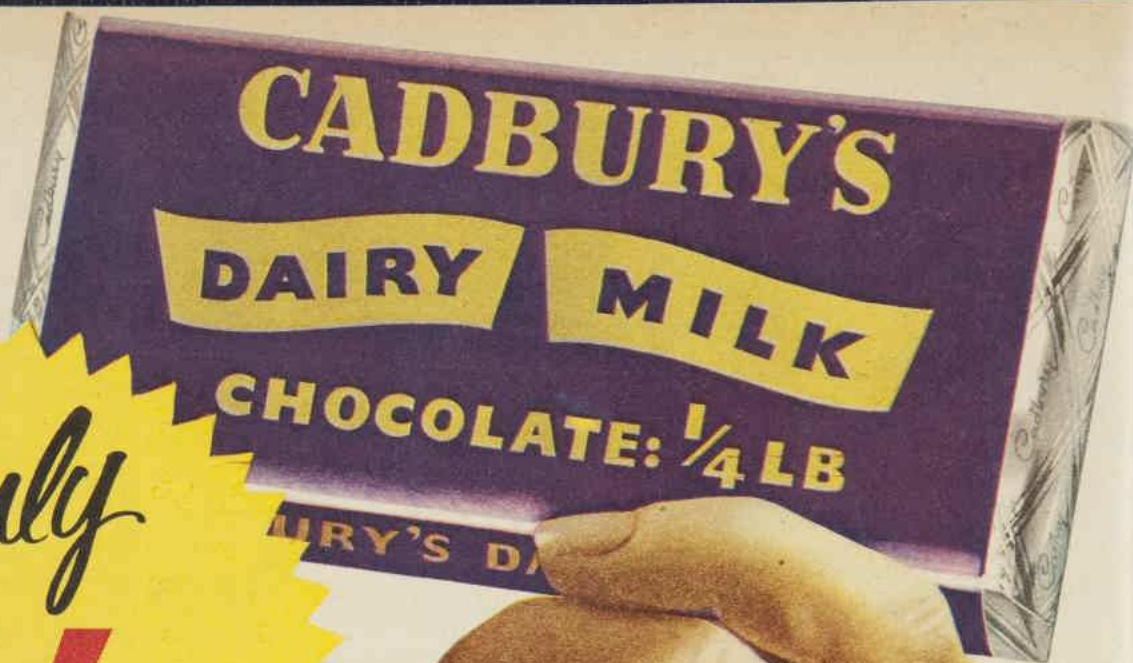


BUFFET DINNER. Mrs. Bob Simson, of "Moreduval," Quirindi, and Mr. Sam Hordern, President of the Royal Agricultural Society, at the buffet dinner-party given by the Pall Hereford Society of Australia at the Pickwick Club.



COUNTRY GUESTS. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Munro, of "Cundibri," Merriwa, were among guests at the Peter Pan Ball, held at Prince's in aid of the Peter Pan Free Kindergarten. Mrs. Munro wore a black silk tulle dress.

~~2/3~~



Now only

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In some country areas prices may be a little higher.

SAME HIGH QUALITY

SAME GUARANTEED WEIGHT

CADBURY'S REDUCE PRICES

★ Cadbury's famous Dairy Milk Chocolate—as well as other favourites, Candy Nut, Milk Lunch, Old Jamaica, Fruit and Nut, Energy—all are now reduced to 2/- a quarter pound block.

MD78/PPC/S

Who Is Sylvia?

A tale by a cat has set London laughing at its feline satire on stage and screen stars—all of them thinly disguised as pussies.



Sylvia writes her memoirs.

YOUNG Englishman Sandy Wilson, whose musical "The Boy Friend" started theatre lovers laughing in London and New York, has caused more theatrical fun with his book "This is Sylvia," which he illustrated as well.

One of the current crazes in London is to read "This is Sylvia"—ostensibly the autobiography of a theatrical cat—then to identify the famous actors who appear as pussies throughout the pages.

Sylvia herself, a green-eyed, cuddly feline, could be any music-hall star, well past the prime age, who now has time to pen her memoirs.

Heading her first chapter "The Tail Begins," Sylvia modestly confesses that many of her friends urged her to write.

"You have lived your nine lives to the full," they stated. "Why not give your story to the public?"

Though Sylvia has an aristocratic background (pure Persian), her mother, one of the 1920s Bright Young Cats, made a bohemian marriage, produced Sylvia, and proceeded happily along her own bohemian lines.

So little Sylvia came up the hard way by taking lessons at Madame Alicia Whiskeronova's Academy of Drama and Dance in Notting Hill Gate.

(Score one for the guessers: Madame Rambert.)

In between lectures, Sylvia and other kittenish teenagers had long cafe sessions over hot milk and fried fish, or spent

their money seeing idol Michael Redtail (Redgrave) in "Hamlet," or earned extra money posing as models.

Sylvia's first big break came during the performance of "The Princess and Me" (The King and I), when the leading actress, Get Yu, fell ill, and Sylvia the chorus girl pounced into the role.

From here, it's New York, Hollywood, where Sylvia is interviewed by hatted cat Nelly Nipper (Hedda Hopper), and is given the lead in "Kiss Me, Cat."

In Hollywood, Sylvia's serious rival is Miaow-Miaow La-

Book review by HELEN FRIZELL

comes part of the literary circle revolving round Miriam Boot, author of the down-to-earth novel "Fish Heads."

(I'm a bit doubtful about Miriam Boot. Is she Gertrude Stein or is she Naomi Jacob?)

Other visitors are Pandora Tickell and her brother Lucian. Pandora, whose "taste in clothes was quite bizarre," loves to look like "an evocation of the Italian Renaissance." From time to time she rises and declaims passages from her new cycle of poems, "The Chaffinch and the Cod," which Sylvia finds rather obscure.



Miaow-Miaow Latouche in Cinema-Scope.

touché (one of three beautiful Middle-European cats), whose current love, Blackie Diablo, is clawed away by Sylvia.

Zsa-Zsa (sorry, Miaow-Miaow) can't prevent Sylvia and Blackie's romantic flight to the South of France, Rome, Athens, and Venice, where Sylvia's first love affair ends with the discovery that Blackie has a wife and six kittens in Puerto Rico.

Left alone in Italy, Sylvia contemplates entering the cloisters of Santa Caterina, thinks better of it, is joined by her friend Hester, and be-

"Ginger Tom, with a heart of brick, Lickety-lick, lickety-lick, Heart of brick and a tail of ice."

Why do I have to tell you twice? quotes Pandora Tickell (who couldn't be more like Edith Sitwell if she tried).

Romance comes Sylvia's way again with the appearance of aristocratic Sir Algeron Gutts-Whytyng, whose assets are appearance, money, a country house, a town house, whose debts are his alarming mother, two debutante sisters, and his preoccupation with

keeping his Persian strain pure.

All the same, it's a society wedding for Sylvia, where both groups of wedding guests mix uneasily. Unfortunately, an actress friend Lola drops a lobster claw down an elderly duchess's back, but nothing else happens to disturb the wedding of the year.

Sylvia takes her place in the aristocratic ranks, resigns herself to dullness and to working for charities—her pet being the "Home for Kittens of Unmarried Working Cats." She makes a few TV appearances in "What's Your Tail?" and later writes a weekly column for the "Daily Miaow."

Then Sylvia becomes a mother. Three beautiful kittens see the light of day in Whytyng Manor. Sylvia is entranced with them, the Gutts-Whytyngs less so.

Sylvia has a "grey girl, like myself (nothing wrong there), a tabby (long haired, which is something, after all), and a ginger tom." But not one of them is a full Persian.

Consternation. Divorce. An interval of time. And marriage to N—.

So the "tail" ends, with Sylvia convinced that after all she may have used only eight lives, and the ninth may be yet to come.

As for ghost-author Sandy Wilson, he's done it again, brilliantly with words and illustrations, which are too amusing to rub anyone's fur up the wrong way. For "This is Sylvia" is a book which runs its full length to the accompaniment of purring chuckles.

"This is Sylvia," by Sandy Wilson, is published by Max Parrish and Co. Ltd. Our copy from the Grahame Book Company, Sydney.

EASY REACH cleaning is here!



Cleans entire room from one central position!



Even the attachments are within EASY REACH!



YOU MUST SEE IT—this sensational machine that has changed hard-work cleaning to *easy-reach* cleaning! With its unique revolving top, the Rotovac lets you vacuum a whole room from floor to ceiling—without once moving the cleaner! No more hauling, no more pushing—and no more backaches! Even the attachments are within easy reach—they clip onto the cleaner itself. Technico's super suction gives *effortless* cleaning! And the Rotovac is so light, you can easily carry it from room to room with one hand!

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SYLVIA'S THREE MOVIE HITS



"The Goldfish Follies."



"Anna Catrenina."



"An Alley-cat named Deatree."

DANCING DANES

European gym team is here

The thought of gymnastics brings to most people an involuntary shudder and a "not-me" look. But the eyes of 32 handsome Danes now in Australia light up at the thought of gymnastics and folk dancing.

THE 32 Danes (15 girls and 17 men) are members of the Danish gym team now touring Australia under the direction of Erik Flønsted-Jensen.

The ease with which the Danes do their difficult tricks makes spectators (once they have got over their initial "Ouch!" reaction) think these young men and women have been doing gymnastics all their lives.

They have, too. From early childhood gymnastics are taught in Danish schools.

The Danes believe their interest in gymnastics is one of the reasons they are among the healthiest people in the world.

The men, whose average age is 24, turn themselves upside down and walk up and down steps effortlessly.

Mr. Flønsted-Jensen explained with a twinkle that most of the exercises look

much harder and more dangerous than they really are.

"These gymnasts have been at it all their lives, gradually working up from simple exercises to more complex tumbling, twisting, and teamwork," he said.

The pretty, graceful girls in their short primrose-yellow tunics leave the physical jerks to the men. They prefer the rhythmic gymnastics which develop grace and poise as well as physical well-being.

Slim and lithe, the girls show none of the muscles that most people associate with athletic women.

Members of the team come from all walks of life. They include teachers, students, carpenters, mechanics, farmers, and clerks. Some of the girls have just left school

and have not yet decided what they want to do. But they are all sure that they like gymnastics.

Most of the girls speak English, but many of the

By JANET BAILEY,
staff reporter

boys speak only the little they have picked up since November, when they left Denmark to come half way round the world to show their gym work to Fijians, New Zealanders, and now to Australians.

Tiny Inger Riis Laursen, the curly-haired, blue-eyed folk-dancing instructor, said the team members were very interested in Australians.

"Some of the team may stay in Australia or New Zealand for a few years and then go back to Denmark," Inger said.

She would like to stay for a while herself.

"First I might learn more of the language and then teach gym and folk dancing," she said. "The people in New Zealand seemed very in-

terested in our folk dances." Knud Andersen, one of the two assistant directors of the team, would like to go back to live in New Zealand.

Thirty-year-old Poul Clausen, the other assistant director, would like to stay, too.

"I've been thinking about staying to see Australia," he said, "particularly Queensland. The people here must be very different from those at home."

When their full schedule permits, the gymnasts spend as much time as possible sightseeing and making friends.

Each one of them is a wonderful advertisement for Denmark. They are interested not only in showing what they can do gymnastically, but in understanding a little of what goes on here in Australia, half the world away from their homes.



GIRLS of the Danish gym team now visiting Australia practise their rhythmic gymnastics. Average age of the 15 girls in the team is 19. Their poise and grace are outstanding.



MEN of the team display their magnificent physique in a formal exercise. Gymnastics, acrobatics, and traditional Danish folk dances are included in the team's repertoire.

Reliability...

that's rugged for your roughest, toughest days

That's the kind of service the British Government wanted. They wanted a watch that could stand the steaming heat of tropical jungles... the freezing cold of Arctic storms... the gritty dust of desert winds. A watch that would stand up under the roughest jolts... take to water like a duck... and go on running day and night with faultless accuracy. They wanted a super watch! Omega made it. Impartial scientific tests proved that the OMEGA was—and is—all the British Government demanded. That is why the British Government has selected Omega as Official Suppliers of the British Navy, Army and Air Force.

Furthermore, Omega has developed a watch you put on and forget. With a calendar added to the Seamaster, you can even forget the date. It's on your wrist—accurately, automatically, unfailingly. And the date mechanism is so simple, so sturdy, so foolproof that you can even turn it backwards.

If you must have a watch you can rely on—always—you'll be glad you chose Omega!



OLYMPIC GAMES—For 20 years Omega has officially timed the Olympics, and the most exacting experts have again chosen Omega to time the 1956 Olympics in Melbourne. This is the highest recognition any watch has ever received from the nations of the entire world.

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A. 18 ct. gold, £150; 14 ct. gold capped, £70; Staybrite Steel, £57.

B. 14 ct. gold, £116; 14 ct. gold capped, £59/10/-; Staybrite Steel, £46/10/-.

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plastic tape wipes clean in seconds



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The answer to window loveliness is fully shown in the free 16-page brochure "How to choose venetian blinds"—Send for it now to Dept. 26, Hunter Douglas Australia Pty. Ltd., 32 Barcoo St., East Roseville.



wipe-clean plastic tape and snap-back aluminium slats

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HASTINGS DIESELS LTD.

(Incorporated under the Companies Act 1936 in the State of New South Wales on 18th September, 1947, as a Proprietary Company and converted to a Public Company on 29th December, 1952.)

AUTHORISED CAPITAL £2,000,000

PAID-UP CAPITAL

628,455 Ordinary Shares of £1 each }
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300,000 New Ordinary Shares of £1 each.. .. . 300,000

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494,500 Shares of £1 each 494,500

2,000,000 £2,000,000

300,000 NEW ORDINARY SHARES

OF 20/- EACH, PAYABLE IN FULL ON APPLICATION

CAPITAL REQUIRED to Operate Valuable "Caterpillar"★ and other Franchises in Rich Developmental Territories

The extra funds sought by this issue are necessary for additional working capital to secure the greatest possible returns by thus increasing the efficiency of the operation of the valuable franchises held by the Company and its Subsidiary—HASTINGS DEERING (QUEENSLAND) PTY. LIMITED. The principal franchises are:—

CATERPILLAR TRACTOR CO. of Peoria, U.S.A., owning CATERPILLAR OF AUSTRALIA PTY. LTD.,

"Caterpillar" Tractors and Earth-Moving Equipment for

STATE OF QUEENSLAND

NORTHERN TERRITORY OF AUSTRALIA

NEW GUINEA AND PAPUA

SOUTH-WEST PACIFIC ISLANDS

DEERE AND COMPANY of Illinois, U.S.A. John Deere Agricultural Machinery for the same territory.

BALDWIN-LIMA-HAMILTON CORPORATION of Lima, Ohio, U.S.A. Lima Cranes, Shovels and Draglines for the whole of Australia.



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- In Australia, too, "Caterpillar" Tractors enjoy by far the highest user preference, as every year more "Caterpillars" are sold than any similar type.

★ Caterpillar is a registered Trade Mark.

OBJECTS OF THE ISSUE

The proceeds of this issue of New Ordinary Shares are proposed to be applied as working capital for the Company and its Subsidiaries.

CONDITIONS OF THE ISSUE

Applications must be made upon the Application Form accompanying the Prospectus, dated 28th February, 1955, and must be lodged direct with the Company's Office. Copies of the full Prospectus and Application Forms may be obtained upon application to the Company's Office.

The Shareholders of Hastings Diesels Limited will be given absolute priority of allotment of shares applied for not later than the 31st March, 1955. Any shares not then applied for by such shareholders will be dealt with as the Directors may determine. The Directors reserve the right to close the issue at any time without notice, whether the issue be then fully subscribed or otherwise. In the event of applications being received for more than 300,000 New Ordinary Shares, the Directors reserve the right to allot additional shares ranking *pari passu* in all respects with the New Ordinary Shares offered by this Prospectus. The proceeds of such additional shares if allotted will be for the purpose of providing further working capital.

ADDITIONAL STATUTORY INFORMATION

The minimum amount which, in the opinion of the Directors, must be raised by the issue of shares offered for subscription by this Prospectus is £20,000, being required solely as working capital.

There are no founders, management or deferred Shares.

This advertisement (in which the statutory requirements as to Prospectuses have not been fully complied with) is published for information only and is not to be regarded as an invitation to the public to subscribe. The Prospectus, of which this is an advertisement, is dated 28th February, 1955, and copies thereof have been filed respectively with the Registrar-General in New South Wales (who takes no responsibility as to its contents), the Registrar of Companies in Queensland, South Australia, Western Australia and Tasmania and the Registrar-General in Victoria. Applications will be received only upon one of the forms of applications referred to in and endorsed upon a printed copy of the Prospectus.

THIS ISSUE OF NEW ORDINARY SHARES WILL CLOSE AT 5 P.M., ON 30th JUNE, 1955. CONSIDERATION WILL BE GIVEN TO THE ALLOTMENT OF ANY SHARES OVER-SUBSCRIBED, PROVIDED THE APPLICATIONS ARE RECEIVED AT THE REGISTERED OFFICE OF THE COMPANY WITHIN THE TIME STATED.

Hastings Diesels Financial History

	Net Profit	Ordinary Dividends
Year ended 31st August, 1951	£11,790	9.2%
Year ended 31st August, 1952	£48,779	39.0%
Year ended 31st August, 1953	£58,870	12.5%
Year ended 31st August, 1954	£111,398	12.5%

(FIGURES FROM AUDITORS' REPORT)

This record of well-advised management and sound operation of valuable franchises augurs well for the future development and profits of the Company.

Intending shareholders have this opportunity to participate in returns and dividends from the expanded future operations of Hastings Diesels Ltd. with the increased working capital.

DIRECTORS:

HAROLD HASTINGS DEERING, 77 Abbotsford Road, Homebush, N.S.W., Chairman and Managing Director.

HARVEY AUGUSTUS BLAIR, Woodlands Road, Lindfield, N.S.W., General Manager.

LESLIE EUGENE BRANDON, 61 Seventh Avenue, St. Lucia, Brisbane, Qld., Manager.

FREDERICK VICTOR COLES, 92 Boundary Road, Pennant Hills, N.S.W., Merchant.

HORACE ALLAN HASSALL, 36 Trelawney Street, Eastwood, N.S.W., Accountant.

KYLE SOLANDER KOPSEN, Woollooware Road, Cronulla, N.S.W., Merchant.

KYLE DUDLEY LOBB, Lum Road, Wheeler's Hill, Victoria, Architect.

ROBERT HUGH MINTER, 104 Victoria Road, Bellevue Hill, N.S.W., Solicitor.

JOHN EDWARD PAGE, 22 Calvert Avenue, Killara, N.S.W., Engineer.

WILLIAM JOHN PEARSON, Alice Springs, Northern Territory, Manager.

Solicitors: MINTER SIMPSON & CO., 31 Hunter Street, Sydney.

Bankers: AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND BANK LIMITED.

Auditors: G. T. HARTIGAN & CO., Chartered Accountants (Aust.), 18 Martin Place, Sydney.

Secretary and Registered Office: MAURICE HAMILTON CUNLIFFE-JONES, F.C.I.S., The Hastings Deering Building, William and Crown Streets, Sydney, N.S.W.

Copies of the Full Prospectus may be obtained from the Company's Registered Office.

NOTE: — The minimum subscription having been received the Directors have proceeded to allotment.

The Secretary,

Hastings Diesels Ltd.,

The Hastings Deering Building, William and Crown Sts., Sydney, N.S.W.

Please forward me a copy of Prospectus described in this advertisement.

Name

Address

State

WW.134

Theatre tonight?

Just remember, that a shower or bath is not much protection against a few hours' close contact in a heated theatre.

Everybody perspires, some more than others. It's healthy, it's natural. Unfortunately, when perspiration comes in contact with air, a bacterial change takes place, which becomes unpleasant. Pleasant-tasting Chloro-PHILLIES stop perspiration odours before they start, and a special instant-acting ingredient helps give you a sweet and wholesome breath.

Be flower-fresh in breath and body. Eat Chloro-PHILLIES deodorant tablets daily... two for body and one for breath. It's the safe way to ensure that you're "nice to be near."



Beauty Expert's advice on an

INTIMATE PROBLEM

It amazes me that some women are still distressed by the problem of superfluous hair. There's no need to worry these days, now you can literally cream away the hair—and quickly, too. I know there's a great temptation to use a razor, but do remember that razors make hair grow faster and coarser. They scrape tender skin and you're left with noticeable stubble. But the amazing cream called Veet removes all hair in three minutes, leaving skin silken-smooth! Summer and winter, legs must be Veet-smooth. Bare, hairy legs look so ugly, and the glamorous effect of sheer stockings is ruined if hair shows through. So get Veet, at all chemists and stores.

Large Economy (double size), 4/11
Medium Size, 3/-
Slightly more in some country districts.

FOR TEENAGERS

Here's your answer

By KAY MELAUN

MAKING a wedding-guest list always causes a headache. One of the current sufferers is a girl who writes that she feels she must ask nearly all the office or none at all.

She says:

"I AM to be married late in May and have been worried as to whether to include my four bosses in my wedding guest list. My bridesmaid and myself are the only girls working for this firm and three of the bosses work in the office with us, while the fourth calls in to see us each lunch hour. I am afraid if I invite only the bosses (whom I would like to have there) they may misunderstand and think I only expect an expensive gift from them, but my guest list cannot stretch enough to include the foremen as well. However, I feel I cannot ignore them altogether, as my fiancé is only home every four months and they are very good to us in giving me every possible minute off work on his visits."

N. Willoughby, N.S.W.

From the information you've given, I'd say don't ask any of them. You can't invite them without their wives, and to have eight or more guests from the office is a bit much.

As for the expensive present, they're sure to give you something nice whether they're invited or not.

If your bridesmaid is a tactful girl, get her to drop the word to the bosses and the foremen that the wedding is to be quite small and that you're worried because you can't ask them.

I'm sure they realise you appreciate what they do for you and your fiancé. Sooner or later you'll get an opportunity to show your gratitude.

"COULD you please tell me about some clubs for teenagers in Brisbane? I would like to join a dramatic club or one with mixed interests, but with some dramatics included. I would also like some in-

DEBBIE'S RECIPE

THIS week's recipe is for one of Debbie's week-end specials—tomato and mushroom savory served in the tomato-cases.

TOMATO AND MUSHROOM SAVORY

Four even-sized tomatoes (5 if small), 1lb. mushrooms, 3 dessertspoons butter or substitute, 1 small onion, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, salt and pepper, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 cup milk or stock.

1. Cut tops off tomatoes and scoop out pulp.
2. Invert cases to drain.
3. Peel and chop mushrooms, fry half in half the melted butter or substitute with finely chopped onion and tomato pulp. Cook gently until onion and tomato are tender.
4. Add breadcrumbs and season to taste.
5. Fill into tomato cases and arrange in greased ovenware dish.
6. Fry remaining mushrooms in balance of butter or substitute.
7. Stir in flour, cook gently 2 minutes.
8. Add milk or stock and stir until boiling.
9. Season to taste, add parsley, and pour round tomatoes.
10. Bake in moderate oven 15 minutes and serve hot.

formation about hiking clubs. My main idea in wishing to join a club is to meet some boys and girls my own age, as I do not know many."

H. Norman Park, Qld.

Try the Brisbane Arts Theatre, the Twelfth Night Theatre, or the Brisbane Repertory. All of them accept teenage members; also, the Y.W.C.A., which occasionally has dramatic productions.

For the hiking, apply to the Brisbane Bushwalkers' Club. There is a 5/- nomination fee and a 15/- a year membership fee. Minimum age of members is 16. They have frequent trips.

The club address is Box 1949W, G.P.O., Brisbane. If you prefer, phone the president, Mr. T. M. Lisle, at B1131, Extension 242.

"WOULD you mind publishing a request for a pen-friend? It is not for myself, but for a boy in Cuba, who is very anxious to write to Australian boys and girls. He speaks and writes very good English and is 17. His name and address is Ricardo Pareja, jun., Sta. Lucia 510, Sigo de Cuba, Oriente, Cuba. B., Murrumburrah, N.S.W.

JANICE CHRISTEY, 21-year-old public relations officer to the Ceylon Tea Bureau (pictured below), has



JANICE CHRISTEY

the job of teaching Australian women to make a really good cup of tea.

Janice lectures about tea to groups of women in offices, clubs, or factories, giving them the "golden rules" for making it and answering questions about its production and marketing.

Janice's hobby of public speaking led to her interesting job.

She acquired a taste for public speaking at 12, when she began debating at Sydney Girls' High School.

She has won six cups in the City of Sydney Eisteddfod and was twice judged the best

woman competitor in a prepared speech.

On the job, Janice speaks convincingly to women of all ages and answers their queries from a sound knowledge of her subject.

Her golden rules for tea-making are just "the old-fashioned ones," but she thinks people are apt to neglect them.

"Use a teaspoon for each person and one for the pot," she advises. "Use freshly drawn and freshly boiling water and always take the pot to the kettle when you make the tea. Don't forget to warm the pot thoroughly."

DISC DIGEST

THOSE who have been lucky enough to see Beatrice Lillie overseas or in her rare movies will be delighted to learn that her "Souvenir Album" is now on micro-groove CFR10-511. America has had her records for years. Admittedly, her wry wit and home-grown voice make her an acquired taste, but at last Australia can sample the work of a comedienne who is still one of the brightest lights in the theatre.

IF you enjoy robust jazz, played with authority and regard for the solid idiom of Dixieland, try to hear George Wettling's Jazz Band on 330S-1019. George is a drummer, and when an American magazine planned an article on him someone dreamed up a recording session to provide authentic background for photographs. This LP disc is the result. "Collier's Clambake" and "Collier's Climb" are stand-outs (listen for Eddie Condon's guitar), but I also got fun out of "Rose Room," "After You've Gone," "Indiana," "As Long As I Live," "Good Man Is Hard To Find," and "Memphis Blues."

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

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It's a delicious NEW dish. One you're going to enjoy making, it's so quick and easy.



You'll never be caught napping, and recipes like the one opposite are simple to prepare, if you always keep a few tins of Swift CAMP PIE on hand.



Swift Camp Pie Meat Loaf

One 12 oz. tin Swift Camp Pie, 1 cup bread-crumbs, 2 skinned, chopped tomatoes, 1/2 cup dry rolled oats, 1/4 cup finely chopped onion, 1/2 cup grated carrot, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper, 1 beaten egg.

Mince the camp pie, or chop it finely, and mix it with the bread-crumbs, tomatoes, rolled oats, onion, carrot and parsley. Mix the sauces with the beaten egg, add salt and pepper and stir into the meat mixture. Pack into a greased loaf tin and bake in a moderate oven about 1 hour. Serve with a quick sauce made of equal quantities of tomato sauce and fruit chutney.



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Meat Sauces TO ADD A TOUCH OF MAGIC TO YOUR MENU...



There's magic in an appropriately chosen sauce. Sauces can make the most economical "left-over" dishes a family favourite. When guests drop in unexpectedly, sauces can make a reputation for you, be it the most hastily prepared dish. Every housewife with a will to win fame for herself should make a study of sauces. Here are four different types destined to delight the palates of everyone to whom they are served.

★ ★ ★

VEGETABLE SAUCE

Half small carrot, 1 piece thickly peeled swede, 1 stick celery, 1 small onion, 2 pint stock or water, 1 heaped dessertspoon fat, 1 heaped tablespoon flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, few bacon rinds.

Brown flour with melted fat for 2 or 3 minutes, then add the liquid and stir until the sauce boils. Add the finely chopped vegetables, salt and bacon rinds. Place lid on saucepan, simmer for 1/2 hour. Remove bacon rinds before serving.

★ ★ ★

CREOLE SAUCE

One heaped dessertspoon butter or margarine, 1 clove of garlic, 1 heaped teaspoon flour, 1/2 cup tomato puree, 1/2 cup sherry, 2 teaspoons vinegar, 1/2 teaspoon brown sugar.

Add crushed garlic to melted butter, cook 1 minute. Stir in flour, continue stirring over heat for 2 or 3 minutes until brown. Add tomato puree, sherry, vinegar and sugar. Simmer 5 or 6 minutes.

★ ★ ★

MUSHROOM SAUCE

Four ounces mushrooms, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 pint milk, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 teaspoon onion (scrape the cut onion with the tip of a spoon), salt and pepper.

Peel and finely chop the mushrooms and cook them in the melted butter until quite soft. Mix flour to a smooth paste with some of the milk, and add to the mushrooms with the remaining milk. Add onion, salt and pepper; stir and simmer for 5 minutes.

★ ★ ★

TOMATO-MUSTARD SAUCE

One dessertspoon butter or margarine, 2 level tablespoons flour, 1 scant teaspoon dry mustard, salt, pinch cayenne pepper, pinch sugar, 1/2 cup milk, 1/2 cup tomato juice.

Stir the flour and mustard into the melted butter; add salt, cayenne and sugar. Cook 3 minutes over low heat, stirring all the time. Add milk, stir until it becomes very thick. Beat in the tomato juice a little at a time and re-heat without boiling.

★ ★ ★

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Worth Reporting

"LEFT hand behind left car . . . show gentle appreciation. Handkerchief raised in left hand . . . give him all you've got."

A finger pointed . . . go get him but let him through the first time."

This, we have learned, was the routine drilled into a score or so of young cheer-raisers who yelled and screamed their heads off at the Ted Heath concerts in Adelaide recently.

"We were rehearsed for about an hour before the first concert," one of the youngsters confided in us.

"It was wonderful fun. We were all Dennis Lotis fans and we really did not mind drill in yelling for him. And when he sang 'I'm in the Mood for Love' and came down from the stage with a curatation, it was bliss!"

In the first half of the programme the youngsters nearly forgot to "let him through" in their excitement.

"Our leader was getting all excited, too, and kept calling out, 'Be quiet, be quiet.' But we were too worked up to take much notice."

Dennis got through.

In the second half, however, we really got Dennis," said one of the cheer-raisers. "One lass got his tie, but she had to give it back afterwards. He gave her a toothbrush instead."

"We certainly proved that South Australians are as good at yelling as the people in the other States."

We reflected how much more proficient the modern generation had become when we recalled the "claqueurs" behind whom we had sat in the Paris theatres a quarter of a century ago.

These were generally elderly baldpates scattered round the theatre, who stirred from peaceful sleeping, always at the right moment, to lead the clapping. They were paid for their services.

Nowadays entrepreneurs get all this and more from the young 'uns for nothing more than a free front seat.



"Wow! Is any of this true?"

WE were intrigued by this advertisement inserted in a Sydney daily newspaper by a South African woman.

"Ladies, I've loveliest wavy curly hair. You can have same. My secret preparation makes you the admiration of everybody. Send 6/6 money order to . . ."

Shades of the past

WHEN modern Mildura holds its Raisin Festival over Easter, a team of 28 bullocks will pull a waggon through the streets of this Victorian town, which lies in the heart of the irrigation area. Because all the early settlers in the late 1880's and 1890's came by bullock waggons, which carried furniture, food, families, and grapevine shoots, the organisers of the Festival thought that a team of bullocks should be found to take their place in Mildura's pageant of history.

After months of searching, they found a team at Carwarp, 30 miles from Mildura.

The bullock team, which holds the record for hauling the largest load of wheat in north-western Victoria, belongs to Mr. James Nulty, member of a pioneering family in Sunraysia.

Mr. Nulty, who first drove a team at the age of 12, will take over the traces again for the opening of the Festival.

After they have taken their part in the pageant the bullocks will return to Carwarp. Nowadays they do not work, but are out to grass. Mr. Nulty decided he would keep the team in memory of the old days.

A Smith named Allan

THOUGH the English may be a nation of shopkeepers; doing business with them can be tricky if your name happens to be Smith.

We learned this when we met visiting Londoner Mrs. Allan Smith the other evening.

"It's hopeless being plain Smith at home because there are so many of them," she said. "You've got to be Something Smith so that people can tell which one."

"When I first went shopping after I was married, I'd give my name as Allan Smith — and every time the shopkeeper would come back with, 'Hyphen, madam?'"

"I became so sick of this hyphen business that one day, exasperated, I said, 'No. No hyphen — starkly, SMITH.'"

"Would you believe it, when I received my account and forever after I was Mrs. Starkly Smith at that store?"

Tall and elegant, with tremendous vitality, Mrs. Allan Smith is a member of a soap and detergent manufacturing firm in England.

She is visiting Australia while her husband, a Western Australian-born engineer, is engaged on a project here.

"My work is a complete reversal of the usual public relations idea," said Mrs. Allan Smith. "We don't make any approach to the Press — they come to us for anything at all they want to know about soaps and detergents, and we put our entire resources at their disposal."

"And because Fleet Street is so far from the West End, where so many women journalists have to spend their time, we have a clubroom for them at our offices in Portman Place."

In a city store the other day we watched two women trying on hats.

When one asked the other's opinion about a jaunty beret she was told: "Oh, no, not that one. It shows your face up too much."

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Try this new lipstick

OUR new-season beauty offer of a special sample tube of "See Red" lipstick is a pretty and fashionable shade that everybody will enjoy wearing for autumn and winter.

The Australian Women's Weekly lipstick offer, now in its third week, is made exclusively to readers, but it is only for a limited period, so

don't delay your application. "See Red," a new product of Max Factor, is a vivid and fiery shade with a warm geranium undertone.

It is also non-drying, smooth in texture, and long-lasting.

The sample tube is available to readers for the price of 1/-, including packaging and postage.

When you have finished the trial-size tube you can buy

the lipstick in its regular sizes at chemists and stores, price 9/11 (large) and 6/11 (refill).

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY LIPSTICK OFFER

Please send me a trial-size "See Red" lipstick. I enclose 1/- in payment.

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Fashy Horden's



● A well-planned wardrobe is incomplete without the casual chic of a plain wool frock. This season's vintage, made in tweeds, worsteds, and jerseys, is draped or tailored — and infinitely wearable.

● Superbly simple frock (above) by Jacques Heim is made in scarlet wool and has a bloused back and double-breasted front fastening. The matching coat is lined with white sheepskin.

● This season's simple tailored frock can rival and often replace a classic suit. An example of this theme is shown above by Dior. The frock has falling back revers and a bell-shaped skirt.

Paris

Notes.



● Jacques Griffe dress (above) made in fine, black wool is designed with exquisite proportions. The fullness over the bosom is subtly distributed. The tiny collar of astrakhan fur is matched to cuffs and a toque.

● Gres' wool jersey frock (above) is finished with a high, draped neckline. The cut-on-the-cross folds of the material are caught to accent the waist.

● Balmain's new autumn shirtmaker (above right) is front-buttoned and finished with a shoulder yoke extending into a little collar and knotted tie to match the belt.

● Griffe's one-piece (left) has a buttoned bodice extending into a pointed panel on the hipline. Fullness gathered to the panel gives freedom to the slim silhouette.

● Griffe's one-piece (right) with a draped neckline moulds the torso into a superbly lithe sweater line, then curves down round a front panel of tailored pleats.

Dorothea Johnston

when he was born; his father was killed in action during the invasion of Normandy.

"I was thirteen then. I remember my father was a quiet man. He came to Granger Falls when he was twenty-five. There was some secret in his early life. I'm telling you about my father for a reason." He went on, "With money the way it was, I figured I'd work my way through college. Then a surprising thing happened. The dean of Northern U. phoned that a man was interested in me, and would pay all my expenses, but preferred it to be anonymous. It looked like charity and we said no, but the dean phoned again that the man insisted and would consider it a great favor. We took him up on it."

Reed paused. "Miss Conlin was right. Mr. Wetherill did sound angry because I got his name. But, looking back on it all, there was more to it. Especially the time I had dinner with him, I seemed to upset him."

John said, "Upset him?" "That's right. He looked at me as if—well, I'd become a problem to him. I guess that's how he solved it—by pinning a crime on me."

"But not to get you a prison term," Bill Stuart pointed out. "All they asked was probation."

"I know. I can't explain it, but I have a feeling it goes back to my father in some way. He kept asking about him—how well I remembered my father, how he lived. All this didn't hit me till after the trial—the arrest and what followed had me pretty groggy. You might say Miss Conlin cleared my head for me." His plea contained a demand. "I'm asking you to go into the case more fully than you did before. Have I a right to that?"

John said, "You have. Where are you staying, if we want you?"

"In a small hotel on Tenth Street—the Lenox."

Worriedly, they watched him leave. Had he told the truth? If so, he was left with an ugly smear on his name.

Bill jumped up, growling. "I'd hate to think Wetherill used us in some private plot against Reed. But I wonder if he was frank with us. He says he heard about Reed—that's why he helped him. Didn't he hear of any orphans closer to home? Now, helping Reed because he once knew his father—a lot more likely, wouldn't you say?"

John nodded. "Also, it seems he did hire Trevard for this case. What about Trevard?"

John said, "I was surprised myself to see him with Wetherill. He has no regular clients. He's a specialist—confidential service, for a price."

"Sounds as if Reed made a problem, all right. On the other hand, Reed might not be as pure as he talks—and who'd know better than the people in his home town?" Bill telephoned the railroad station, then announced, "I'm taking the six-ten to Granger Falls. Looks as though this case has only begun."

So it seemed, John reflected, still hesitating to impute perjury to Wetherill. He supposed he should do some checking on the banker. John telephoned a newspaper. They had a file on Wetherill. He was the fourth-generation head of a private banking house dating back over a century. Like his bank, he enjoyed an impeccable reputation; during the war he had served overseas as a major.

The Witness Wouldn't Talk

from page 9

John's phone broke in. Judge Lance wished to see him. John walked to his chambers. With the judge at his long table were Wetherill and Trevard.

Judge Lance said, "I assume Reed saw you? And still disputes his guilt?" "He does. He voiced certain suspicions—"

"Suspicious! I hope you didn't encourage him? From what these gentlemen tell me now, his full offence hasn't come out." He nodded to Trevard.

The lawyer's tone was bland. "You should know that out of charity Mr. Wetherill withheld a graver phase of the case. Reed also threatened him with bodily injury."

"He did?" "That's what I said. We still favor probation, but don't you agree he should be sentenced at once?"

John said, "In other words, all investigation is to cease?" "Investigation! Of what?"

"This, perhaps. . . Mr. Wetherill, what was Paul Reed's father to you?"

Wetherill stiffened. "I don't know what you mean."

Judge Lance snapped, "This is pointless." He faced John. "It was a mistake to allow this case to drag out. This unrepentant young man needs a lesson in the prompt operation of justice. A court officer will notify him to appear for sentence tomorrow."

"But he was granted a continuance for a week! These gentlemen, I submit, must have a guilty conscience about the case or they would not be in such a rush to end it. But

aside from that, an understanding made should be kept—"

"Do not lecture me,"

John hurried to a telephone booth. In a few minutes he had Reed on the phone.

John instructed, "Check out at once. Meet me at Tenth and Mann."

Proceeding to the corner, John decided on his next step; he was sure his wife would like this young man. This case, he told himself wryly, had indeed only begun. With himself now in the dock with the defendant.

JUDGE LANCE

contemplated John from the dais. "It is perhaps superfluous to inform you that Reed is not in court, having vanished from his hotel. Was that at your instance?"

"It was, sir. As I said to Your Honor in chambers—"

"I know what you said to me in chambers. Where is Reed now?"

"I must decline to answer. He will appear on the continued date for sentence."

Nearby, Trevard glared.

Judge Lance voiced his anger. "Since I cannot sentence him in absentia, you have circumvented the court. You are hereby reprimanded; I shall decide if further discipline is called for."

"As soon as Mrs. Bliss heard her grandson was in trouble, she insisted on taking the first train back with me." Bill Stuart smiled at the small, cheery woman on the sofa in the Doowinkle living-room.

"Did you think you could go

sleuthing around about my grandson in Granger Falls without it getting to me?" she said. "Well, what do they say about Paul?"

"He's well behaved. Well liked."

"Of course!" She chided her grandson, "Paul Reed! Getting into trouble and never letting us know! And who's this girl who stood up for you?"

Paul grinned. "She didn't do it for me. She did it for justice."

"Oh, she did!" Mrs. Bliss gave her attention to John. "How could you think Paul was guilty?" She frowned. "Mr. Wetherill can't be a bad man, to've done such a generous thing for Paul once. But then to tell this lie about him now—what does it mean?"

John spoke after a silence. "Your grandson believes it somehow concerns his father. Tell us about him. When did he come to Granger Falls?"

"Let me count back . . . December, 1929. But that wasn't his destination. There was a great blizzard, you see, and the express stood at the depot over a day, and a lot of us had the passengers to our homes." That was how her daughter met Tom Reed, and when the express left he wasn't on it. Soon, Nancy and Tom were married.

"We—my husband and I—never knew where he was from. He did tell Nancy all about himself, but it had to stay a secret between them, they told us. Well, we trusted Nancy and didn't interfere. Tom set up as a photographer—it used to be his hobby. Then Paul was born, but the doctors couldn't save Nancy. Tom was heartbroken. In the years to come, he was like a son to us, until his own end in France." Mrs.

Bliss ended gently. "And that's Tom Reed's story."

Tom Reed's story, John thought. Or his mystery, rather. Clearly, his destination that blizzard-laden December day didn't matter to him; a good guess was that he had cut loose from his past to make a new start in life. Was Tom Reed his real name? December, 1929—two months after the financial crash. Was there a meaning in that?

"Let's suppose," Bill Stuart attacked the riddle, "that Tom Reed came from this city. And Wetherill did him a wrong of some sort. Wetherill can't forget his guilt; to ease his mind, he helps Tom's son anonymously. Although that wasn't until Paul got to college age. I can't imagine Wetherill's conscience paining him so long."

John said, "Maybe something woke it up meanwhile. I think you're on the right track, Bill." Excited now, he rose and paced the room. "An old wrong like that would explain Paul's arrest—to stop him from discovering it. As by keeping him away from some document, or a witness. But if there is such proof, where is it?"

He resumed presently, "Let's try it this way: Wetherill's lawyer didn't push for a goal term; five-year probation would do. That means supervision, and Paul couldn't leave the state. But the rule isn't too rigid; with permission, he could make trips to another State."

John turned to young Reed. "By any chance, did you plan to leave the country?"

Paul nodded, astonished. "All this put it out of my head. I guess I ought to show you this. It came to us with my father's last effects." Slowly, he took a worn paper from a wallet.

John read it with Bill. It was a letter from a soldier about to go into battle to his

To page 43

£6,800 IN PRIZES

PERSIL'S "CAR-A-WEEK" CONTEST

Contestants may enter every week and win a HILLMAN MINX or any of the other valuable prizes.

HINTS TO HELP CONTESTANTS WIN

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- Persil's special suds bubble through the fabric . . . right into every thread. There you have the reason for Persil's whiteness—complete, thorough cleanliness.
- For all its thoroughness, Persil is gentle with coloureds, rayons and woollies.

HERE'S HOW TO ENTER PERSIL'S "CAR-A-WEEK" CONTEST

1. Contestants simply complete the headline for the well-known Persil advertisement which reads, "Far whiter than last week—Look!" (4 words required).
2. Contestants then add the last line to the Persil jingle which appears on the accompanying entry form.
3. Contestants may use this entry form or write their entries neatly on a separate sheet of paper. Every entry must bear the entrant's name and address printed clearly,

and be accompanied by a Persil packet top. Post entries to: Persil "Car-a-Week" Contest, Box 7056, G.P.O., Sydney.

4. There will be five weekly Contests, each with its own set of prizes. Dates are:—

	OPENS	CLOSES
1st Contest	24th March	9th April
2nd Contest	10th April	16th April
3rd Contest	17th April	23rd April
4th Contest	24th April	30th April
5th Contest	1st May	7th May

5. Entries will be judged for correctness, neatness and aptness of thought. The judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.

6. Entries received before midnight, 9th

April, will be judged in the first week's Contest. Thereafter, entries will be judged in the then current week's Contest, which will close at midnight each successive Saturday. Entries for the fifth and final week must be post-marked before midnight, Saturday, 7th May, and received by 14th May, 1955.

7. Persil packet tops are not required from residents of any State where the inclusion of such packet tops would contravene the Law of that State.

PRIZE WINNERS ANNOUNCED

Prize winners will be announced on the radio programme, "Give It A Go." The results of the 1st Contest will be announced on Monday, 25th April; 2nd Contest on Monday, 2nd May; 3rd Contest on Monday, 16th May; 4th Contest on Monday, 23rd May; 5th Contest on Monday, 30th May. In addition, all prize winners will be notified by mail.

These wonderful prizes must be won EVERY WEEK!

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"Persil washer whiter, And that means cleaner, too: The oxygen in Persil Suds

Example: Does all the work for you.

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Entries may be written on a plain sheet of paper, together with your name and address, or on this entry form. Entries should be accompanied by a Persil packet top. Persil packet tops are not required from residents of any State where the inclusion of such packet tops would contravene the Law of that State.

P.113.WW78g

Continuing . . .

The Witness Wouldn't Talk

from page 42

thirteen-year-old son. They came to the last paragraph:

"And when I see you, Paul, I'll tell you about these brave French folk who stuck to their homes. Like Monsieur Prouhet, the mayor of this town of Trevigny, in whose attic I'm billeted. In three days we've become great friends. And I'll tell you about a reunion today between a fellow called Flasher and the letter ended there."

Paul said, "I've no idea who Flasher is—somebody in his company, I guess. Well, I've always had a longing to see my father's grave in Normandy, and talk with his French friend. I decided I'd do it in September, before I'm called into the Service. That's why I wanted to earn some extra money this summer." He frowned. "I didn't show Mr. Wetherill the letter, but I did mention the trip. You don't suppose he was out to stop me?"

John said, "That was the result."

He studied Tom Reed's letter. Perhaps Flasher wasn't anyone in his company. It could well be the nickname of a young man with a hobby for photography. And his reunion that day—with whom?

"Did you tell Wetherill you'd see your father's friend?"

"Why, yes. You—you sound as if he was afraid to have me meet Monsieur Prouhet. Why?"

"I don't know," John said grimly. "But possibly Monsieur Prouhet can tell us."

"I see Reed is in court today. Will you deign to state where he's been?"

"In my home, sir." With Judge Lance eyeing him glacially, John went on. "I move for a new trial on the ground that Mr. Wetherill, for reasons I shall offer, deliberately falsified the charge. I ask leave to present testimony in support of my motion."

There was a silence. The judge snapped, "Present your testimony."

At the railing, Trevard's glance swept over John. He addressed the bench, "So he harbored the defendant in his home, and now impugns Mr. Wetherill? I believe I can explain it. I'm told this district attorney has had a case or two in the news. He now envisions more headlines by attacking a prominent citizen. Shocking!"

John turned towards Kate Conlin in the courtroom.

Following his glance, Trevard announced, "If he plans to foist that loquacious young lady upon us, I object. Are we to listen again to her idle imaginings about Mr. Wetherill?"

Judge Lance said, "This court has no such intention."

John nodded to Paul Reed at the defence table. He said, "To develop motive, I offer to show certain conversations with Mr. Wetherill relating to this young man's father."

"I must object! This defendant had his day in court. How can we credit some fiction he has hatched meanwhile, under coaching perhaps?"

Judge Lance said, "Sustained."

John clamped his jaw on a sharp retort. "I call Sara Bliss." Eyes on her, she rose from a front row and started towards the stand.

Trevard said, "Stand where you are, please. . . . Who is this lady?"

"She is Reed's grandmother, Your Honor. I wish to show by her that the defendant's father, Tom Reed, came to Granger Falls in December, 1929—we are sure from this city—that there was some mystery in his early life; that he died in action in France."

"All immaterial. Objected to!"

"Objection sustained."

John protested, "Your Honor allows me no latitude at all! The defendant's conviction rests on Mr. Wetherill's testimony alone; no doubt the charge was selected because other proof could be dispensed with and his word would suffice, especially against a young man he once helped. To refute it, therefore, I must show motive, requiring me to bring up the past."

"You may have an exception." Noticing Sara Bliss' indignant glance on him, the judge said, "You have something to say to me?"

She declared, "You're going to change your mind about my grandson!"

"Possibly." He turned to John. "Who's your next witness?"

John said, "Clyde Wetherill." He faced around. "Take the stand, please."

Amidst rising whispers, Wetherill paced to the box. He was sworn. Outwardly calm, his fingers beat on the arms of his chair. His face was pale.

John began, "I ask you to search your conscience. Will you admit your charge against Paul Reed was false?"

Wetherill replied in a low tone, "I stand on the charge."

"As you wish. You are the head of an old private bank in this city?"

"I am." He spoke with visible



"That's really more starch than I like."

pride. "The House of Wetherill."

"A time-honored name."

John paused. "I have done some research on the bank for the period following the 1929 crash. Although there was nothing in the news, veteran bankers recall rumors of a difficulty, all kept very secret, involving someone in the bank. Was this person the defendant's father, Tom Reed?"

The witness said, "Tom Reed? I never knew anyone by that name."

"Perhaps you knew him by some other name." John rose.

"Since he left town at that time, I suggest there was an accusation against him, which I also suggest was untrue. Nevertheless, he left the city forever?"

Trevard objected, "Rumors, vague assumptions! This entire line is far-fetched and remote!"

Judge Lance said, "The court so regards it. Sustained."

"As a matter of fact, you and Tom Reed met again?"

"Same objection. Same reasons."

"Sustained." John shrugged back another protest.

"Why did you put Tom Reed's son through college?"

That was an unwarranted way to put it, the witness declared. "Whose son he was had nothing to do with it. I happened to hear about him—I've explained that."

"Except why you entreated him, through the dean, to accept. Was it because you owed a moral debt to Tom Reed,

and felt the need to do something for his son?"

"That's absurd," Judge Lance put in. "He didn't know Tom Reed."

Bill Stuart grunted, "This time his Honor saved Trevard the trouble."

"Let us trace the events leading to Paul Reed's arrest," Trevard at his elbow, John began with young Reed's first visit to the banker's office. "The truth is, you were quite upset because he had discovered your name?"

"I was not upset. Uncomfortable, possibly. I do not like to be thanked."

"Perhaps this fear ran through your mind: 'Here is Tom Reed's son. What does he know about his father and me?' But later, you were relieved to find that Tom Reed kept his secret. . . . An objection Mr. Trevard?"

"A reminder," the lawyer snapped. "He didn't know Tom Reed."

John said, "I have hopes he will yet remember him. . . . But another fear struck you instead. Young Reed told you he planned a trip to his father's grave in France, and to meet a certain friend his father made in the town of Trevigny."

He shot at the witness, "And that you had to prevent?"

Judge Lance said in a startled tone, "Prevent the trip?"

"Just that, sir. . . . You took your problem to Mr. Trevard. And the solution was this: Charge Reed with a crime: press for long probation, during which he would not be allowed out of the country. And meanwhile an old witness might die or forget?"

Trevard huffed, "That merits only one answer—the silence of scorn!"

"From counsel, silence is a boon." John stood before the witness. "Perhaps you will admit this: During the war you served overseas, and on a day in June, 1944, you passed through the town of Trevigny, in Normandy?"

"Well—I can't say I recall."

"We shall assist your memory." Turning, John nodded to Bill Stuart. The officer rose; his long legs took him out by a side door. Eyes still on the door, he was back with a spare, seamed man, seventy or more, with a generous moustache. John smiled a little at the hum of curiosity. The man, very solemn, came to the front of the court.

"Your Honor," John said, "this gentleman is Armand Prouhet, of Trevigny, France. I might state that he is a notary and has been mayor of Trevigny for thirty years. . . . Mr. Wetherill, do you recognise this man?"

"I—I'm not sure." He stared rigidly at the Frenchman.

John resumed, "I reached Monsieur Prouhet by trans-Atlantic phone six days ago. Although I was prepared with an interpreter, none was needed; we spoke in English. He agreed to fly here at once, and with the help of the immigration authorities, he is here today. I will add that the expense was borne by Mrs. Bliss out of her rainy-day money, as she called it. Monsieur Prouhet's testimony will show that Mr. Wetherill did, in fact, know Tom Reed well."

"Objection! Your Honor will not be duped by this melodrama!"

Judge Lance seemed to take stock of Wetherill on the stand, then Trevard. He cut the lawyer short, "The testimony will be received."

Armand Prouhet took the oath at the bar of the court. John began, "Do you

To page 44

whatever
type
of hair
you have..



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NORMAL . . .



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This is the same Richard Hudnut Home Permanent you know so well in the GREY box. No matter what method of perming you follow, this Richard Hudnut product will give you curls that are really natural-looking, soft and springy, shiny and silky—yet the hair remains strong and smooth. No frizz . . . never that "new permanent" look. No split ends . . . your hair is conditioned to silky smoothness. May be used for bleached or tinted hair.



FOR NORMAL AND
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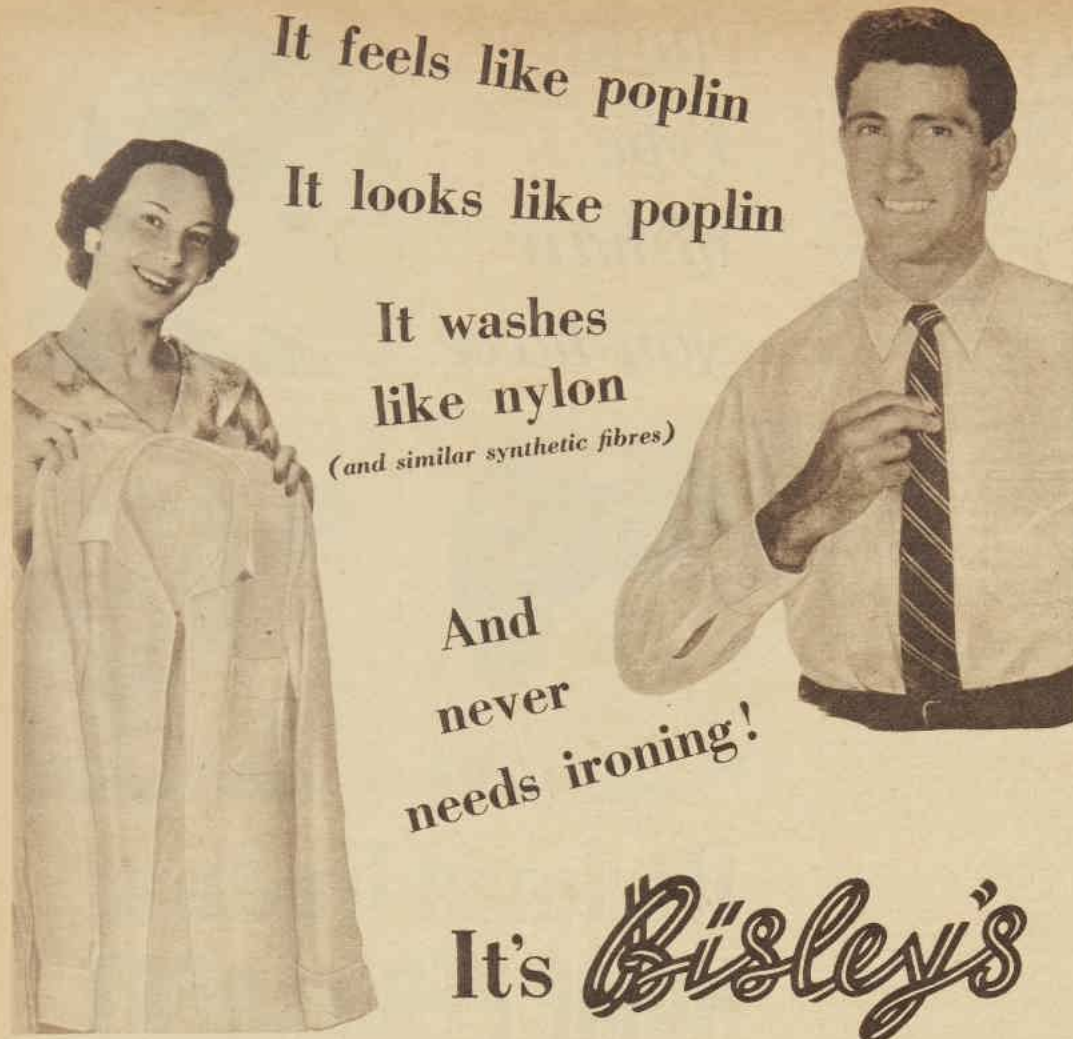
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Page 43



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How does it feel? As cool and absorbent as poplin — he'll never feel hot under the collar in this shirt. When he takes it off, it sheds its creases while hanging up.

Washing? Just a gentle rub with soap flakes, a rinse and it's pearly-white. When it dries, it looks freshly pressed, but it is guaranteed never to need the touch of an iron!

Too good to be true? See Bisley's Nylpoplin at good men's stores everywhere. It costs no more than many of the other synthetic shirts now on the market.

*** IMPORTANT** — NYLPOPLIN is a registered trademark of Hubbard & Co. Pty. Ltd. — Australia's synthetic shirt specialists. Remember, the only genuine NYLPOPLIN shirt is a Bisley shirt.



Just rinse a BISLEY NYLPOPLIN shirt.



Hang it up to drip-dry.



It will dry looking freshly-pressed — never needs ironing!

Continuing

The Witness Wouldn't Talk

from page 43

remember Sergeant Tom Reed, of the American forces?"

"Indeed, yes." The Frenchman's diction was slow and correct. "Tom, shall I say, resided in my attic for three days. There was a waiting, you see, a catching of breath before the next attack. We spoke of life, and war — we became friends."

"And do you recall Mr. Wetherill, the witness on the stand?"

Prouhet glanced up. "Of course. It was just before the order to move. Tom was sitting on his pack in front of my house, writing to his son. I came out to bid him farewell. Just then a car came with an American major, that gentleman up there. He saw Tom and ordered his chauffeur to stop. Then he leaped out and cried, 'Flasher!' and Tom answered, 'Clyde!' Then they embraced. No, it is not something one sees and forgets."

"But war was the master — soon they had to part. Tom wrote a few more words to his son, and then the moment came to move. And that same night he was killed. Today is June twenty-third?" He added in the hush, "The anniversary of his death."

John said, "There was a conversation between the major and Tom? Or, as you told me on the phone, a confession by the major?"

"Just so. I am ashamed to say I listened like a schoolboy. But the major did not reprove me. Indeed, he asked me for my name, and if I understood what he said. Then he said to me, 'You are a witness to what you just heard.'"

"Your Honor," John said, "I can only surmise the nature of the confession, Monsieur Prouhet having stipulated that he preferred not to be asked about it except in Mr. Wetherill's presence . . . Will you now state what the major said?"

The Frenchman gestured, "But he — Mr. Wetherill — can tell you."

"Since I doubt that he will, I must ask you. May I have your answer?"

Prouhet gave an unhappy shake of his head. "You are disappointed in me. I journey three thousand miles, and I do not answer your question. But when the major confessed, Tom forgave him. So, it is for Mr. Wetherill to speak now."

John stood disconcertedly. The old man, he saw, felt pity for Wetherill, and wanted the story to come from him. And the Frenchman would be quite stubborn about it.

Bill Stuart advised in a low tone, "Better try Wetherill again. Incidentally," Bill hurried on, "that meeting of his with Tom. Calling each other 'Flasher' and 'Clyde,' and throwing their arms around each other — doesn't that sound as if Tom was more than just somebody in the bank?"

"So it does." He'd been slow to see that. John stood frowning. This was a shot in the dark, but a reasonable one. And it might prove the key to Wetherill's conscience.

Trevard demanded, "Through now?"

John stepped past him towards Wetherill. "Was Flasher a member of your family?"

The lawyer's hand shot up. "You don't have to answer!"

The man on the stand seemed not to hear him. He flinched as if struck physically by John's question. He looked up slowly. "Flasher was Tom Wetherill, my younger brother by adoption . . . Yes, Monsieur Prouhet, I will speak at last."

The old Frenchman smiled gravely.

Wetherill began, "I will not attempt to justify myself, simply explain. In all its history, the House of Wetherill faced its severest crisis after the 1929 crash. My father had died recently and left me head of the bank. Tom was assistant cashier. I was thirty-two then, and frightened. My head spun under the compulsion to save the bank, save the bank. Our great danger was a run by our larger depositors before the securities we held could recover, as they did to some extent later. Then, at the cost of Tom's name, I found a way to avert the run."

"One night I called the largest depositors to my home."

"With utmost sincerity, I told them the rumor that my brother had run off with half a million dollars was false; his attempt had failed and the cash was safe in our vault. There was no such rumor, of course; it was a ruse to make them believe we had ample cash on hand to protect their deposits. Because I coupled it with an accusation against my brother, whom they knew I loved, it worked. To my plea to avoid a scandal, they agreed to hush up the matter."

"The next day I called Tom into my office. I told him I knew of his attempted theft and he'd best leave town; if he needed anything, to write. Tom demanded, 'Who says I made such an attempt?' When I could not answer, he said with amazement, 'Did you invent this yourself?' I was unable to face him. Then he said, 'I'd stay and fight you, but that would drag the Wetherill name in the mud, and that I can't do. Good-bye, Clyde.'"

Wetherill's voice caught, "I had one letter from him, saying he wanted me to know he was Tom Reed now, and married and happy. The next time I saw him was in France."

John said, "And in your emotion, confessed as you do now?"

"Yes, and said I would publicly wipe the stain from his name, a promise I did not keep when I learned he was dead. As a sop to my conscience, I helped his son through college." He spoke to Paul Reed. "How much finer to have told you all this when you first came to see me! The law will not forgive me, but I know you will. You're Tom's son, and he once did."

The huge plane purred on the field ready for flight.

Armand Prouhet smiled. "An escort to see me off, including the charming lady who is Paul's grandmother . . . And this pretty young lady?"

The red-haired girl said, "I'm Kate Conlin."

"Ah, yes." His eyes twinkled. "I never thought that at my age I would see your country. I will be the envy of the town. And now, good-bye."

He walked to the plane. He climbed the steps, waved and was gone.

"A wise old fellow," Bill Stuart said. "To him, it was important that Wetherill should admit his own guilt. And he was right."

Paul Reed nodded. "I hope it doesn't go too hard with Mr. Wetherill."

John said, "His voluntary confession is in his favor. Probation should be enough."

They turned from the field. Paul and Kate Conlin in front, young Reed talking earnestly. The girl linked her arm in his.

Grimacing, Bill said, "Maybe she didn't do it entirely for justice."

(Copyright)

DRESS SENSE

● A long-torso slip is the answer to the problem of acquiring this autumn's new long-torso silhouette.

THE fashion flash above answers the reader's query in the letter published below.

Here is her letter and my reply.

"I HAVE just finished a sheer wool frock made with a long torso and gathered skirt from the hipline; now my problem is the underslip. The slip I have makes the hipline look rather bunched. Would you illustrate a slip in your column that you think would be suitable and cut me a pattern in size 36in. bust?"

A long-torso dress needs a petticoat slip with a long-torso top fitting smoothly to the figure. A slip of this type is illustrated at right. It will eliminate any bunchiness at the hipline and will give your dress a smooth, sleek bodyline. A paper pattern is obtainable for the petticoat slip in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. See lines under sketch for further details and how to order.

Here are some other fashion problems and my replies:

"I HAVE only a rather sporty style of topcoat which does not look suitable over ballerinas or afternoon clothes. I would like your advice on the style of coat to wear with semi-formal clothes. I am 27 and prefer plain American clothes to the over-dressed European designs."

The dressy coat, which is a coat in a dressy material to wear to the theatre and other evening events and late day, is getting a big play in New York. The most popular material for such a coat is velvet, satin, and brocade, often interlined for extra warmth. The design can be those fitting and rather slim, or gently waisted with a bellying skirt.

"THIS winter I intend having my suit tailored to measure. I am rather conservative about my clothes, but I did think this season I should have the suit a bit different. I would be truly grateful for any suggestions you care to offer."

A favorite for this year's suit is a jacket with a slightly fitted waist and double-breasted fastening plus a slender skirt. A good length for the jacket could be 25in. and it could be finished with a smooth cardigan neckline, set-in sleeves, and low-placed pockets.

kets. Have a narrow skirt line broken only by side-seam kick pleats.

"AS I have one of those really small figures that do not look well in a suit, could you suggest an alternative idea for the coming winter? I want it to be in fashion."

An excellent fashion type for a petite figure and one that is right in fashion is a beltless princess sheath worn with a matching, bosom-length bolero jacket.

"I HAVE enough beautiful white chantilly lace for a full ballerina skirt which I would like to combine with a white net top. The lace has a very pretty deep edge which I do not want cut. Please help me with this problem."

I suggest you have your white lace narrowly knife-pleated and posed over a layer of white net; a pointed hemline will preserve the beauty of the lace pattern. Have the bodice top in the same net—

by
**Betty
Keep**



D.S.135:—Petticoat slip in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 36in. material and 1 yd. 36in. net. Price, 3/- Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

a swathe over the bosom, and its midriff section smoothly fitted to the waistline. Have the bodice finished with narrow self-material straps.

"I HAVE some pale yellow wool. Do you think it would be a suitable color to wear in winter?"

Yes, I do. In wool, yellow looks warm and is about as flattering as a color can be.

* A pearl glow finish that gives your skin a flawlessly sheer look...



* A fragrance that lingers on — subtly alluring...

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**Double
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Silk-sifted for super-fineness. Gemey Face Powder's velvety-soft texture is light as air, yet gives even coverage and lasting finish without caking or streaking. Dry, rough patches freshen in a moment; lines, tiny blemishes smooth away. This is the perfect powder to keep your skin looking its youngest and freshest, fragrant with the subtle magic of Gemey Perfume—the loveliest of all. Be lovelier. Seven fashion-perfect shades. At all chemists and selected department stores.

Gemey
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FACE POWDER

by **Richard Hudnut**

NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS • SYDNEY

Beauty in BANISH FACE BLEMISHES

By **CAROLYN EARLE**

● A tube of tinted cream successfully hides those sudden bumps and light skin blemishes that crop up from time to time and then disappear after a day or two.

BUT where major cover-up work is needed to disguise a scar, a mole, or perhaps a spreading blemish, the technique differs.

Here the first step is to experiment with different colors and types of foundations in order to find the most suitable preparation for your personal requirements.

Having searched out the right color—and "right" means that which blends well with the natural skin tones—skilled handling is needed to apply the preparation in successive layers until the proper density is achieved.

A scar that is smooth with the skin surface can usually be obliterated in this way. With a raised scar, however, make-up can only serve to give it color uniformity with the rest of the skin.

With an indented scar, a make-up brush is essential for applying cream or foundation. It facilitates the job of carrying the preparation inside and all round the area, as well as blending edges into the surrounding make-up.

A heavy, opaque foundation is invariably needed to block out a discolored birthmark.

FED-UP WITH WASHING?



It takes only 10-seconds of
your time when you own a
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Continuing

Bachelor Husband

from page 3

and his heart tripped on itself. "Of course you are," she said.

"I won't be late," he offered, as he phoned one of the fellows to say he'd be playing tonight as usual.

"I'll be right here," she promised.

"Would you," he asked hesitantly, "like to go along?" He regretted the invitation at once. Bride and groom stuff.

She shook her head. "I have a dozen little things to do," she said. "I'll do them and make some sandwiches and we'll have a snack when you get home."

She gave him a good-bye kiss.

The courts were alive with the thud of balls. Jack walked into the circle of his friends on their reserved court. He sat down, unzipped the canvas bag he'd carried, and put on his tennis shoes.

"The bridegroom," they cried. "The individualist. The strong man. Was the little woman in tears?"

Jack grinned at them all, feeling sure and superior, with the remembrance of the easy way Amanda had accepted his going. "Smiling," he said briskly. "Happy. Let's play."

He stood up and warmth spread through him at the envious looks. "A free man still," he crowed.

It was as fine a Wednesday night as he had ever known. The ball seemed educated to his demands. The ad men beat the newspaper men soundly, and it was two o'clock when he turned the key of the apartment.

There was one light on in the kitchen. It highlighted the sandwiches wrapped in waxed paper, the glasses waiting for milk from the refrigerator. It brought into a sharp relief the raised embroidery on the little doilies under the glasses.

"Amanda," Jack called softly. There was no answer.

He tiptoed into the bedroom and switched on the bed lamp. A rosy haze enveloped Amanda's small figure, the curve of her cheek, the tumbled sleekness of her hair. He leaned close.

"Amanda," he whispered.

Was there a tinge of red around her eyes? Had she been crying after all, waiting there for him, hour on hour, little and alone and strange to the apartment, separated from her family, even her job taken away, with only him, only Jack Hale, substituted for everything she had known and with which she was familiar?

"Dog," he muttered to himself. "Brute." He reached out a hand to smooth her hair. He put his lips against her temple.

She opened her eyes without a preliminary stir. It startled him and he backed up awkwardly. There was a deep reproach in those eyes, darkening their normal blue.

"How could you?" she mourned softly. "You said you'd be home early. And you didn't come and I waited and waited—" Her breath caught in the echo of a hiccup, so he knew she had been crying.

He went about the business of getting ready for bed. There was silence in the little room. Amanda broke it after he came back from brushing his teeth.

"Did you have a good time?" she asked. Wistfulness threaded her voice.

Jack made himself smile. "Fine," he said. "It was good to see the boys again."

A little smile came around her lips. "You see them every day, you know," she reminded him.

Jack told himself, "The time to scotch this is right now, in the beginning."

"Amanda," he said, "I see you every day, too. I sincerely hope that I shall see you every day the rest of my life. But just because we are married doesn't mean that I have to forgo the happy and innocent pursuits of the years before I was married. Nor the friends."

"I see," she said softly. "Good-night."

Oh, the darling, he thought suddenly. He reached for her. The poor, sweet, lonesome darling. She turned to him happily, and filled his arms and his world completely.

He was just drifting off into a contented haze of sleep when her voice reached dreamily to him.

"It's just that you promised you'd be home early and you weren't," she whispered. "It's just that I love you and every moment we're together is precious."

"To me, too," he affirmed. "Baby, baby, I love you to pieces."

He fell instantly asleep.

After dinner on Thursday night he helped Amanda with the few dishes. He settled down in the living-room and picked up a book he'd been meaning to read. He read four pages, keeping an eye on his wife across the room, between sentences. She had a blue silky sort of skirt on, very full, and a white blouse. Some girl, he told himself.

He said it aloud. "Some girl." The way her face lit up was beautiful. He read four more pages.

The telephone rang. Amanda jumped up to answer it.

"It's for you," she said, her eyes unreadable.

Jack didn't look her way as he heard Pete Matthew's hearty voice.

"No can do," he said firmly. "Other plans, boy. Yes, I know. Well, get Anderson. He likes handball. Okay." He hung up and beamed at Amanda. She beamed back, and settled down again.

"How about going to the pictures?" he asked abruptly.

It wasn't a very good programme.

Then, there was the next night. Nobody telephoned, although Friday was standard poker night. They read, listened to the radio, and walked around the block before they went to bed.

"We ought to have a party," Jack said on Saturday morning. "What say I gather a few couples together and ask them over tonight?"

"Tonight?" Amanda looked startled, but very pretty, in the crisp white apron with the ruffles. She piled three griddle cakes on his plate and pushed the syrup towards him.

"No more," Jack refused. "I'm full as a tick."

"You don't like them?" She asked sadly.

"I love them," he said. "I'm the luckiest husband in the world. A beautiful wife who can cook like somebody's old-fashioned aunt."

He patted her hand. He couldn't very well tell her that these heavy breakfasts made him feel sleepy.

"How about that party, sweet?" he asked. "I can get some beer on my way home, and you get some cheese and crackers—"

"Silly," Amanda said. "You

To page 48

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THE SHORT-SKIRTED FORMAL

● Reappearing this autumn season is a short-skirted dress scintillating with a party atmosphere, often worn with fabulous furs. The dress can be as slim as a willow wand or a drift of feminine loveliness. The three party dresses shown here were designed and made in Paris.



● Simple form of elegance (left) is this superbly tailored one-piece dress made in white grosgrain and worn with a short theatre coat trimmed with a wide band of black velvet ribbon. The ensemble is completed by matching shoes and a jewel necklace.

● Short evening dress of white tulle (above left) has a strapless bodice and tiered skirt trimmed with narrow lace edging. The waist is circled with black velvet ribbon and finished with a cascade of pink roses. Gloves add formality.

● Slender white satin dress (above) is given just the right touch of feminine glamor by embroidery on the strapless bodice top. The white arctic fox cape is lined with black velvet to match the long suede gloves and satin shoes.

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want people to think your wife can't cook?" She stopped laughing. "It seems awfully sudden," she said, "but we can do it. Just don't ask too many, and call me to let me know."

He rambled from office. "How about a brawl tonight?" he asked Pete Matthews.

"Poker?" Pete asked brightly. "Fine. Call the wife. She'll steam me because we played till three o'clock last night—" He stopped, embarrassed.

"You did?" Jack asked. "First I heard."

"Matter of fact," Pete said, "we called you. Amanda answered. Said you were out. Gave her the message. You didn't show up so we supposed you didn't get home in time."

"I was out," Jack said. Out, he thought sharply, to the corner shop for ten minutes to get cigarettes. He pushed down the anger. "No poker tonight, though," he said. "Bring your wife. About eight o'clock."

Jack made it clear to the others that it was a mixed party. And all the time the fury inside him was growing. He bought beer, six kinds of cheese and four kinds of crackers. He stamped up the stairs to the apartment and slammed them down on the kitchen table.

Amanda turned around from the refrigerator and came towards him, arms raised. He couldn't keep his own arms from going around her, but he tried to project an impersonal feeling into them.

"You didn't call me," she said breathlessly. "But I went ahead. See how nice the place looks? And I made — no, I think I'll wait and surprise you."

He took his arms away and went into the other room. "There'll be eight with us," he said. "I got a case of beer."

"Oh dear," Amanda said. "It won't go—I made—"

"I like beer," Jack inter-

Continuing . . . Bachelor Husband

from page 46

rupted. "The boys like beer. Most of their wives like beer. We have beer."

Amanda shrugged, giggled, and sat down. "Okay, boss man," she agreed. "We have beer."

Then Jack found himself saying, "In the future, I'll appreciate it if you'll deliver personal messages for me."

She stood before him, one hand up to her mouth, her eyes aghast.

"You're angry with me," she said flatly. "You want to quarrel with me." A slow tear lifted to the bottom lid of her eye.

Jack said: "I'm not angry with you. I just want some things understood. When my friends telephone and leave a message for me, I want to know what that message is."

"Jack," she said, "you probably won't believe it, but I forgot. Honestly. You came back and we started to play gin rummy and I completely forgot."

"I'll put a pad and pencil beside the phone in case you are tempted to forget again," he said.

They ate in the kitchen, to keep the rest of the apartment neat. It was a hurried meal, and one surrounded by a chilled aura.

Jack swung the door wide to greet their guests.

"Welcome, welcome," he cried cheerfully. "Welcome to Honeymoon Manor."

They looked good to him, Pete and the two copywriters and their wives. "Amanda," he said, drawing her close beside him, forgetting his anger in the unexpected delight and pride that filled him. "This is good old Pete—and Wally—and Bob. And the three pretty girls are Milly and Frances and Jane."

"Let me take your wrap," Amanda said. "And just make yourselves comfortable."

Jack kissed her in the kit-

chen when he helped her serve. He set up the card tables and put the dainty little luncheon cloths on them neatly. He cut eight careful slices of a concoction that turned out to be a long loaf of bread, split lengthwise, filled with four violently colored and different flavored spreads, then iced with cream cheese.

He forced himself to eat

shoulder against life. He had it all on the tip of his tongue, the tip of his heart, ready to share with her.

But Amanda was face down on the davenport, and her body rippled with sobs. He rushed to her and caught her up in his arms. He carried her to the big chair. He cried: "What is it? Darling, what's the trouble?"

"They didn't eat anything hardly," she wailed. "Four of them never even touched the



every bite of it, plus a huge piece of chocolate cake, noting how much the others left on their plates. My beer and cheese, he thought reproachfully, spoiled her sweet refreshments.

He clapped the boys on the back and joked with the girls as they went out the door. A complete sense of marriage was in Jack when he moved to Amanda. As if they were one unit, blended, shoulder to

cake—and it had six eggs in it. All they wanted was your awful beer and those revolting pieces of cheese. They're barbarians. That's what they are. All that talk about tennis and golf and poker and—men's doings—

His arms went lax. "What's the matter with men's doings? At least you liked the girls, didn't you?"

She sniffed and sat up straight, rubbing her wet cheek against his good shirt.

"Of course I did," she said meekly. "They're very nice and pretty and they don't flirt with other women's husbands." She drew a deep breath. "I'm sorry, Jack. I suppose I just got too excited over our first party—then, sort of disappointed."

It could be that way, he told himself sensibly. Of course, it could. "It was a lovely party," he consoled.

When Jack opened his eyes on Sunday morning Amanda was in the kitchen. He looked at the chair by the window. Clean socks, underwear, shirt, and his best suit were neatly laid out. He sprang out of bed.

"Amanda," he yelled, "what are the glad rags doing here?"

"Church," she said. "Remember we missed it both Sundays on our honeymoon because of the fishing—"

He said, "I have a standing golf date at ten o'clock."

"It might help," Amanda said sweetly. "If you wrote down your routine. Let's see. Wednesday night, tennis. Thursday night, handball. Friday night, poker. Saturday night, any sort of brawl. Sunday, golf."

She tipped her head to one side and considered him coolly. "I'm not advised on Monday and Tuesday yet. But I'll find out. It doesn't leave you much time for family life, does it?"

Jack took out his old golf clothes. He threw them on hurriedly, dashed cold water into his face, picked up his clubs, and went down the hall.

He was badly off his game, and when he got home there was no sign of Amanda.

He sat limply down in the big chair again and looked at his watch. A quarter to four, and no Amanda. He lifted himself a little to pull out the paper that had crackled under the cushion seat.

In Amanda's neat writing he read: "Monday night, home economics class. Tuesday night, garden class. Wednesday night, bridge club. Thursday night, dinner and show with the girls. Friday night, swimming. Saturday night, party with Jack if

invited. Sunday, church and dinner at Aunt Jane's."

I didn't even know she had an Aunt Jane, he thought. He stared at the paper for a long time. So, that was the way she had kept busy those six months in the city before she met him. That was the way, in her quiet logical mind, she was going to try to keep busy again. It wasn't what she had planned, what she had hoped for. It wasn't marriage.

The phone rang. He knew with a sure instinct that it was Amanda, calling from Aunt Jane's, where she had probably hoped they would both go for dinner.

"Hello," he cried gladly.

"Darling," she said in a rush, "I meant to leave you a note and I just this minute remembered I forgot—"

"Baby," he interrupted her, "I can't live without you. Are you coming home here where you belong, or do I have to come and get you?"

He listened to the happiness in her voice and he waited for her to stop talking so that he could say how empty the place was without her, how he knew the way it felt to her, how he was going to share every spare minute with her—

Except, the back of his mind warned him, maybe poker just once a month. And perhaps golf every other Sunday. Church one time, golf the next. And tennis during the tournament, of course.

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ABOVE: Young Marjorie Lawrence (Eleanor Parker) excitedly hugs her father (Cecil Kellaway) while her sister and two brothers watch. Marjorie has just won a local contest which takes her to Paris to study singing. She has a brilliant career.

★ Telling a story of show business that is of special interest to Australia, "Interrupted Melody" (Metro), a dramatic romance with music, deals with the life and career of Marjorie Lawrence (the daughter of an Australian farmer), who won success as an operatic soprano and became a sudden victim of polio. The film stars Eleanor Parker and Glenn Ford, will have its world premiere in Melbourne.

RIGHT: Marjorie Lawrence sings ballads from a wheel-chair to servicemen in Australia during World War II. "Interrupted Melody," in Cinema-Scope and color, relates how the former opera star toured Pacific areas at the request of the U.S. Army.



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Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

*** On The Waterfront MARLON Brando's vital acting and the stark treatment of the film's subject matter make Columbia's Academy Award-winning film "On The Waterfront" unusually gripping entertainment.

Compared with many films dealing with crime and violence, "Waterfront" is easily the best, because it pulls no punches.

Briefly, it tells the story of an ex-pug (Brando), a minor employee on the payroll of a crooked labor leader (Lee J. Cobb), who is persuaded by a crusading priest (Karl Malden) and the girl of the story (played appealingly by newcomer Eva Marie Saint) to give evidence against his boss before a crime commission.

Though it means confessing his own part in a crime, this action is the means by which the labor racketeer's hold over the docks and the men who work on them is eventually broken.

There is no doubt that Brando's concept of Terry

Malloy is a piece of genuine artistry well deserving of the Academy Award that it won.

Terry is a product of his environment—tough, stubborn, inarticulate, and not over-bright.

The gradual mental swing which changes him from a street Arab to a man with some inkling of social consciousness is almost painful to watch and perfect for the character he portrays.

There is a hair-raising finale in which Malloy, his lawyer brother murdered by the mob in his stead, survives a whale of a hiding from a bunch of toughs.

In Sydney—Capitol.

* The Barefoot Contessa

IN this new film, "The Barefoot Contessa" (United Artists), ace writer-director Joseph L. Mankiewicz tells a flashback story of a peasant nymphomaniac who m most men desire.

"Contessa" is a stylish film, beautifully presented, in which there are flashes of witty

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★★ Average
★ No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

dialogue and scenes shot through with sardonic side-glances at Europe's gilded cafe society in a way that is wickedly observant.

Filmed in color on Italian and Mediterranean locations, it is also superbly pictorial.

However, the drama of love and tragedy gets so far out of hand as to become incredible.

Ava Gardner is lovely and compelling as the moody Spanish dancer who is discovered for Hollywood in a Madrid cafe by Humphrey Bogart's washed-up film director.

An enigma who rejects the attentions of a string of rich admirers, her Maria, apparently driven by fear and loneliness, seeks solace in the arms of such husky specimens as a musician, a gypsy dancer, and finally a chauffeur who happens to be around.

Eventually she finds the love of her life in a handsome Italian aristocrat (Rossano Brazzi), but the marriage ends in disaster.

In the company, Humphrey Bogart is tough and sympathetic; Warren Stevens and Marius Goring are a couple of rich cads; and Edmond O'Brien plays the role of a boot-licking Press agent which won him a recent Oscar.

In Sydney—Century.

News from studios

THAT burly new Romeo, Laurence Harvey, is wearing contact lenses. Not to see better—but to see worse. He is wearing them in the role of a blinded Army captain in "None But the Brave," which Korda, with fond memories of a rich prewar success, is remaking in CinemaScope out of his famous "The Four Feathers." Says Harvey, "At first it was awful groping my way about. Then suddenly I found I could cope quite easily. It convinces me that the blind develop an extra sense."

LOOKS as though they're grooming red-headed musical star Jean Carson, a bombshell in her first picture, to be the Jessie Matthews of the new British film era. Producer Maurice Cowan is making an up-to-date screen version of Jessie's greatest film hit, "Evergreen." And he is angling for Jean Carson.

BACK to a real Ealing comedy goes Alec Guinness—back from the grim business of playing the victimised Archbishop in an Iron Curtain country who "confesses" in "The Prisoner." In his new comedy, "The Lady Killers," Guinness will play a comedy gang boss known as "The Professor." And all the ingredients are there—"Whisky Galore" Mackendrick directing, and William "Genevieve" Rose writing the script.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—*** "On the Waterfront," drama, starring Marlon Brando, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden. (See review this page.) Plus ★ "The Outlaw Stallion," technicolor Western, starring Phil Carey, Dorothy Patrick, Billy Gray.

CENTURY.—★ "The Barefoot Contessa," technicolor drama, starring Ava Gardner, Humphrey Bogart. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

EMBASSY.—★ "Innocents in Paris," comedy, starring Margaret Rutherford, Claire Bloom, Alastair Sim. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—"Modern Times," comedy, starring Charlie Chaplin, Paulette Goddard. (Re-release, review not available.) Plus "Flannelfoot," thriller, starring Mary Germaine, Ronald Howard.

LIBERTY.—★ "The Last Time I Saw Paris," technicolor drama in MetroScope, starring Elizabeth Taylor, Van Johnson, Donna Reed. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—*** "The Million Pound Note," technicolor period comedy, starring Gregory Peck, Jane Griffiths. Plus ★ "The Wide Boy," mystery, starring Susan Shaw, Ronald Howard.

PALACE.—*** "The Raid," technicolor American Civil War drama, starring Van Heflin, Anne Bancroft, Richard Boone. Plus ★ "Princess of the Nile," romantic adventure in technicolor, starring Debra Paget, Michael Rennie, Jeffrey Hunter.

PARIS.—★ "The Sinner," technicolor drama, starring Hildegarde Neff, Gustav Froelich. Plus featurettes.

PLAZA.—★ "Duel in the Jungle," technicolor adventure, starring Jeanne Crain, Dana Andrews, David Farrar. Plus featurettes.

PRINCE EDWARD.—*** "Sabrina," romantic comedy, starring Humphrey Bogart, Audrey Hepburn, William Holden. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★ "There's No Business Like Show Business," musical comedy in technicolor CinemaScope, starring Ethel Merman, Dan Dailey, Donald O'Connor, Mitzie Gaynor, Marilyn Monroe, Johnnie Ray. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★ "Golden Marie" (Casque D'Or), French-language drama, starring Simone Signoret, Serge Reggiani, Claude Dauphin. Plus featurettes.

ST. JAMES.—★ "Deep In My Heart," musical biography in Eastman-color MetroScope, starring Jose Ferrer, Merle Oberon. Plus featurettes.

STATE.—*** "Doctor in the House," technicolor comedy, starring Dirk Bogarde, Kenneth More, Kay Kendall. Plus ★★ "Life in the Arctic," true-life adventure in color.

VICTORY.—★ "Francis Joins The W.A.C.S.," comedy, starring Donald O'Connor, Julie Adams, Francis the Mule. Plus ★ "Yellow Mountain," technicolor Western, starring Max Barker, Mala Powers, Howard Duff.

Films not yet reviewed

LYRIC.—"Battle of Rogue River," technicolor Western, starring George Montgomery, Richard Denning, Martha Hyer. Plus "Paris Model," romantic comedy, starring Marilyn Maxwell, Eva Gabor, Paulette Goddard, Cecil Kellaway.

MAYFAIR.—"Dial M for Murder," Warner-color thriller, starring Grace Kelly, Ray Milland. Plus featurettes.

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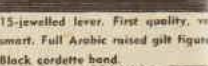
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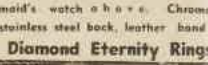


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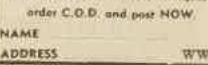
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All these new Jantzens—sweaters, cardigans, sports jackets, pullovers—are so meticulously finished at necklines, shoulders, seams, basques — you could almost wear them inside out! Basques are "run-down" in the same piece of wool for perfect finish and durability — every garment can take plenty of he-man treatment—keeps its "tailored" look and feel for seasons! This kind of Jantzen quality saves you pounds! It's the softest wool a man's ever handled, a beautiful 100% merino that feels like lambswool, wears like a Jantzen.

Choose from a big burst of
sunny colours that team



perfectly with slacks



the American way



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Nylon
*not only gives ...
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Emphatically so! Take Nylon Hosiery
for instance. Nylon's natural elasticity
provides for stretch and strain,

sudden movements, perfect fit . . .

whilst Nylon's resistance to abrasion makes for
longer every-day wear, less damage from suspenders,
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your cards properly . . . don't expect 12 or 15 denier

to wear like 30 denier . . . choose 30 denier
for normal day wear, 12 or 15 denier for special occasions.

Watch out for rough surfaces that cause snags . . .
rinse out nightly . . . and your Nylon Hosiery will
turn up trumps every time.

IN THIS MODERN WORLD

nylon

BELONGS



One of a series of advertisements dealing with the practical advantages of Nylon merchandise. Inserted by British Nylon Spinners Ltd., Pontypool, Mon., the suppliers of Nylon yarn and Nylon staple fibre to textile manufacturers in Australia.



1 ARRIVING at forbidding Colditz Castle among the first contingent of British officers are Pat Reid (John Mills), centre, and Mac (Christopher Rhodes).



2 GREETED by exuberant Polish officers who have settled down and found how to open most of the doors in their prison, Pat and his fellow-countrymen are entertained with beer and given the keys of the castle.



3 LARGE British group led by very reserved Col. Richmond (Eric Portman), without jacket, is assigned separate quarters. Soon German-baiting tricks and escape attempts break out.



4 CAUGHT red-handed in break by German "ferret" (Frederick Valk), the British are defeated until Col. Richmond surprisingly sets about improving poor Allied P.O.W. relationships.

P.O.W. ESCAPE STORY

★ Early in 1940, the German High Command remembered Colditz Castle, set in the heart of the Reich, 400 miles from any neutral frontier.

The castle had been a P.O.W. camp from which none had escaped during World War I. So the High Command decided to use it again during World War II as a prison for all Allied officers who had escaped from other camps.

In "The Colditz Story" London Films relates, with humor and suspense, what happened there.



5 AGREEMENT among Allied leaders to co-ordinate all their escape plans results in some exciting escapes for all but British. German morale gradually drops.

6 STAGING Guards' drill in a courtyard, Harry and other prisoners create a diversion. Then Mac has the idea which leads to the big break.



7 INVITED to a camp concert, German officers get the "treatment" from some gay types while Pat Reid and his team of escapees are busy under the stage dressing for escape in home-made German uniforms.



8 SNEAKING through the German mess, disaster threatens. Only Pat and Jimmy succeed in the final "home run," but all the men in Colditz look forward to freedom.

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a lovelier complexion
IN 14 DAYS

The very first time you change from careless cleansing to the Palmolive Beauty Plan, you'll actually see Palmolive begin to bring out beauty while it cleans your skin. And in 14 days or less, your skin can be softer, smoother, younger looking.



NOT JUST A PROMISE
BUT A PROVED BEAUTY PLAN

Here's all you do. Gently massage Palmolive's extra-mild, pure lather onto your skin for just a minute twice a day. Then rinse and pat dry.

REGULAR — BATH SIZE —
SUPERBATH



YOU TOO can look for these complexion improvements in 14 days

- ♥ Fresher, brighter complexion
- ♥ Less oiliness
- ♥ Added softness and smoothness
- ♥ Fewer tiny blemishes — blackheads
- ♥ Complexion clearer — more radiant

USE PALMOLIVE . . . IT'S SO MILD — SO GENTLE . . . THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS BY FAR THE LARGEST SELLING TOILET SOAP IN AUSTRALIA.

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She's so happy she could sing her head off, because every time her nappy's changed mother smooths on a little "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly. It's the best thing out for safeguarding against nappy rash.

Every time you change baby's nappy, get into the habit of smoothing on a little "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly, then changing nappies becomes a happy, snappy routine.

VASELINE Petroleum Jelly
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"The wonder jelly" is available everywhere.

It's a "First Aid Kit in a jar". For cuts, burns, bruises, scalds, chapped lips, dishpan hands, skin irritations, cradle cap.

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REMOVES SCRATCHES AND DULL SPOTS!

Here's how you give your furniture its newest look ever... simply apply a few drops of Marveer to a damp cloth, rub evenly and lightly, then polish with a clean dry cloth. Scratches and dull spots disappear... a rich shine re-appears. Buy a bottle of Marveer today!



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By Cedric Aillingham
Aillingham is trained in scientific observation and astronomy, but he was on a bird-watching holiday when he met the man from Mars. His story (with photographs) of the Saucer's landing and of his conversation with the pilot—by means of signs and sketches—is detailed, most interesting, and thoroughly convincing.
Price 13/6 from all Booksellers

Continuing . . . Bath Tangle

from page 5

know! She is quite her own mistress! At least—" She paused, suddenly struck by an unwelcome thought. "I had forgot! Oh, dear!"

"She has a guardian? Someone to whom I should apply before approaching her?"

"No, no! Only her fortune is — is strangely tied up and, perhaps — But I should not be talking of her affairs!"

He pressed her hand slightly. "Do not! I hope it may be so securely tied up that I could not touch it if I would! I must go. If I could express to you my gratitude for your kindness, your understanding —!"

He smiled down at her with a good deal of archness. "The word dowager will never again have the power to terrify me!"

She laughed and blushed. He again kissed her hand and turned to go away just as the door opened and Serena in her walking dress came into the room.

"I thought I recognised the modish hat resting on the table in the hall!" she remarked, drawing off her gloves and tossing them aside. "How do you do, Hector?" Her eyes went from him to Fanny and the smile in them deepened.

"Now what conspiracy have you been hatching to make you both look so guilty?"

"No conspiracy," the Major said, going to her and helping her to take off her pelisse. "Did you find your very odd acquaintance—Mrs. Floore, is it not? — at home? I should think she was very much obliged to you for your visit!"

"I believe you are quite as high in the instep as Fanny and disapprove of Mrs. Floore as heartily!" Serena exclaimed. "I own I cannot think her a proper friend for you," he admitted.

"Stuff! I found her at home and I was very much obliged to her for the welcome she was kind enough to give me! I must say, Fanny, I wish we were in London, just that we might see with our own eyes the Laleham-woman's triumph!"

"You don't mean to say that she has made up a brilliant match for poor little Emily already?" cried Fanny.

"No, she hasn't done that, but, if she's to be believed, she might have her pick of a dozen eligible parties tomorrow if she chose! Flying at higher game, I conclude! So does Mrs. Floore. She still holds by her cross-eyed Duke! I am very sceptical about him, but there seems to be no doubt that the Rotherham ball has worked like a charm! I daresay it might help to open some doors, but what tactics the Laleham-woman employed to force open some others, and which of the Patronesses she outgeneralled into surrendering vouchers for Almack's, I would give a fortune to know! One can't but admire her!"

"Odious woman!" Fanny said. "I am sorry for Emily!"

"Nonsense! She will be in high feather, enjoying a truly magnificent season!"

"But who is this lady?" asked the Major.

"She is Mrs. Floore's daughter, not as engaging as her mama, but quite as redoubtable."

"She is a hateful, scheming creature!" said Fanny with unusual asperity. "Excuse me! — I must speak to Lybster! — Something I forgot to tell him he must do! No, no, pray don't pull the bell, dearest!"

"Good gracious, Fanny, what in the world —?" Serena stopped, for the door had closed softly behind Fanny.

"Serena!"

She turned her head, struck by the urgent note in the Major's voice. One look at his

face was enough to explain Fanny's surprising behaviour. She felt suddenly breathless and absurdly shy.

He came towards her and took her hands.

"It was not conspiracy. I came to ask her, as one who is in some sort your guardian, if I might ask you to marry me."

"Oh, Hector, how could you be so foolish?" she said, her voice catching on something between a laugh and a sob.

"What has poor Fanny to say to anything? Did she tell you that you might? Must I ask her what I should reply?"

"Not that! But I am aware now, as I never was seven years ago, of the gulf that lies between us!"

She pulled one of her hands away and pressed her fingers against his mouth. "Don't say such things! I forbid you! Don't think yourself unworthy of me! If you only knew — But you don't, my poor Hector, you don't! It's I who am unworthy! You've no notion how detestable I can be, how headstrong, how obstinate, how shrewish!"

He caught her into his arms, saying thickly: "Do not you say such things? My goddess, my queen!"

"Oh, no, no, no!" He raised his head, smiling a little crookedly down at her.

"Do you dislike to hear yourself called so? There is nothing I would not do to please you, but you cannot help but be my goddess! You have been so these seven years!"

"Only a goddess could dislike it! You see by that how wretchedly short of the mark I fall! I have a little honesty — enough to tell you now that you must not worship me!"

THE major laughed, and kissed Serena again. She protested no more, too much a woman not to be deeply moved by such idolatry and awed by the constancy which, though it might have been to a false image, could not be doubted.

It was not long before he was saying to her much of what he had previously said to Fanny, anxiously laying his circumstances before her and dwelling so particularly on the disparity between them of rank and fortune that she interrupted presently to say with mingled amusement and impatience: "My dearest Hector, I wish you will not talk such nonsense! Why do you set so much store by rank? You are a gentleman, and I hope am a gentlewoman, and, as for fortune, we shall do very well!"

His expression changed; he said: "I wish you had no fortune!"

It was not to be expected that she should understand such a point of view, nor did she. In her world, a poorly dowered girl was an object for compassion. Even a love match must depend upon the marriage settlements, and wealthy and besotted indeed must be the suitor who allied himself to a portionless damsel. She looked her astonishment and repeated in a blank voice: "Wish I had no fortune?"

"Yes! I had rather by far you were penniless, than — I daresay — so rich that my own fortune must seem the veriest pittance beside yours!"

Laughter sprang to her eyes. "Oh, you goose! Do you fear to be taken for a fortune-hunter? Of all the crack-brained ideas to take into your head! No, indeed, Hector, this is being foolish beyond permission!"

"I don't know that I care so much for that — though

it is what people will say! — but I must support my wife, not live upon her fortune! Serena, surely you must understand this!"

It seemed to her absurdly romantic, but she only said quizzically: "Was this thought in your head seven years ago?"

"Seven years ago," he replied gravely, "your father was alive and you were not sole mistress of your fortune. If I thought about the matter at all — but you must remember that I was then no more than a green boy! — I imagine I must have supposed that Lord Spenborough, if he countenanced the match, would settle you a sum comparable to my own means."

"Or have cut me off without a penny?" she inquired, amused.

"Or have done that," he agreed, perfectly seriously.

She perceived that he was in earnest, but she could not help saying with a gurgle of laughter: "It is too bad that you cannot enact the role of Cophetua! I must always possess an independence, which cannot be wrested from me. But take heart! It is by no means certain that I shall ever have more than that! Are you pre-

pared to take me with my wretched seven hundred pounds a year, my ridiculous fortune-hunter? I warn you it may well be no more!"

"Are you in earnest?" he asked, his brow lightening. "Lady Spenborough said something about your fortune's being oddly tied up, but no more than that! Tell me!"

"I will, but if you mean to take it as a piece of excellent good news we are likely to fall out!" she warned him. "Nothing was ever more infamous! My dear but misguided papa left my fortune — all but what I have from my mother — to Rotherham, in trust for me, with the proviso that he was to allow me no more than the pin-money I had always been given until I was married — with, mark you! his lordship's consent and approval! In the event of my marrying without that august approval I may, I suppose, kiss my fingers to my inheritance!"

He was staggered and his first thoughts agreed exactly with her own.

"What? You must wait Rotherham's consent? I never in my life heard of anything so iniquitous!"

"Just so!" said Serena with

To page 56

If your skin looks cakey in a heavy make-up . . .

Most women choose a heavy foundation, hoping it will hide little skin imperfections. Unfortunately, the oily-textured bases always seem to catch in the "droop" lines and pores — emphasizing them, never concealing them.

Compare the charming freshness that a powder base of Pond's Vanishing Cream gives your face! You smooth on a touch of the sheer greaseless Cream before powder — see it disappear. Only a soft, invisible film remains to hold your powder smooth for hours.

Clear off, brighten your skin with this at-home facial!

Now — you can lift off a dull "winter complexion" with a quick 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream! Cover face, except eyes, in a deep Mask of the Cream. Leave on 1 minute. The Cream's "keratolytic" action loosens, dissolves off rough bits of dead skin that choke pore openings. "Tones-up" your complexion! After 60 seconds, tissue off. Now — see the fresh radiance of your skin.



THE COUNTESS Alain de la Falaise

"Heavy make-ups are so 'obvious' looking. That's why I prefer Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base. It is so sheer."

After Pond's Vanishing Cream . . . Pond's Face Powder, 6 delightful shades. Charming new pink and gold box. Just 3/3.



Film star's heir

Fabius Maximus, the distinguished Roman general, will not be required to turn in his grave. He can sleep on soundly in the knowledge that his illustrious line will continue.

HE has English film star Dawn Addams to thank for this. Dawn's married name is Princess Vittorio Massimo.

In London a short while ago Princess Dawn gave birth to an eight-pound-ten-ounce baby boy, who thereupon became the latest direct descendant of the famous general of ancient Rome.

Only about a week before-hand the vivacious young mother-to-be was still appearing in the best London night-spots, halloing across the tables to old friends in the film world who hadn't seen her since they attended her fabulous wedding in Rome the previous April.

What may, however, cause the shade of Fabius Maximus a disapproving frown is the down-to-earth way his 20th-century descendant, Prince Vittorio Massimo, and his

By
BILL STRUTTON,
of our London staff

film-star bride prepared for the coming of an heir.

Dawn and Vittorio came to London at Christmas to have the baby born in England—and to shop at the January sales among the hordes of scrambling plebs for layette bargains. They emerged from these, dishevelled and triumphant, with a marked-down pram and a cot that cost little more than a song.

Said Dawn, star of "The Moon Is Blue" and the new Italian film "Mizar": "We didn't plan to spend a lot of money on the baby to begin with. There is his education to think of, after all."

No shoes

PRINCE VITTORIO, a slight, volatile, and amiably ugly Italian blue-blood, insists that the baby is going to be brought up on a farm—barefoot. Says he, in a rich Latin accent: "I don't believe in shoes."

"Dawn makes me wear them in London, but my child will run around barefoot until he goes to school."

Vittorio, 42, and Dawn, 24, have acquired a rather harum-scarum reputation among the stiff-necked Italian aristocracy. Vittorio confesses, a wide grin splitting his mobile face, "I am a verr' notty but nice fel-



PRINCE VITTORIO MASSIMO of Italy proudly meets his new son and attractive actress-wife, Dawn Addams, in a London nursing home the day after the baby's birth.

low." Dawn calls him "Stinky," which pleases him no end.

Vittorio has to behave himself for the next five years. For that period of time he will have a suspended gaol sentence of four months hanging over him. He was awarded this for scuffling with an Italian policeman.

He used to be in the champagne business, but the 400 international guests who turned up at their wedding drank all his stocks. Now he's making money out of digging for archaeological treasures and farming their ancient estate at Scorano, 20 miles from Rome. That's the place where they plan to bring up baby.

This is the favorite of their three homes. They don't think much of the family pal-

ace in Rome. "Can you imagine," asks Princess Dawn, "a nursery 90 feet long with three balconies, gold leaf, and frescoes? No, thanks!" They even held their wedding reception on the farm.

But they will allow baby one extravagance—a nutria fur rug. It will be home-grown on father's farm. Dawn herself wears a gorgeous 37-skin nutria fur coat, bred at Scorano, as well as the magnificent Massimo family jewels. But only for their rare sorties into Roman society.

Popular in Italy

THOUGH she has been back in Hollywood several times to star in English-speaking films—"Khyber Pass," "Plymouth Adventure," "The Moon Is Blue"—the English-

born Dawn's stellar reputation is highest in Italy.

There she has already scored a triumph in the Italian human-torpedo film "Mizar," and her release from nursery cares is expected to bring a fresh flood of film offers.

The fond Prince Vittorio Massimo calls her his "lioness," mainly, he says, because "she roars and growls in the morning till she gets her breakfast."

He says their marriage is going great guns. "But it is also painful sometimes."

Vittorio rubbed his shins. "I am black and blue 'ere. My lioness, she kick a bit if she doan' agree wit' me."

"But"—he threw his arms wide and smiled beatifically—"I love these battles!"



"SPARE A PENNY for the old soldiers, Miss, and God bless you," says a member of the London ex-Servicemen's Band to Dawn Addams, as, watched by her husband (left), she fumbles in her handbag for change.

You'll hardly believe your eyes!

Jeldi Chenille's enchanting new "Triple Ripple" bedspread has an easy-to-make TURNATOP . . . it's tailored . . . it's even fringed . . . yet all over Australia it costs only

£9'9'9

Now, all the beauty features you love—in the Jeldi Chenille you love best of all! Wonderful for wear and washing! So wrinkle-proof it never needs ironing! See "Triple Ripple" (No. 280) soon at your nearest store in all these lovely colours: Mushroom, Off-White, Champagne, Rose, Blue, Green, Gold, Beige and pastel shades of Pink, Green or Blue. Double and $\frac{3}{4}$ -bed sizes.

Actually grows lovelier with use!



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New

tantalizing flavour!

KRAFT

Cheez Whiz

for fast cheese dishes and snacks



SPOON IT!

Rich, creamy-thick Cheez Whiz starts to melt the moment it touches hot food! Pop a spoonful on spaghetti — and in a few seconds there's that rich, tantalizing cheese flavour to add zest and nourishment!



**CREAMY!
THICK! RICH!**
Different from any cheese product you've ever had before!



HEAT IT! A few minutes in a saucepan over very low heat and Cheez Whiz becomes the most elegant cheese sauce you ever served up! Perfect for party dishes. And so handy for glamorizing eggs, vegetables and left-overs.



SPREAD IT! Keep a jar of Cheez Whiz handy and you're all set for all kinds of snacks and sandwiches — hot or cold. Rich, tantalizing Cheez Whiz is marvellous for toasted or plain sandwiches — grand spread on biscuits. *kwa*

Continuing Bath Tangle

from page 54

immense cordiality. "I hope you will perceive that I was not to be blamed for flying into the worst passion of my career when that clause was read to me!"

"I do not wonder at it! Rotherham, of all men alive! Pardon me, but the indelicacy of such a provision, the — But I must be silent on that head!"

"Abominable, wasn't it? I am heartily of your opinion!"

He sat for a moment or two with his lips tightly compressed, but as other thoughts came into his mind, his face relaxed and he presently exclaimed: "Then if he should refuse his consent you will have no more than will serve for your gowns — and such fripperies!"

"Very true — but you need not say it as though you were glad of it!"

"I am glad of it!"

"Well, so am not I!" retorted Serena tartly.

"Serena, all I have is yours to do with as you please!" he said imploringly.

She was touched, but a strong vein of common sense made her say: "I am very much obliged to you, but what if I should please to spend all you have upon my gowns — and such fripperies? My dear, that is very fine talking, but it won't do! Besides, the very thought of Ivo's holding my purse-strings to the day of his death, or mine, is enough to send me into strong convulsions! He shall not do it! And now I come to think of it, I believe he will not be able to. He told me himself that if he withheld his consent unreasonably I might be able to break the trust. Hector, if you do not instantly wipe from your face that disappointed look, you will have a taste of my temper, and so I warn you!"

He smiled, but said with quiet confidence: "Rotherham will never give his consent to your marrying me!"

"We shall see!"

"And nothing — nothing! — would prevail upon me to seek it!" said the Major with suppressed violence.

"Oh, you need not! That at least was not stipulated in papa's will! I shall inform him myself of my betrothal — but that will not be until I am out of mourning, in the autumn."

"The autumn!" He sounded dismayed, but recollected himself immediately and said: "You are very right. My own feelings — But it would be quite improper for such an announcement to be made until you are out of black gloves!"

She stretched out her hand to lay it upon one of his. "Well, I think it would, Hector. In general, I set little store by the proprieties, but in such a case as this — oh, every feeling would be offended! In private we are engaged, but the world shall not know it until October."

He lifted the hand to his lips.

"You are the only judge: I shall be ruled entirely by your wishes, my queen!"

The engaged couple, neither of whom wasted a moment's thought on what must be the inevitable conclusions arrived at by the interested, admitted only two persons into the secret. One was Fanny and the other Mrs. Kirkby. The Major could not be happy until he had made Serena known to his mother; and since she was reluctant to appear in any way neglectful, it was not long before she was climbing the hill to Lansdown Crescent, escorted by her handsome cavalier.

Had the expedition been left to the Major's management, Serena would have been carried in a sedan-chair, his rooted conviction that no female was capable of exertion making it quite shocking to him to think of her undertaking so strenuous a walk. But Serena had other ideas.

"What, stuff myself into a chair in such bright May weather? Not for the world!" she declared.

"Your carriage, then? My mother goes out so seldom that she has not thought it worth while to keep hers in Bath or I would —"

"My dear Hector," she interrupted him, "you cannot in all seriousness suppose that I would have my own or your mother's horses put to merely to struggle up that steep hill!"

"No, which is why I suggested you should hire a chair. I am afraid you will be tired."

"On the contrary I shall enjoy the walk. I feel in Bath, as though I were hobbled! Only tell me the exact direction of Mrs. Kirkby's house and I will engage to present myself punctually and in no need of harts-horn to revive me!"

He smiled, but said: "I shall fetch you, of course."

"Well, that will be very agreeable, but I beg you won't put yourself to the trouble if your reason is that you fear for my safety in this excessively respectable town!"

"Not your safety, precisely, but I know that you won't take your maid and I own I cannot like you to go out alone."

"You would be surprised if you guessed how very well able I am to take care of myself! I was done with young ladyhood some years ago. What is more, my dear, times have changed a trifle since you lived in England before. In London I might gratify you by taking my maid with me — though it is much more likely that I should prefer to go in my carriage, and alone! — but Bath it is quite unnecessary."

"Nevertheless I hope you will allow me to be your escort."

"Indeed, I shall be glad of your company," she responded, not choosing to argue the point further and trusting that time would dull the edge of a solicitude she found a little oppressive.

Certainly the pace she set when they walked up to Lansdown Crescent did not encourage him to suppose that she was less healthy than she looked. She had never lost the rather mannish stride she had acquired in youth, when, to the disapproval of most of her relations, she had been reared more as a boy than as a girl, and she could never shorten it to suit Fanny's demure steps. A walk with Fanny was to Serena a form of dawdling which she detested; it was a real pleasure to her to be pacing along beside a man again.

She would not take the Major's arm, but went up the hill at a swinging gait and exclaimed when she was obliged to hold her hat on against the wind: "Ah, this is famous! One can breathe up here! I wished we might have found a house in Camden Place or the Royal Crescent, but there were none to be hired that Lybster thought eligible."

"I myself prefer the heights," he admitted, "but there's no doubt Laura Place is a more convenient situation."

"Oh, yes! And Fanny would

To page 57

not have liked the hill," she agreed cheerfully.

A few minutes later she was making the acquaintance of her future mother-in-law.

Mrs. Kirkby, a valetudinarian of retiring habits and a timid disposition, was quite overpowered by her visitor. She had been flustered at the outset by the intelligence that her only remaining son was betrothed to a lady of title whose various exploits were known even to her. An inveterate reader of the social columns in the journals, she could have told the Major how many parties the Lady Serena had graced with her presence, what was the color of her dashing phaeton, how many times she had been seen in Hyde Park mounted on her long-tailed grey, what she had worn at various drawing-rooms, in whose company she had visited the paddock at Doncaster, and a great many other items of similar interest. Nor was she ignorant of the Lady Serena's predilection for waltzing and quadrilles; while as for the Lady Serena's previous engagement, so scandalously terminated within so short a distance from the wedding day, she had marvelled at it and shaken her head at it and moralised over it to all her acquaintance.

It had therefore come as a severe shock to her to learn that her son was proposing to ally himself to a lady demonstrably unsuited to a quiet Kentish manor and she had not been able to forbear asking him in a quavering voice: "Oh, Hector, but is she not very fast?"

"She is an angel!" he had replied radiantly.

Mrs. Kirkby did not think that Serena looked like an angel. Angels, in her view, were ethereal creatures and there was nothing at all ethereal about Serena. She was a tall and beautiful young woman of fashion, the picture of vigorous health, and so full of vitality that half an hour in her company left the invalid a prey to headache, palpitations, and nervous spasms. It was not, as Mrs. Kirkby faintly assured her

elderly companion, that she was loud-voiced, for her voice was particularly musical. It was not that she was talkative or assertive or fidgety, for she was none of these things. In fact, Mrs. Kirkby had been unable to detect faults; what had prostrated her were the Lady Serena's virtues.

"Anyone can see," she said between sniffs at her vinaigrette, "that she has never moved in any but the first circles! Her manners have that well-bred ease that shows she has been used to act as hostess to every sort of person from royalty, I daresay, to commoners! Nothing could have been more perfect than her bearing towards me and what I have ever done to deserve to have such a daughter-in-law thrust upon me I'm sure I don't know!"

Happily, the Major was far too dazzled by his goddess' brilliant good looks to notice any lack of enthusiasm in his mother's demeanor. It seemed to him that Serena brought light into a sunless room and it never occurred to him that anyone could find it too strong. So great was his certainty that no one could set eyes on Serena without being captivated, and so complete was his absorption, that he accepted at face value all his mother's acquiescent answers to the eager questions he later put to her.

Had she ever seen such striking beauty? No, indeed, she had not. So much countenance, such a complexion! Yes, indeed! Those eyes, too! he had known she could not choose but to be fascinated by them. So changeable and expressive, and the curve of the lids above them giving them that smiling look! Very true: most remarkable! She must have been pleased, he dared swear, with the perfection of her manners, so easy, so polished, and yet so unaffected! Exactly so! And the grace of her every movement! Oh, yes! most graceful!

Continuing . . . Bath Tangle

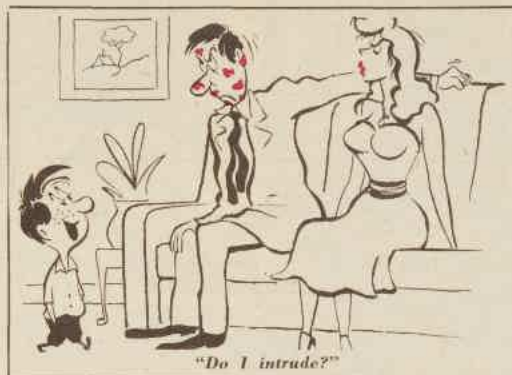
from page 56

He did not know how it was, for she never tried to dominate her company, but when she came into a room her personality seemed to fill it: had his mother been conscious of it? Most conscious of it! Would she think him fanciful if he told her that it seemed to him as though those glorious eyes had some power of witchcraft? He thought they cast a spell over anyone on whom they rested! Yes, indeed! Mrs. Kirkby (in a failing voice) thought so, too.

So the Major was able to

daughter-in-law, riding out of Bath in his company before breakfast, dispensed with a chaperon on these expeditions. Mrs. Kirkby would have been profoundly shocked, and he was himself doubtful of the propriety of it. But Serena laughed at him, accusing him of being frightened of all the quizzical people in Bath, and he stifled his qualms. It was a delight to be alone with her, an agony to be powerless to check her intrepidity.

She would brook no hand upon her bride: he had learnt that, when, in actual fact, he had caught it above the bit, instinctively, when her mare



tell Serena in all good faith that his mother was in transports over her; and such was his infatuation that he would have found nothing to cavil at in Mrs. Kirkby's subsequent assertion to the sympathetic Miss Murthly that the Lady Serena had bewitched her son.

In his saner moments, slight doubts of his mother's approval of all Serena's actions did cross the Major's mind; and, without being precisely aware of it, he was glad that the seclusion in which she lived made it unlikely that certain freaks would come to her ears.

Nor did the Major inform his parent that her future

had reared. The white fury in her face had startled him; her eyes were daggers and the virago-note sounded in her voice when she shot at him from between clenched teeth:

"Take your hand from my rein!" The dangerous moment passed; his hand had dropped; she got the mare under control and said quite gently: "You must never do so again, Hector. Yes, yes, I understand, but when I cannot manage my horses I will sell them and take to tattooing instead!"

He thought her often reckless in the fences she would ride at; all she said when he expostulated was: "Don't be afraid! I

last time I did so I was twelve and Papa laid his hunting crop across my shoulders: an effective cure!"

He said ruefully: "Can't you tell me some other way I might be able to check your mad career?"

"Alas, none!" she laughed.

He had nightmarish visions of seeing her lying with a broken neck; and, to make it worse, Fanny said to him with a trustful smile: "It is so comfortable to know you are with Serena when she rides out, Major Kirkby! I know she is a splendid horsewoman, but I can never be easy when she has only Fobbing with her, because she is what the hunting people call a bruising rider, and for all Fobbing has been her groom since she was a little girl she never will mind him!"

"I wish I might induce her to mind me!" he ejaculated. "But she will not, Lady Spensborough, and when I begged her to consider what must be my position if she should take a bad toss when in my care, she would do nothing but laugh and advise me to ride off the instant I saw her fall and swear I was never with her!"

"Oh, dear!" she sighed. She saw that he was really worried and added soothingly: "Never mind! I daresay we are both of us too anxious. Lord Spensborough, you know, was used to tell me there was no need for me to tease myself over her. He never did so! If he thought she had been reckless, he sometimes swore at her, but I don't think he was ever really alarmed!"

"That, ma'am, I could not do!"

"Oh, no! I know you never would! Though I daresay she would not be in the least offended if you did," said Fanny reflectively.

The bright May weather was making Serena increasingly impatient of the quiet life she was obliged to lead. At this time in any other year she would have been in the thick of the London season, cramming a dozen engagements into a single day. She did not wish herself in London and would have re-

breakfasts and balls, but Bath provided no outlet for her overflowing energy.

Fanny was content to visit the Pump Room each week-day and the Laura chapel each Sunday, and found a stroll along the fashionable promenades exercise enough for her constitution; Serena could scarcely endure the unvarying pattern of her days and felt herself caged in so small a town. She said that Bath was stifling in warm weather, sent to Milverley for her phaeton and commanded the Major to escort her on a tour of the livery stables of Bath in search of a pair of job horses fit for her to drive.

He was very willing, fully sympathising with her desire to escape from the confinement of the town and realising that to be driven in a barouche by Fanny's staid coachman could only bore her. He thought that the phaeton would provide both ladies with an agreeable and unexceptionable amusement. That was before he saw it. But the vehicle which arrived in Bath was not the safe and comfortable phaeton he had expected to see. Serena had omitted to mention the fact that hers was a high-perch phaeton; and when he set eyes on it and saw the frail body hung directly over the front axle, its bottom fully five feet from the ground, he gave an exclamation of dismay.

"Serena! You don't mean to drive yourself in that?"

"Yes, most certainly I do! But, oh, how much I wish I still had the pair I was used to drive! Match greys, Hector, and such beautiful steppers!"

"Serena — my dearest! I beg you won't! I know you are an excellent whip, but you could not have a more dangerous carriage!"

"No — if I were not an excellent whip!"

"Even nonpareils have been known to overturn these high-perch phaetons!"

"To be sure they have!" she agreed with a mischievous

To page 58

Are you in the know?



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Do you scrabble to take off your glove or apologise for it? Thumbs down! A lady's gloves should stay put — till she's seated in the theatre or at the restaurant table. To stay hand in glove with confidence on "trying" days — choose Kotex. It's more absorbent than ever these days. Flat-pressed ends prevent revealing outlines, chafe-free edges stay comfortable all day long. You've never known such comfort, especially now that Kotex has extra absorbency. To-day, Kotex is the most absorbent napkin ever offered in Australia. You'll notice the difference yourself, the very first packet you buy. For perfect poise add a Kotex belt . . . fits snugly, has a wonderful reserve of strength when you bend.



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smile. "The difficulty of driving them is what lends a spice!"

"Yes, but — My love, you are the only judge of what it is proper for you to do, but to be driving the most sporting of all carriages — Dearest, do females commonly do so?"

"By no means! Only very dashing females!"

"No, don't joke me about it! Perhaps, in Hyde Park — though I own I should have thought — But in Bath —! You can't have considered! You would set the whole town talking!"

She looked at him with surprise.

"Should I? Yes, very likely! — there is no knowing what people will talk of! But you can't — surely you can't expect me to pay the least heed to what they may choose to say of me?"

He was silenced, startled to discover that he did expect this. After a moment she said coaxingly. "Will you go with me and see whether I am to be trusted not to overturn myself? I must try these job horses of mine. From what I can see of them I fancy there can be no fear that they will have the smallest desire to bolt with me!"

"You will give Bath enough to stare at without that!" he replied in a mortified tone and left her.

It was as well he did so, for quick anger flashed in her eyes and he might otherwise have had another taste of her temper. His solicitude for her safety, though it might fret her independent spirit, she could understand, and make a push to bear with patience. Criticism of her conduct was an impertinence she would tolerate no better from him than from her cousin Hartley. She had almost uttered a blistering set-down when he turned on his heel and was shocked to realise that she had been within an ace of telling him that whatever might be the creed governing the behaviour of the ladies of his set, she was Spenborough's daughter and profoundly indifferent to the opinion such persons might hold of her.

It was not to be expected

Continuing . . . Bath Tangle

from page 57

that she would, in this instance, think herself at fault. An easy-going father, famed for his eccentricities, had sanctioned, even encouraged, her sporting proclivities. In much the same spirit as he had told her, facing her first jump, to throw her heart over, he had taught her to handle all the most mettlesome teams in his stables. This very high-perch phaeton had been built for her to his order: disapproval of it was disapproval of him.

"Whatever else you may do, my girl," had said the late earl, "don't you be missish!"

The Major having removed himself, Serena's wrath was vented in some sort on Fanny.

"Intolerable!" she declared, striding up and down the drawing-room in her mannishly cut driving dress. "I to pander to the prejudices of a parcel of Bath dowds and prudes! If that is what he thinks I must do when we are married the sooner he learns that I shall not the better it will be for him! Pretty well for Major Kirkby to tell a Carlow that her behaviour is unseemly!"

"Surely, dearest, he cannot have said that!" expostulated Fanny mildly.

"Implied it! What, does he think my credit to stand upon so insecure a footing that to be seen driving a sporting carriage must demolish it?"

"You know he does not. Don't be vexed with me, Serena, but it is not only a parcel of Bath dowds who think it a fast thing for you to do!" She added hastily as the blazing eyes turned towards her: "Yes, yes, it is all nonsense, of course! You need not care for it, but I am persuaded that no man could endure to have his wife thought fast!"

"What Papa countenanced need not offend Hector!"

"I am sure it does not. Now, do, do, Serena, be calm! Did not what your Papa countenanced very frequently offend his own sister?" She saw the irrepressible smile leap to those stormy eyes, the lips quiver rue-

fully, and was emboldened to continue: "What he permitted must have been right — indeed, how could I feel otherwise? — but, you know, he was not precisely the same as other people!"

"No! The eccentric Lord Spenborough, eh?"

"Do you think that it vexed him to be called that?" asked

to do, not, believe me, my dear Fanny, to court the notice of the world!"

"I know — oh, I know!"

"You may, but it appears that Hector does not!" Serena flashed. "His look — the tone in which he spoke — his final words to me —! Intolerable! Upon my word, I am singularly unfortunate in my suitors! First Rotherham —"

"Serena!" Fanny cried with

paring those two is outrageous — now, isn't it? The one so arrogant, his temper harsh, his disposition tyrannical, his manners abrupt to the point of incivility; and the other so kind, so solicitous for your comfort, loving you so deeply — Oh, Serena, I beg your pardon, but I am quite shocked that you could talk so!"

"So I apprehend! There is indeed no comparison between them. My opinion of Rotherham you know well. But I must be allowed to give the devil his due, if you please, and credit him with one virtue! I collect you don't count it a virtue! We won't argue on that head. My scandalous carriage awaits me and if we are not to quarrel, I'd best leave you, my dear!"

She went away, still simmering with vexation, a circumstance which caused her groom, a privileged person, to say that it was as well she was not driving her famous greys.

"Fobbing, hold your tongue!" she commanded angrily.

He paid no more attention to this than he had paid to the furies of a seven-year-old termagant, but delivered himself of a grumbling monologue, animadverting severely on her headstrong ways and faults of temper; recalling a great many discreditable incidents, embellished with what he had said to his lordship and what his lordship had said to him; and drawing a picture of himself as an ill-used and browbeaten serf which must have made her laugh, had she been listening to a word he said.

Her rages were never sullen and by the time she had discovered the peculiarities of her hired horses this one had quite vanished. Remorse swiftly took its place and the truth of Fanny's words struck home to her. She saw again the Major's face, as much hurt as mortified, remembering his long devotion and without knowing that she spoke aloud, exclaimed. "Oh, I am the greatest beast in nature!"

"Now that, my lady," said her henchman, surprised and gratified, "I never said, nor

wouldn't. What I do say — and mind, it's what his lordship has told you time and again! — is that to be handling a high-spirited pair when you're in one of your tantrums —"

"Are you scolding still?" interrupted Serena. "Well, if these commoners are your notion of a high-spirited pair, they are not mine!"

"No, my lady, and it wouldn't make a bit of difference to you if they were prime 'uns on the fret!" said Fobbing with asperity.

"It would make a great deal of difference to me," she sighed. "I wonder who has my greys now?"

"Now, we don't want to have a fit of the dismissals!" he said gruffly. "If you was driving a pair of stumblers, you'd still take the shine out of any other lady on the road, my lady, that I will say! It's time you was thinking of turning them, if you don't want to be late back — them not being what you might call sixteen-mile-an-hour greys."

"Yes, we must go back," she agreed.

He relaxed into silence and she was free to pursue her own uncomfortable reflections. By the time they had reached Laura Place again, she had beaten herself into a state of repentance which had to find instant expression. Without pausing to divest herself of her hat or her driving coat, she hurried into the parlor behind the dining-room, stripping off her gloves and saying over her shoulder to the butler: "I shall be wanting Thomas almost immediately to deliver a letter for me in Lansdown Crescent!"

She was affixing a wafer to an impetuous and wildly scrawled apology when she heard the knocker on the front door. A few moments later she heard the Major's voice saying: "You need not announce me!" and sprang to her feet just as he came quickly into the room.

He was looking pale and anxious. He shut the door with a backward thrust of his hand and spoke her name in a tense

To page 60



Fanny, fearing that she had been offended.

"On the contrary! He liked it! As I do! Anyone who chooses to say that I am as eccentric as my father may do so with my good will! I don't seek the title any more than he did: it is what hum-drum, insipid provincials say of anyone who does not heed all their tiresome shibboleths! I do what I do because it is what I wish

a heightened color. "How can you speak of Rotherham and Major Kirkby in the same breath?"

"Well, at least Rotherham never lectured me on the proprieties!" said Serena pettishly. "He doesn't give a button for appearances either."

"It is not to his credit! I know you don't mean what you say when you put yourself into a passion, but to be com-



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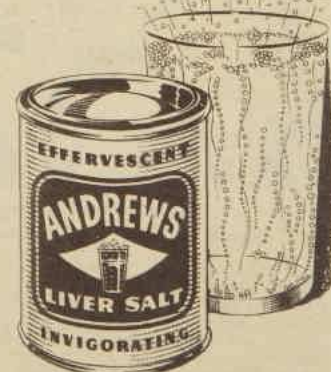
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FRAGRANT, GAILY COLORED BLOOMS OF DIANTHUS make a good display in herbaceous borders or as edgings to paths or beds. The flowering season may be prolonged by cutting back after the first flowering and applying liquid manure freely.

Harvest of color in herbaceous borders

Herbaceous perennials reward the gardener with rich color for three years, needing little care in that time.

AMONG these soft-stemmed plants, which grow for three or more seasons, are dianthus, chrysanthemums, phlox, day lilies, cactus, and other succulents, campanulas, lily of the valley, helenium, yucca, columbines, saxifrage, and iris.

The ideal home for them is in a herbaceous border, where they can be planted in masses, but they do well as narrow edging to paths, among shrubs, against a house, in rock garden, woodland and shady places.

The best way to plan a herbaceous border is on paper. It does not matter how long the border is, but width is important. A very long border might be 20 feet wide, a shorter one five feet.

A bed five feet wide will carry plants of three or four different heights.

A perennial border needs a background such as a formal hedge, vine-covered fence or wall, or a shrubbery. Planting must be graded, with taller species at the back, but it is not suggested that there should be a set number of rows of even height.

A better effect is obtained sometimes by bringing a group of medium-sized plants to the front of the bed.

Such a border can be planned to have something in flower all the year round.

The best time for planting is in the autumn and winter.

The border should be well drained and the soil must be deep, thoroughly prepared and enriched with animal manure and a dusting of complete fertilizer or blood and bone before any planting is done. If the subsoil is near the surface it must be dug out and replaced with good soil, or the bed will

not last long enough to produce a massed effect.

It is essential that plantings must be bold to get a massed effect, but, apart from this, there are no set rules for display. Groups should consist of 10 or 12 plants, and more in the smaller types.

Plants of different habit and leaf form as well as different flower colors should be used.

For cool blues, mauves, and

GARDENING

greys, plant delphiniums, mauve phlox, campanulas, lupins, iris, peonies, catmint, and mauve verbenas.

A yellow and white border could be composed of chrysanthemums, golden rod, shasta daisies, dahlias, coreopsis, day lilies, and delphiniums.

Remember that chrysanthemums need to be broken up every year.

When planning the border take plant habits into consideration. The height of the fully grown plant is impor-

tant, as well as form of growth. The upright delphinium and phlox take much less room than sprawling plants such as gaillardia, dianthus, catmint, and some of the campanulas.

Michaelmas and shasta daisies need a fair amount of space, though they do not sprawl. They look most effective in big groups.

Foliage plants give character. There is the silver-grey color of Stachys lanata and catmint and the attractive fan shape of flag iris.

If quality is to be maintained the bed will need attention every third winter. Most of the plants will need lifting and dividing, and the soil will need thorough digging and building up with old manure and a generous dusting of blood and bone.

Michaelmas daisies, shastas, and golden rod will need thinning or the blooms will diminish in number.

In three years the iris clumps will have grown very big. Discard the older roots in the centres and replant the fresh young growths.



VERBENA, one of the hardiest bedding plants, obtainable in many brilliant colors, wins an honored place in a herbaceous border. The seed is sown in the autumn.

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The hard, glossy enamelled Nairnfelt surface is so easy to keep clean and shiny!

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impregnated felt. The underside is sealed and the upper surface is treated with a heavy paint undercoat. On top of the undercoat is the finished surface—the high-gloss, hard-wearing enamelled wear layer.

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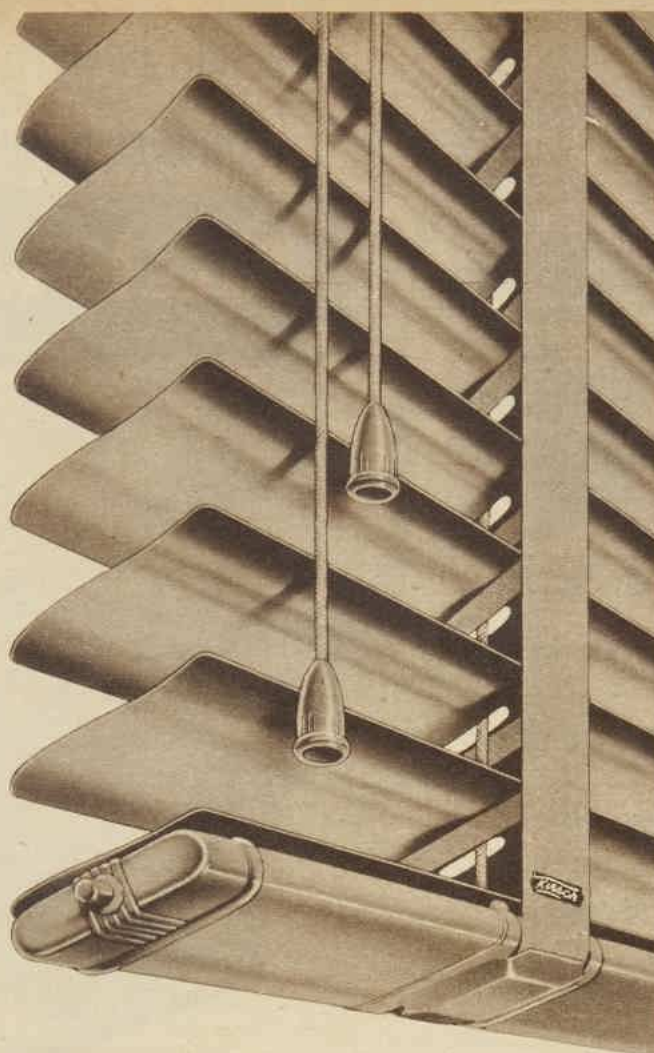
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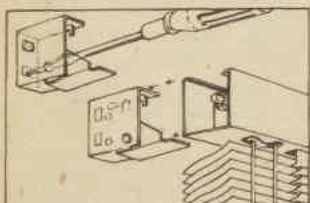
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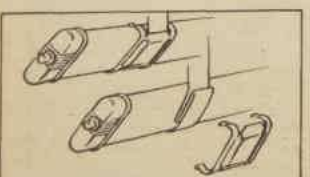
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Kirsch ALL-METAL VENETIANS
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Continuing

Bath Tangle

from page 58

way that showed him to be laboring under strong emotion.

"Oh, Hector, I have been writing to you!" she cried.

He seemed to grow paler. "Writing to me! Serena, I beg of you — only listen to me!"

She went towards him saying penitently: "I was odious! a wretch! Oh, pray forgive me!"

"Forgive you! I? Serena, my darling, I came to beg you to forgive me! That I should have presumed to criticise your actions! That I should —"

"No, no, I used you monstrously. Do not you beg my pardon! If you wish me not to drive my phaeton in Bath, I won't! There! Am I forgiven?"

But this, she found, would not do for him at all. His remorse for having presumed to remonstrate with his goddess would be soothed by nothing less than her promising to do exactly as she chose upon all occasions. An attempt to joke him out of his mood of exaggerated self-blame failed to draw a smile from him; and the quarrel ended with his passionately kissing Serena's hands and engaging himself to drive out with her in the phaeton on the very next day.

But thus reconciled to his goddess he could not be satisfied with setting her back on the pedestal he had built for her: the idealistic trend of his mind demanded that he should convince himself that she had never slipped from it. To have parted with the romantic vision he had himself created would have been so repugnant to him that the instant his vexation had abated, which it very swiftly did, he had set himself to prove to his own satisfaction that not her judgment but his had been faulty.

It was impossible that the lady of his dreams could err. What had seemed to him intractability was constancy of purpose; her flouting of convention sprang from loftiness of mind; the levity, which had more than once shocked him, was a social mask concealing more serious thoughts. Even her flashes of impatience and the dagger-look he had twice seen in her eyes could be excused. Neither rose from any fault of temper: the one was merely the sign of nerves disordered by the shock of her father's death; the other had been provoked by his own unwarrantable interference.

Not every difference that existed between imagination and reality could be explained away. The Major's character was responsible; he had been an excellent regimental officer, steady in command, always careful of the welfare of his men, and ready to help junior officers seeking his advice in any of the private difficulties besetting young gentlemen fresh from school. His instinct was to serve and to protect,

and it could not be other than disconcerting to him to find that the one being above all others whom he wished to guide, comfort, serve, and protect showed as little disposition to lean on him as to confide her anxieties to him.

So far from seeking guidance, she was much more prone to impose her will upon her entire entourage. She was accustomed to command as he and, from having been motherless from an early age, she had acquired an unusual degree of independence. This, joined as it was to a deep-seated reserve, made the very thought of disclosing grief to another repellent to her. When she felt most she was at her most flippant; any attempt to lavish sympathy upon her made her stiffen, and interpose the shield of her raillery. As for needing protection, it was her boast that she was very well able to take care of herself; and when it came to serving her the chances were that she would say gratefully, but with decision: "Thank you! You are a great deal too good to me — but, you know, I always like to attend to such things myself!"

He had not known it. Fanny, understanding his perplexity, tried to explain Serena to him.

"Serena has so much strength of mind, Major Kirkby," she said gently. "I think her mind is as strong as her body, and that is very strong indeed. It used to amaze me that I never saw her exhausted by all the things she would do, for it is quite otherwise with me. But nothing is too much for her! It was the same with Lord Spenborough. Not the hardest day's hunting ever made them anything but sleepy and excessively hungry; and in London I have often marvelled how they could contrive not to be in least tired by all the parties and the noise and the expeditions."

She smiled and said apologetically: "I don't know how it is, but if I am obliged to give a breakfast, perhaps, and to attend a ball as well, there is nothing for it but for me to rest all the afternoon."

He looked as if he did not wonder at it.

"But not Serena?" he asked. "Oh, no! She never rests during the daytime. That is what makes it particularly irksome to her to be leading this dawdling life. In London she would ride in the park before breakfast and perhaps do some shopping as well. Then, very often, we might give a breakfast or attend one in the house of one of Lord Spenborough's numerous acquaintances. Then there would be visits to pay and perhaps a race meeting or a

To page 62



"I'll call you back, Fred. I think there's someone burning in the kitchen."

AS I READ THE STARS by Eve Hilliard

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

ARIES The Ram MARCH 21—APRIL 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 6. Best days, April 1 and 18. Wear a pastel blue hat or scarf to help you increase your influence in social or business circles.	★ New projects are going to run into a few snags which might have been foreseen. Financial headaches will develop if you've been sailing too close to the wind.	★ Your interests are apt to be wrapped up in family affairs just now. The education of children, visits of relatives, domestic changes such as removals or alterations.	★ If you think and plan ahead you can create opportunities to see the one who attracts you on pleasant social occasions. Suggest places to go and things to do for your crowd.	★ Take the spotlight. See and be seen by the right people. Widen social contacts, be alert. If you work in a team your prospects couldn't be better.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21—MAY 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 1. Best days, April 15 and 18. A blouse of soft yellow, delicate lemon, and any gold ornament favors health and vitality.	★ Patience and persistence are your chief assets; you can find your way through any difficult situation, but choice may be hard between security and personal preferences.	★ Take time out for your personal needs; many of you put the comfort and convenience of the family first, and wonder why you feel tired and run down with drudgery.	★ A chill in the atmosphere when you meet the one and only. Gossip, a misunderstanding, probably over the time and place, may cause trouble. Try to be prompt.	★ Don't take the ready co-operation of others too much for granted; you'll have to earn it by putting yourself in their place and helping them to their objective.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21—JUNE 21 ★ Lucky number this week, 2. Best days, April 14 and 18. Charcoal-grey, grey-and-white, or black-and-white checks give you a chance to compete with rivals.	★ People's motives and your own may be more important than what they do or say. Look under the surface and be clear in your own mind about your goal.	★ A new acquaintance may become a regular guest in your home; although this is pleasing to one member of the family it could become annoying to the rest.	★ So the boy or girl friend is popular with folks you do not find congenial? He can't work this out better alone, and criticism will merely put the beloved's back up.	★ If you've been tied up with a crowd that appeared most attractive at first but which has proved shallow on closer acquaintance, drop out quietly.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22—JULY 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 5. Grey-green materials, any spray with green leaves in the lapel will carry you through important interviews with dignity.	★ Matters pertaining to finances will have to be thrashed out before disagreements can be settled to mutual satisfaction; be frank about your claims and wishes.	★ Many of you will go dashing off to exciting appointments, your family may see you only at rare intervals, but you are building up your morale and feeling useful.	★ Don't try to shine all the time or you'll give the one you love an inferiority complex. Draw him or her out before friends, and provide scope for natural talents.	★ Those who have been polishing off some talent or some new creative venture will find this the right time to seek an audience, gain experience and admiration.
LEO The Lion JULY 23—AUGUST 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 7. Best days, April 13 and 18. Midnight-blue, royal-blue, navy with a purple tinge, deep violet tonings bring clear thinking.	★ This week is fine for paying off a debt or meeting the last installment on a purchase. With this off your mind you may devote yourself to a new proposition.	★ Some of you may put wheels under your home and whirl away to fresh pastures. Otherwise a course of study, books dealing with travel may occupy your leisure.	★ Interesting outings in new scenery with a small group will help your love affair more than going off on a twosome. Friendship is the prelude to courtship.	★ Promote your plans diplomatically, making others' allied interests tally with your own, so all involved may benefit. Community projects may be under fire yet triumph.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23—SEPTEMBER 23 ★ Lucky number this week, 1. Best days, April 14 and 18. Wood-brown, fawn, tan accessories coupled with either yellow or green, are good for business.	★ Changes in your professional or business situation may be caused through authority changing hands or increased responsibility for you, with a high standard required.	★ The buying or selling of property is well expected; in either case you should be pleased with advantages gained. Leasing and sub-leasing are also under kindly stars.	★ That matter-of-fact, down-to-earth idea is fine in business, but hardly romantic. In love you are apt to be inarticulate. Go out of your way to show you do care.	★ A negative attitude accomplishes nothing. If you decline offers of responsibilities in an organization, at least give those who do accept it a fair chance to experiment.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24—OCTOBER 23 ★ Lucky number this week, 3. Best days, April 12 and 18. For that so important date choose mauve, hyacinth-blue, or combinations of both.	★ You can dominate the material situation by sticking to a reasonable budget, using available resources to give the greatest possible return, but don't cut it down too fine.	★ Should you be asked to take an outsider into your home for a period, consider all the angles before coming to a decision. Be businesslike; cover expenses.	★ If in love, engagement with marriage bells not far away. If young and fancy free, you are likely to fall head over heels in love. If married, domestic harmony.	★ Whether your major interests at the moment are romantic or social, you're bound to make a good impression and more than hold your own in person-to-person encounters.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24—NOVEMBER 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 6. Best days, April 14 and 18. Blue, especially sage or any mid-blue, with a dash of rose, brings a favorable decision.	★ Money could slip through your fingers or personal possessions disappear through carelessness. Absentmindedness and an easy-going philosophy soon mean grief.	★ Attempts to carry out an ambitious undertaking when you are inexperienced may result in disappointment. It might be cheaper to buy the article.	★ Romantic prospects are likely to be connected with your place of employment, a committee on which you serve, or an organization to which you belong.	★ Do the things you most enjoy and you'll be sure to do them well. Yearning for action, you will shortly swing into a new cycle of social or cultural developments.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 4. Best days, April 12 and 18. That quaint ornament or travel souvenir, that odd bow-knot will bring you popularity.	★ Push your interests, keep your eye on a better job and prepare for it. Learn all you can, study how long it takes you to accomplish certain tasks.	★ The new routine, which shortens your domestic jobs, can become a matter of habit and give you more spare time. It looks as if you're hospitably minded.	★ Love at first sight, sudden attachments are the order of the day, particularly if you are a teenager. Hero worship may be an ingredient when you meet a personality.	★ Those fields in which you feel yourself to be most experienced, able to maintain your stand against opposition, offer you a place ideally suited to your special talents.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21—JANUARY 19 ★ Lucky number this week, 7. Best days, April 13 and 18. Pale shades of grey, green, blue or yellow, singly or together, help you on your way.	★ Nobody will thank you for running yourself ragged, exhausting your nervous system, and then complaining about it. An even pace will carry you farther.	★ Home and alone more than usual, you may be concerned with a new interest, such as a pet, which adds a lively touch to the domestic scene. Refurbishing also probable.	★ You can suffer in silence when you are hurt, but is it worth it? There are just as good fish in the sea; it could be that your pride has been damaged and not your heart.	★ Advancing timidly in a new direction, you may team up with someone who can act as guide and give you support. This will double the pleasure and bring progress.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 19 ★ Lucky number this week, 9. Best days, April 12 and 18. Delicate pink to deep rose, cherry especially, are the colors you'll find most fortunate for business and love.	★ Variety has an appeal, so you won't have time to be bored, and a temporary change of work can be as restful as a "break" on the job. You may develop a new idea.	★ The affairs of other members of the household may be more in your mind than your own. Help may be given to relatives or a close friend. In some cases family reunions.	★ Joint undertakings with one you love are always a source of joy. A fascinating project may be taking shape, whether connected with a study or pastime.	★ Surprises all along the line; you may drop present activities in favor of a brand-new enthusiasm by which you are carried away. Old friends deserve a little consideration.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20—MARCH 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 5. Best days, April 16 and 18. Aqua, green, if of a deep shade, also silver ornaments favor the bargain-hunters and clever shoppers.	★ Are you tempted to tell the boss a few home truths? If simmering for some time, you may boil over, but if your point of view is reasonable it could clear the atmosphere.	★ Gradually, step by step, you are getting things as you want them, and one big hurdle may be jumped through sheer luck, bringing you the results you want.	★ Making a good impression on one you love by extra grooming, additions to the wardrobe, a new hair-do? If a man, be game to wear that tie she gave you.	★ Drifting along with the tide and putting constructive effort off until tomorrow? Use a bit of will power, answer letters, visit friends, be among those present.

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Serve your family and guests this delicious, satisfying soup they'll enjoy its nourishing goodness all the year round.

Bonox Scotch Broth

— in traditional style.

INGREDIENTS:

1 lb. neck of mutton; 2 pts. cold water; Seasoning: 1 bay leaf, pinch mixed herbs, 6 peppercorns, salt; 1 tablespoon barley; 1½ breakfast-cupfuls chopped vegetables (carrot, onion, turnip, etc.); 1 breakfast-cup shredded cabbage; 1 tablespoon chopped parsley; 3 dessertspoons Bonox.

METHOD:

Put the meat into a saucepan with the cold water. Add a little salt and the barley. Bring to the boil, and skim. Add the peppercorns, bay leaf and mixed herbs; cover again and simmer 1½ hours. Add the vegetables and continue simmering for a further ½-1 hour.

When cooked, lift the meat out; add the 3 dessertspoons Bonox and the chopped parsley; bring to the boil and serve. Four to five persons. Remember, it's the Bonox that gives the delicious flavour to this nourishing soup — make sure you add Bonox to ALL soups, stews and gravies.



USE BONOX AS A SAUCE FOR COLD MEATS

1 teaspoon Bonox; 2 tea spoons tomato sauce; a little prepared mustard and a dash of Worcestershire sauce. Blend together and serve on cold meats.

MOTHER TELLS GRAVY SECRET



Give your cooking a flavour lift with BONOX

Keep Bonox handy in your kitchen. Spread it on roasts and steaks... add it to soups, stews and gravies. Bonox adds the concentrated goodness of rich prime beef to all your cooking. Available everywhere in 2, 4, 8, 16 and 28 oz. jars. Eat it and drink it for a lift!

picnic or some such thing. And in general, a dinner-party in the evening or the theatre and three or four balls or assemblies to go to afterwards."

"Was this your life?" he asked rather appalled.

"Oh, no! I can't keep it up, you see. I did try very hard to grow accustomed to it, because it was my duty to go with Serena, you know. But when she saw how tired I was and how often I had the headache, she declared she would not drag me out or permit my lord to do so either. You can have no notion how kind she has been to me, Major Kirkby! My best, my dearest friend!"

Her eyes filled with tears; he slightly pressed her hand, saying in a moved tone: "That I could not doubt!"

"She has a heart of gold!" she told him earnestly. "If you knew what care she takes of me, how patient she is with me, you would be astonished!"

"Indeed, I should not!" he said smiling. "I cannot conceive of anyone's being out of patience with you!"

"Oh, yes!" she assured him. "Mama and my sisters were often so, for I am quite the stupidest of my family, besides being shy of strange persons and not liking excessively to go to parties and a great many other nonsensical things. But Serena, who does everything so well, was never vexed with me! Major Kirkby, if it had not been for her I don't know what I should have done!"

He could readily believe that to such a child as she must have been at the time of her marriage life in the great Spensborough household must have been bewildering and alarming. He said sympathetically: "Was it very bad?"

Her reply was involuntary.

"Oh, if I had not had Serena I could not have borne it!"

The color rushed up into her face; she said quickly: "I mean — I mean — having to entertain so many people — talk to them — be the mistress of that huge house! The political parties, too! They were the worst, for I have not the least understanding of politics and if Serena had not taken care to tell me what was likely to be talked about at dinner I must have been all at sea! The dreadful way, too, the people of the highest ton have of always being related to one another, so that one is for ever getting into a scrape!"

He could not help laughing, but he said: "I know exactly what you mean!"

"Yes, but you see, Serena used to explain everybody to me and so I was able to go on quite prosperously. And it was she who managed everything. She had always done so."

She paused and then said diffidently: "When — when perhaps you might sometimes think her wilful or — or over-confident, you must remember that she has been the mistress of her papa's houses and his hostess and that he relied on her to attend to all the things which, in general, an unmarried lady knows nothing about."

"Yes," he said heavily. "He must have been a strange man!" He caught himself up. "I beg pardon! I should not say that to you!"

"Well, I don't think he was just in the common way," she agreed. "He was very good-natured and easy going and so kind that it was no wonder everyone liked him. He was quite as kind to me as Serena, you know."

"Oh! Yes, of — I mean I'm sure he must have been!" he stammered, considerably taken aback.

She went on with her stitchery in sweet unconscious-

Continuing . . . Bath Tangle

[from page 60]

ness of having said anything to make him think her marriage deplorable. She would have been very much shocked could she have read his mind; quite horrified had she guessed the effect on him of what she had told him of Serena's life and character. Her words bore out too clearly much that he had begun to realise; and with increasing anxiety he wondered whether Serena could ever be content with the life he had to offer her. But when he spoke of this to her, she looked surprised.

"Bored?" she echoed. "Dear Hector, what absurdity is in your head now? Depend upon it I shall find plenty to do in Kent!"

An item of news in the "Courier" made her ask him one day if he had ever had any thoughts of standing for election to Parliament. He assured her that he had not, but before he well knew where he was she was discussing the matter, making plans, sketching a possible career, and reckoning up the various interests at her command. In laughing dismay, he interrupted her to say: "But I should dislike it of all things!"

He was relieved to find that she was not, apparently, disappointed, for he had had the sensation of being swept irresistibly down a path of her choosing.

"Would you? Really? Then, of course, you won't stand," she said cheerfully.

When she talked of her life while he had been in Peninsula, he was often reminded of Fanny's words: Serena seemed to be related to so many people.

"Some sort of a fifth cousin of mine," she would say, until it seemed to him that England must be littered with her cousins.

He quizzed her about it once and she replied perfectly seriously: "Yes, and what a dead bore it is! One has to remember to write on anniversaries and to ask them to dine, and some of them, I assure you, are the most shocking figures! Only wait until I introduce you to my cousin Speen! Fanny will tell you she sat open-mouthed the first time she ever saw him, at one of our turtle dinners! He arrived drunk, which, however, he was aware of and begged her to pardon."

"An odious little man!" said Fanny with a shudder. "For shame, Serena! As though you had not better relations than Speen!"

"True! If Hector should not be cast into transports by Speen, I shall take him to stay at Osmansthorpe!" Serena said mischievously. "Have you a taste for the ceremonious, my love? There, his lordship lives after the style of royalty and since his disposition is morose and his opinion of his own importance immense, the dinner table is enlivened only by such conversations as he chooses to inaugurate. The groom of the chambers will warn you before you leave your room, however, what subject his lordship wishes to hear discussed."

"Serena!" expostulated Fanny. "Don't heed her, Major Kirkby! It is very formal and dull at Osmansthorpe, but not as bad as that!"

"If it is half as bad as that, I would infinitely prefer to make the acquaintance of Cousin Speen!" he retorted. "Must we really set out on a series of visits to all your relations, Serena?"

"By no means!" she answered promptly. "Order me to set them all at a distance and you will be astonished to see with what a good grace I shall obey

you! I could not care a button if I never saw most of them again."

He laughed, but at the back of his mind lurked the fear that these people, deplorable or dull, formed an integral part of the only life she understood or, perhaps, could be happy in. When he called in Laura Place one day expecting to find her fretting at the rain which had been falling steadily since dawn and discovered her instead to be revelling in a scandalous novel, the conviction grew on him that the placid existence he had planned for them both would never satisfy her.

She gave him her hand and one of her enchanting smiles, but said: "Don't expect to hear a word from my lips, love! I have here the most diverting book that ever was written! Have you seen it? The chief characters in it are for the most part easily recognisable and it

is no great task to guess the identities of the rest, have not laughed so much in weeks!"

He glanced over one of the gilt-edged volumes. "What is it? Glenarvon—and by an anonymous writer. Is it so excellent?"

"It is the most absurd and rago of nonsense! But prophesy it will run through dozen editions, because none of us will be able to resist searching either for ourselves or our acquaintance in it. Could you have believed it? Lady Caroline Lamb is the author? The Lambs are all it, and Lady Holland — well hit off, I imagine, from what I have heard of her, but I disliked that set, so that was never at Holland House — and Lady Oxford and Lady Jersey and Poor Mr. Rogers, whom she calls a yellow hyacinth. I must say I think it unjust, don't you? Glenarvon, of course, is Byron, and the whole thing is designed as a

To page 55



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Consider your family doctor

By
A DOCTOR'S WIFE

● As the wife of a medical general practitioner I have always promised myself that one day I would write a book, "Consider Your Family Doctor," but being the wife of a family doctor I have never had enough time.

HOWEVER, the article "How to Choose Your Doctor," by A Mother (The Australian Women's Weekly, March 2, 1955), has moved me to change my prospective title to: "If Only Doctors Could Choose Their Patients."

The opening paragraph of "How to Choose Your Doctor" is an indication of the most-likely qualities a doctor is expected to possess. He must never feel tired, hungry, or cross. To fall victim to any such everyday ailment as a cold or a headache is a calamity for him, while to be seen having a drink at the local labels him a drunkard.

Believe me, a doctor is every bit as human as anyone else, needing the same amount of sleep and relaxation as anyone else.

Admittedly, the main attributes listed by A Mother are essential in a family doctor. As she says, it is most im-

portant for him to be experienced, available, skilled in his attitude to children, and compatible with his patients.

However, I feel she expects all these attributes without giving her doctor any leeway. For example, she objects to a

Tiring days

partnership practice and yet demands availability for emergency and night calls.

It is an impossibility for a doctor practising alone in a reasonable-size practice to fulfil these commitments.

I watched my husband try to do it for several years. I won't describe the physical and mental strain he suffered, but maybe after reading a

rough sketch of his daily routine you will understand.

6.30 a.m. Shower, shave, and hurried breakfast interrupted by phone calls and door bell. Hospital theatre appointments and urgent calls.

10 a.m. Surgery. Being late for surgery is neither lacking in consideration nor disorganisation as A Mother suggests. To organise a practice to a strict timetable, particularly when working alone, is impossible if the doctor makes himself available for so many "urgent" calls.

12.30 p.m. (with luck). Surgery ends. Officially surgery finishing time is generally 11.30 a.m., but often it goes on until 3 p.m.

In all the time we practised

alone I could count on my fingers the number of times my husband had time for a cup of tea after meals. I gave up making sweets, because more often than not he had to rush away before I had time to serve them.

All afternoon. Urgent operations, anaesthetics, home calls, and all the hundred and other things in the daily routine of a general practitioner.

Visiting Mrs. X's house to see her eldest boy the doctor is confronted with: "Just have a peep at baby, Doctor. I think he's only teething, mind you, but . . . And while you're here it might be a good idea to give my husband an overhaul. He's not himself."

Then, as the doctor is breathing a sigh of relief and making for the door: "Oh, and I nearly forgot, Doctor. Mrs. Y, four doors down, would like you to call. The kiddies have the mumps."

Every minute counts in a doctor's day and this type of thing often means that an urgent call is missed. If there are more patients to be seen in the house, or in the street, ring first and let the doctor know.

6 p.m. Surgery again. Dinner must somehow be fitted in beforehand as once again

hours are erratic—8, 9, or 10 p.m.

After surgery. More calls. A Mother says: "No person with any sense of responsibility would needlessly get a hard-working general practitioner out of bed."

Maybe, but experience has shown me there are a number of people without that sense of responsibility.

From my experience, a general practitioner's night goes something like this:

Bed at midnight after finishing calls, writing up histories and trying to catch up with reading of medical journals.

1 a.m. Phone. "Doctor, come

on it for a couple of hours.

5 a.m. To bed again, worn out. Luckily there are no early hospital appointments this morning and he should be able to sleep till 8. But, no . . .

6.30 a.m. Mr. A., on his way to work, calls in to leave a specimen for his wife. I answer the door, but the buzzer has awakened the doctor, who is always a light sleeper.

Where is that sense of responsibility A Mother writes about?

Because the days and nights like the ones I have outlined partnerships have become a necessity. The population has increased, but doctors have not become machines which can keep going endlessly.

In our case we are not as well off financially with a partnership.

But once a fortnight, since we have had a partner, we can take our children for an outing. We can even go to a show occasionally and have a reasonable night's rest.

To a doctor's family this is wealth indeed.

Our patients have been co-operative. Apart from night and week-end calls they are able to visit the doctor of their choice.

Though there are no doubts a doctor's is generally a hard, and often an exasperating, life, it has many compensations.

I am thinking of the children who call in with a bunch of flowers "for the doctor," of the fresh eggs and jam I find on the doorstep, of the little letters of thanks, and the expressions of gratitude in parents' eyes.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



BY RUD

Broken nights

at once. My baby is sick." As a father himself my husband never questions a call to a child and goes. Baby has the measles and has been sick for a number of days.

Baby's mother's only excuse for not calling him during the day is: "I have so much to do I find it hard to get to the phone."

3 a.m. Phone again. This time the case is necessary and urgent. The doctor is engaged



?

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Page 63

50 *deliciously "different"* Sandwich Ideas!

How many sandwiches have you made in the past month? Probably dozens and dozens! Were they *interesting*? Were they enjoyed by your family and friends? Or have you fallen into a "sandwich rut"?

Here's your chance to step out with sandwiches that are never "stale" — and always make a delicious and nourishing meal or snack.

Study the fifty easy-to-make recipes on the opposite page . . .

*Recipes
on the
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page*



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50 SANDWICH IDEAS



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says ELIZABETH COOKE

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CUT THEM OUT NOW!

Continuing . . . Bath Tangle

from page 62

of vengeance on him for having cried off from his affair with her."

"She must be mad to have done such a thing!" he exclaimed.

"I think she is, poor soul! Never more so than when she tumbled head over ears in love with Byron! For my part, I was so unfashionable as to take him in instant aversion. How she could have borne with his insufferable conceit and the airs he put on to be interesting, I know not — though I daresay if one could bear that dreadful Lamb laugh nothing would daunt one! Not but what I am extremely sorry for William Lamb, laugh as he may! If it is true that he stands by her, I do most sincerely honor him! I fancy she meant to portray him in a kindly way, but some of the things she writes of him may well make him writhe. She is so very obliging as to favor the world with what one can only take to be a description of her own honeymoon — so warm as to make poor Fanny blush to the ears! It can't be pleasant for William Lamb, but it won't harm him. For she portrays herself in the character of Calantha, as an innocent child quite dazzled by the world, quite ignorant, wholly trusting in the virtue of every soul she met! Pretty well for a girl brought up in Devonshire House!"

She was still holding up her volume of the book, reading on, laughing.

"It sounds to be unedifying, to say the least of it," the Major said stiffly. "Do you like such stuff?"

"It is the horriddest book imaginable!" Fanny broke in. "And although I never did more than exchange bows with Lord Byron I am persuaded he never murdered a poor little baby in his life! As for Clara St. Everarde, who followed Glenarvon about, dressed as a page, if she is a real person, too, and did anything so grossly improper, I think it a very good thing she rode over a cliff into the sea — though I am excessively sorry for the horse!"

"Observe!" said Serena, much entertained. "It is the horriddest book imaginable — but she has read all three volumes!"

"Only because you would keep asking me if I did not think Lady August must be meant for Lady Cahir (and I'm sure I don't know!) and laughing so much that I was bound to continue, only to see what amused you so!"

The Major, who had been glancing through one of the volumes, laid it down distastefully.

"I think you have wasted your money, Serena."

"Oh, I did not! Rotherham sent it to me in a parcel by the mail! I never thought to be so much obliged to him! He says nothing else is being talked of in town, which I can well believe."

"Rotherham sent it to you?" he ejaculated, as much astonished as displeased.

"Yes, why not? Oh, are you vexed because he has written me a letter?" Serena rallied him. "You need not be! Not the most jealous lover, which I hope you are not, could take exception to this single sheet! He is the worst of letter-writers, for this is all he can find to say to me!"

"My Dear Serena, In case it has not come in your way I send you Lady C. Lamb's latest attempt to set society by the ears. She succeeds wonderfully. Nothing else is talked of. The Lambs hoped to be rid of her at last, but W. Lamb stands firm. By the by, if Glenarvon's final letter in this

singular effusion is a copy of the original, you will agree I am eclipsed in civility. I have some thoughts of visiting Claycross, and may possibly come to Bath next week. Yours, etc., Rotherham." You will agree that there is nothing to rouse your ire in that!" Serena said, tossing the letter on to the table.

"Except," she added thoughtfully, "that I had as lief he did not come to Bath. He would be bound to discover our secret, my love, and if he should be in one of his disagreeable fits there's no saying how awkward he might not choose to make it for us. I'll fob him off."

"I could wish that you would not," he replied. "For my part I would choose to admit him into our confidence, if only that I might have the right to inform him that I am not very much obliged to him for sending you a novel which you describe as 'rather warm!'"

"If that is the humor you are in I will most certainly fob him off!" she cried. "How can you be so absurd, Hector? Do you believe me to be an



"I guess that wasn't a sip-out lining, huh?"

innocent Calantha? Rotherham knows better!"

"What?" he demanded sharply.

"No, no, pray —!" Fanny interposed in an imploring tone. "Major Kirkby, you quite mistake — Serena, consider what you say, dearest! Indeed, your vivacity carries you too far!"

"Very likely! But it will be well if Hector learns not to place the worst construction upon what I say!" Serena retorted, her color considerably heightened.

He said quickly: "I beg your pardon! I did not mean — how could I possibly —? If you were not an innocent Calantha, as you put it — now, don't eat me! — I am persuaded you would feel as strongly as I do the impropriety of anyone's sending you such a book to read! Throw it away and let us forget it! You cannot like to see your friends libelled, surely!"

"Now, this goes beyond the bounds of what may be tolerated!" declared Serena, between vexation and amusement. "My friends? The Melbourne House set! Do you take me for a Whig? Oh, I was never so insulted! I don't know what you deserve I should do to you!"

A playful rejoinder would have restored harmony, but the Major's strong sense of propriety had been too much offended for him to make it. He took her up in all seriousness, endeavoring to make her enter into his sentiments. She grew impatient, thinking him prudish, and only the entrance of Lybster, bringing in the letters which had been fetched from the receiving-office, averted a lively quarrel.

Serena broke off short, saying coolly: "Ah! Now, if my aunt has written to me, Fanny, we may learn whether Lord Poulett marries Lady Smith Burgess or whether it was nothing but gossip! Good gracious! Between us we have seven letters, no less!" She handed several of them to Fanny and glanced at the superscriptions on her own. A gleam of mischief shot into her eyes; she cast a provocative glance at the Major.

"I can guess the subject of most of my correspondence! It will be as well if I don't break the wafers until you are gone, I daresay! You will not object, however, to my seeing what my aunt has to say. A great deal, apparently: I'm glad she was able to get a frank, for I should have been ruined else!"

He made no reply, but walked away to the window, looking very much displeased. Suddenly Serena uttered a little crow of laughter.

"Oh Hector, you are utterly confounded! No, no, don't look so stiff. It is the funniest thing! My aunt writes to tell me that she is sending me Glenarvon! She says I shall be delighted with it!"

It was too absurd. In spite of himself he laughed. She stretched out her hand to him smiling and he kissed it muttering: "Forgive me!"

Her fingers pressed his.

"Oh, fudge! Such a foolish quarrel as it was! Now, let us see what my aunt has to say to me! Lady Cowper looking haggard and frightened: I don't wonder at it and shall shed no tears! I believe she has been Lady Caroline's enemy from the start and think her a false, malicious woman behind those smiles and protestations of hers. Oh, she has been so obliging as to send me a key to the book! Fanny, she thinks Lady Morganet is not wholly a portrait of Lady Beesborough, but has a good deal of the Duchess of Devonshire mixed in it. Well! if one puts one's husband in a novel, I suppose it would be over-nice to exclude one's mama and one's aunt — even if the aunt be dead and unable to protest!"

Her eye ran down the closely written sheets; she gave a gurgle, but folded the letter and laid it aside.

"The rest is mere town gossip and will keep. Hector, where is Stanton-drew? I am told I should not neglect to visit it. Druidical monuments or some such thing! If I engage to sit primly beside Fanny in the barouche will you escort us?"

He agreed very readily, promised to discover the exact whereabouts of the place and soon after took his leave.

Serena said as soon he had left the house: "I would not read you the rest of my aunt's letter while Hector was with us, for he is unacquainted with the people she writes of and, I daresay, it would have bored him excessively. My dear, where did he learn his antiquated notions? From his mother, I should judge — the very picture of provincial respectability! Poor woman! I pity her — but not more than she pities herself, I fancy! It must be a trial to have such a creature as I am foisted upon her!"

Fanny, her tender heart wrung by the difficulties she clearly perceived to lie in the Major's path, said: "Indeed, Serena, you did not behave as you ought! I could not but think that his feelings upon this occasion did him honor!"

"Could you not?" Serena said surprised. "I thought they showed him to be imbued with

To page 66

- Grilled bacon and Vegemite.
- Thinly sliced cold lamb and Kraft Sandwich Relish.
- Cream ½ cup grated Cheddar, add 1 teaspoon Vegemite and use with shredded lettuce.
- Peanut butter, grated carrot combined with sliced Cheddar.
- Finely grated carrot, finely chopped celery, mixed with grated Old English and moistened with Kraft Mayonnaise.
- Cream Cheese Spread, sliced preserved ginger.
- Velveeta and raisins.
- Chopped liver sausage with chopped hard-boiled egg and Kraft Mayonnaise.
- Corned beef, pickles and sliced Kraft Cheddar.
- Vegemite butter and sliced Kraft Cheddar. (To make Vegemite butter: cream 1 tablespoon Vegemite with 2 tablespoons butter.)
- Chopped pickled walnuts and Kraft Cream Cheese Spread.
- Vegemite butter, sliced cucumber, Mayonnaise.
- Combine hard-boiled eggs with Fish Paste.
- Peanut butter and sliced Kraft Cheddar.
- Cream Cheese Spread and marmalade.
- Sliced tomato, grated raw onion, sliced Old English.
- Liver sausage, mustard and grated Old English.
- Sardines, Smokay and lemon juice.
- Baked beans and Cheese Spread.
- Chopped left-over vegetables and Mayonnaise.
- Mashed bananas and Velveeta.
- Combine Meat Paste with grated Kraft Cheddar.
- Mix 2 tablespoons Anchovy Fish Paste with 2 tablespoons Cream Cheese Spread.
- Peanut butter, Bonox and chopped celery.
- Sardines, mashed with lemon juice and grated Kraft Cheddar.
- Cream Cheese Spread, finely cut uncooked prunes, chopped nuts.

- Sliced Kraft Cheddar with sliced ham and mustard.
- Combine hard-boiled eggs with Gherkin Kraft Sandwich Relish.
- Cheese Spread and cooked crumbled bacon.
- Chopped dates, peanut butter, sliced cold meat and Vegemite.
- Cream Cheese Spread, finely chopped celery, salt and pepper.
- Sliced tomato, watercress and Kraft Mayonnaise.
- Vegemite butter, scrambled egg and chopped parsley.
- All cold meat sandwiches are improved with a dash of Bonox.
- Cream Cheese and Vegemite mixed together.
- Cold sliced tongue, shredded lettuce and Kraft Mayonnaise.
- Vegemite butter and chopped celery.
- Combine 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire Sauce, pinch curry powder and Gorgonzola Cheese Spread.
- Sliced Old English, drained mashed pineapple and Kraft Mayonnaise.
- Shredded raw cabbage, Kraft Mayonnaise and sliced Cheddar.
- Chopped dates, walnuts and Danish Blue Spread.
- Fish Paste with chopped lettuce and finely chopped celery.
- Kraft Cheddar and orange marmalade.
- Jam or jelly, grated Kraft Cheddar and sultanas.
- Grated apple, Kraft Cheddar and Vegemite.
- Crisp rolls filled with Kraft Cheddar, Kraft Mayonnaise and a frankfur.
- Chopped raisins mixed with grated Kraft Cheddar and a dash of lemon juice.
- Crisp rolls, mixed shredded salad and sliced Kraft Cheddar.
- Kraft Cheddar, lettuce and chutney.
- Kraft Cheddar and chopped gherkin on rye bread.

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some pretty Gothic notions! But never mind that! My aunt writes me an enchanting description of the Laleham-woman's progress — or regress! I don't know which it may be! Only listen!"

She picked up Lady Theresa's letter and read aloud: "It is now impossible to avoid meeting that Laleham-Creature, who is everywhere to be seen. You would have been diverted to have been a spectator of the comedy enacted last week at Mrs. Egerton's party. The Creature was there with Miss Laleham — who, though well enough, is not in my opinion a real beauty — and in high croak. The D. of Devonshire coming in, she took care to place herself in his way, claiming to have made his acquaintance at the Salmesbury's Cotillion-ball, and overwhelming him with simpering civilities. But he, not hearing a word, as you may suppose, favored her with no more than a bow and some indiffer-

CRUELTY TO CHILDREN

EVERY year Britain's National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children lists about 40,000 cases of brutal ill-treatment, neglect, and other offences involving more than 100,000 children.

The cases recorded in last year's report were sickening in their cruelty, and the shocked N.S.P.C.C. has decided to do some shocking of its own; it has stocked three large display windows of its London headquarters with exhibits from its private Chamber of Horrors in the hope that they may help to stamp out public apathy.

There is an illustrated article in A.M. this week describing the work of the Society.

Continuing . . . Bath Tangle

from page 65

attended that Quenbury Assembly!"

Fanny assented to it, but absently. Serena put up the letter.

"I must think of some way of stopping Rotherham's projected visit to us," she declared. "A pity! After the insipidities of Bath his caustic tongue would come as a relief. However, in the mood Hector is in, it will not do. I shall be obliged to write an excuse so thin as to put him in a passion!"

She went away not perceiving the expression of startled reproach in Fanny's face. What, in fact, she wrote to Rotherham she did not disclose; but a few days later she received a brief note from him, read it with raised brows and said: "Well! I have succeeded in my object. Rotherham does not come."

Fanny could almost have believed her to be disappointed. The note was torn up and Serena began to talk of something else.

Fanny herself was profoundly relieved. If Rotherham should dislike the match, as she feared he would, he would not scruple, she thought, to treat the Major with wounding contempt. Her imagination quailed at the scene; she felt that she could almost have interposed her own shrinking person between the Marquis and his prey; and was thankful that for the present, at any rate, this deed of heroism would not be necessary. She did not know that Fate had another trial in store for her. Her father arrived in Bath without invitation or advertisement.

He was ushered into the drawing-room in Laura Place when, as ill-luck would have it, Major Kirkby was with her. She was not precisely discomposed, but she was certainly startled and jumped up with a cry of: "Papa!"

He embraced her kindly enough, but his countenance was severe and the glance he

cast at the Major repulsive.

"Papa, I had no notion I was to have this pleasure! Oh, is there something amiss at home? Mama? My sisters?"

"All perfectly well!" he replied. "I have been spending a few days with my friend, Abberley, at Cheltenham, and while I was in the west I thought I would come to see how you go on."

"How very much obliged to you. I am! Very comfortably, I assure you! Oh, I must introduce Major Kirkby! My father, Sir William Claypole, Major!"

The Major bowed; Sir William nodded in no very encouraging style, saying briefly: "How d'ye do?"

"The Major," said Fanny perserveringly, "has spent some years in the Peninsula, Papa. Only fancy! He thinks he once met my cousin Harry when they were both in Lisbon!"

"Ay, did you so? Very likely! Are you on furlough, sir?"

"I've sold out, sir."

This information appeared to displease Sir William. He said: "Ha!" and turned to ask Fanny how she liked her situation in Laura Place. She was distressed by his evident dislike of her visitor and could not forbear looking at the Major to see whether he was as much offended as she feared he must be. She encountered such a rueful smile, so much amused understanding in his eyes that she was at once reassured and embarrassed.

Within a few minutes he recollected an engagement and took his leave, saying in an undertone as he gave him her hand: "It will be better if I don't ride with Serena tomorrow!"

He went away and she turned to face her father. He broke in immediately upon her inquiries after the other members of her family.

"Fanny, how is this? I promise you I thought the whole tale a Bunbury story, but upon my soul, what do I find but that fellow closeted with you!"



"The whole tale?" she repeated. "What tale, if you please?"

"Why, that there is some half-pay officer dangling after you and making you the talk of the town!"

"It is untrue!"

"Very well, very well, it appears he has sold out, but that's mere quibbling!" he said testily.

"He is not dangling after me."

The quiet dignity of her tone seemed to strike him. She had, indeed, never looked more the great lady.

"Well, I am happy to receive your assurance on that head, my dear," he said in a milder voice, "but I did not expect to find you entertaining a young man tete-a-tete."

"Papa, I think you must forget my condition! I am not a girl! If my widowhood —"

"The fact is, my dear, your widowhood is no protection!" he interrupted bluntly. "I don't say, if you were older — But

you're little more than a child and a deal too pretty to rely upon that cap you wear to save you from having advances made to you! I knew how it would be, the instant you informed us you were removing to Bath!"

"Pray, Papa, will you tell me, if you please, who has had the monstrous impertinence to tell such stories about me?"

"I had it from that old fool Dorrington and you may suppose I did not inquire who might be his informant. I daresay he may have friends in Bath. I gave him a pretty sharp let-down and let him see I did not relish his style of humor."

"Oh, how right Serena is!" she cried, pressing her hands to her hot cheeks. "Of all the odious people in the world there can be none so detestable as the Bath quizzers! I wonder you have not been told

To page 74



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THIS HOME HAS A BEAUTIFUL GARDEN

● Romantic name of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Burke's home in the Sydney suburb of Woollahra is "Villa d'Este."

Mrs. Burke chose the name in memory of a holiday she spent at the beautiful Villa d'Este on the shores of Lake Como, Italy.

Although Mr. and Mrs. Burke's home is only a six-minute car drive from the centre of the city, their garden is considered to be one of the loveliest in Sydney, especially in the spring.

A picture of the garden in spring was selected as the cover of our popular gardening book included in a recent issue of *The Australian Women's Weekly*.

Mr. and Mrs. Burke do all the sowing, planting, and digging in their garden, and reap a rich reward in year-round color and fragrance.—Eve Gye.



ALL FROM THE GARDEN: A fan-shaped arrangement of daffodils and their leaves, blue-bells, and richly colored anemone is one of the many attractive flower pieces arranged by Mrs. Sydney Burke for the decoration of her home.



SPRING SCENE (above) in the garden of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Burke's home at Woollahra, Sydney. A pathway bordered with primulas leads to the canopied entrance gate.



ABOVE: Dining-room showing the polished mahogany table set for four, and the beautifully proportioned serving-table in the background. The window (not shown) is draped in dusky-pink brocade with padded pelmets.



RIGHT: The staircase leads from the entrance hall up to the bedrooms. Pictures and massive arrangements of flowers from the Burkes' lovely garden give a dramatic touch to the decor. The walls are a soft mauve-pink.



ELEGANT DRAWING-ROOM showing a glimpse of the sunroom opening on to the garden. The window drapes match those of the dining-room. The soft, green walls make a lovely background for the carefully chosen furnishings, pictures, flowers, and pieces of fine china.



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Chateau Leonay Red Hermitage. "It is not necessary to have such old wines, they are only for very special occasions, but all my wines are aged enough to be excellent."

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REF-A

PRIZE RECIPES

A luscious apricot cream gateau, which may be served as an afternoon tea special or as a dessert, wins this week's prize of £5.

AN unusual recipe for Spanish devilled eggs wins a consolation prize of £1. This simple dish may be served as a main course on a meatless day.

Recipes for this weekly contest should be addressed to Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, marked "Cookery Contest."

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

APRICOT CREAM GATEAU

Four ounces butter or substitute, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon water, 8oz. flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, pinch of salt, cooked apricot pulp, whipped sweetened cream.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar, add egg-yolk and water, beat well. Work in sifted flour, baking-powder, and salt. Turn on to lightly floured board, knead slightly. Divide into six portions, roll each one thinly on waxed paper, cut into a circle, using a 7in. sandwich-tin as a guide. Prick with fork to prevent rising. Place on scone-tray or up-turned slab-tin. Bake two at a time in moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes. Allow to cool on tins. Spread one round with cooled apricot pulp, then cream. Continue until all layers are used, finishing with a layer of apricots and cream. Sprinkle with toasted or colored coconut.

First Prize of £5 to Miss I. Horley, Canterbury Hills, Mount Eccles, Vic.

Tony's luxury dish

Steak and Kidney Pie

Beef steak and kidney pie is famous in England. It is often featured in West End hotels as a luncheon dish.

Here is the recipe:

TWO pounds rump steak free from fat, 6 or 8 lamb kidneys cut in halves and par-boiled, 4 large onions, 1 bay leaf, 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce, parsley, salt, pepper, butter.

Cut steak into lin. squares and thoroughly cover each piece of meat and kidney with flour. Put a layer of meat in the bottom of a large casserole. Add salt, pepper, and chopped parsley. Dot with bits of butter and add drops of Worcestershire sauce. Now add a thick layer of thinly sliced onion. Follow same procedure with floured, sliced kidney, salt, pepper, parsley, butter, Worcestershire sauce, and onions to top of casserole, with onion forming the last layer. Cover prepared dish with freshly boiling water, not merely hot. Put cover



APRICOTS AND CREAM make a delicious filling between thin layers of rich biscuit pastry in the gateau which wins this week's main prize. See recipe on this page.

SPANISH DEVILLED EGGS

Devilled Eggs: Six hard-boiled eggs, 1 tablespoon softened butter, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice or vinegar, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, ½ teaspoon salt, 1-8th teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon salad dressing, ½ cup buttered bread-crumbs, toast.

Sauce: One-third cup butter or substitute, 1-3rd cup chopped onion, 1-3rd cup chopped celery, 3 tablespoons flour, 3 cups cooked tomatoes, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, ½ teaspoon garlic salt.

Cut eggs in halves, remove yolks. Press yolks through a fine sieve and combine with remaining ingredients except crumbs and toast. Fill into whites. Prepare sauce. Cook

onion, celery, and butter over low heat until onion is transparent. Blend in flour, add tomatoes, cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Add sugar, salt, pepper, and garlic salt. Pour into shallow baking-dish. Arrange devilled eggs in sauce, top with buttered crumbs, place in hot oven until sauce is bubbly around edges, about 10 to 15 minutes. Serve hot with toast and rice or spaghetti or noodles.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Howc, c/o 2 Railway Tce., Alberton East, S.A.

FAMILY DISH

RABBIT features in this week's family dish. It is used in an open tart and cleverly flavoured. The tart costs approximately 6/9 and serves four or five.

MOCK CHICKEN TART

Six ounces shortcrust pastry, 1 rabbit, 1 onion, salt, pepper, bacon rinds, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 2 rashers lean bacon, 2 tablespoons flour, ½ teaspoon cayenne, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 cup cream of chicken soup (prepared from a pack), ½ cup milk, little grated cheese.

Wash and joint rabbit, barely cover with water. Add sliced onion, salt, pepper, and bacon rinds, and simmer 1½ hours or pressure-cook 20 to 25 minutes.

Roll pastry thinly, line 8 or 9-inch tart-plate. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes. Drain rabbit, dice meat. Melt butter or substitute, add chopped bacon (rind removed), and cook until crisp. Remove. Add flour to pan, stir until smooth, cook two minutes. Stir in chicken soup, milk, parsley, and cayenne. Continue stirring until boiling. Add rabbit and bacon, fill into tart case. Sprinkle with little grated cheese, return to oven for 10 minutes until top is bubbly and brown.

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New crochet design

Dainty little crocheted crinoline ladies will add individuality to your face and hand towels and are a pretty finish worked in soft pastels for a gift set.

HERE are directions for making:

Materials: Coats' Mercer Crochet No. 20, 1 ball each of 623, 521, 503, 693, or Clark's Anchor Pearl cotton No. 8, 3 balls green No. 778, 2 balls blue-green No. 523, 1 ball rose No. 848, 1 ball mid-rose No. 402; steel hook—Milward's Archer No. 4½ for Coats' Mercer Crochet cotton; No. 3 plus 18 for Clark's Anchor Pearl cotton; No. 6 for Clark's Anchor Fil a Dentelles.

Face Cloth: Clark's Anchor Fil a Dentelles 575, light green 623, pink 503, red 700.

CRINOLINE LADY—Body
Starting at centre with green No. 623, ch. 4.

1st Round: 10 tr. in 4th ch. from hook. Join with sl-st. to top of starting chain.

2nd Round: Ch. 3, tr. in same place as sl-st., 2 tr. in each tr. around. Join.

3rd Round: D.c. in same place as sl-st., d.c. in each tr. around. Join and break off.

SKIRT

Starting at waist with green 623, ch. 15.

1st Row: Tr. in 4th ch. from hook, 2 tr. in each ch. across, ch. 3, turn.

2nd Row: Tr. in first tr., * tr. in next tr., 2 tr. in next tr. Repeat from * across, ending with tr. in top of turning chain, ch. 3, turn.

3rd and 4th Rows: Skip first tr., tr. in each tr. across, ch. 3, turn.

5th Row: Skip first tr., * picking up back loop only, make d.c. in next tr., ch. 3. Repeat from * across, ending with d.c. Break off.

6th Row: Attach rose No. 503 to first loop, d.c. in same loop, * ch. 4, d.c. in next loop. Repeat from * across. Break off.

7th Row: Attach green No. 521 to front loop of first tr. on 4th row, ch. 3, tr. in front loop of each tr. across (36 trebles), ch. 3, turn.

8th Row: Skip first tr., tr. in next tr., * ch. 3, skip 1 tr., tr. in next 2 tr., repeat from * across, ending with 2 tr., ch. 3, turn.

9th to 14th Rows incl.: Skip first tr., tr. in next tr., * ch. 3, tr. in next 2 tr., repeat from * across, ch. 3, turn. At end of 14th row, ch. 1 to turn.

15th Row: * D.c. in next 2 tr., 3 d.c. in next sp., repeat from * across, ending with d.c. in last tr. and in top of turning chain. Break off.

16th Row: Attach green No. 623 to first d.c., d.c. in same d.c., * ch 4, d.c. in next d.c., repeat from * across. Break off.

WAISTBAND

Attach No. 623 green to opposite side of starting chain, ch. 3, tr. in each ch. across. Break off.

Sew skirt to body.

COLLAR

Starting at neck edge with rose No. 503, ch. 10.

1st Row: Tr. in 4th ch. from hook and in each ch. across ch. 4, turn.

2nd Row: D.c. in first tr., * ch. 4, d.c. in next tr., repeat from * across, ending with d.c. in top of starting ch. Break off.

Sew collar to body.

HAT

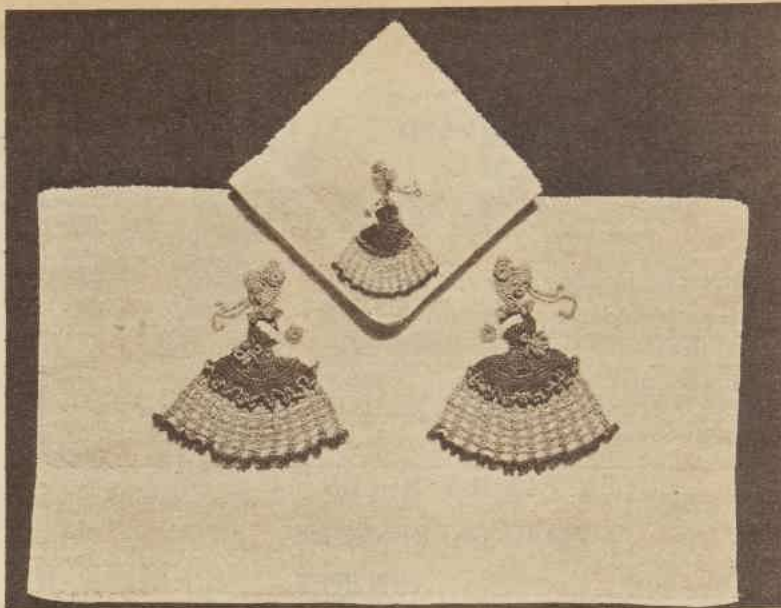
Starting at back with green No. 521, ch. 9.

1st Row: Tr. in 4th ch. from hook, tr. in each ch. across, ch. 3, turn.

2nd Row: Skip first tr., tr. in each tr. across, ending with tr. in top of turning chain, ch. 4, turn.

3rd Row: Skip first tr., * tr. in next tr., ch. 1, repeat from * across, ending with tr. in top of turning chain, ch. 3, turn.

4th Row: Tr. in first tr., * tr. in next sp., 2 tr. in next tr. Repeat from * across, ending with 2 tr. in 3rd ch. of ch. 4, ch. 3, turn.



COLORED CROCHET is again popular for brightening and decorating household linen. These American patterns for crinoline ladies, complete with bonnet and bouquet, are crocheted in lovely shades of green and rose, but any colors may be used. On large towels they are pretty grouped in pairs. Instructions for the design are given on this page.

5th Row: Skip first tr., tr. in each tr. across. Break off.
Sew hat in place.

ARM

With mid-pink No. 693, ch. 4.

1st Row: D.c. in 2nd ch. from hook, d.c. in next 2 ch., ch. 1, turn.

2nd Row: D.c. in each d.c. across, ch. 1, turn.

Repeat 2nd row until 11 rows are completed. Break off.

Sew arm to body.

ROSE (make 2)

Starting at centre with rose No. 503, ch. 4, join with sl-st. to form a ring.

1st Round: (Make d.c. 2 tr. in ring) 4 times. Join and break off.

Sew one rose to hat and one to end of arm.

With rose No. 503 make a chain 2in. long. Lace chain through spaces on hat and sew in place.

Make another chain 6in. long. Tie into bow and sew to

hat. Make a chain 3in. long and lace through waistband of skirt. Sew in place. Make another chain 8in. long and form a rosette of loops. Sew to waist.

Make another crinoline lady the same way.

Sew to towel as illustrated.

FACE CLOTH

Using Clark's Anchor Fil a Dentelles crochet No. 70, shade Nos. 575, 623, 693, 503.

Make one crinoline lady exactly as for towel. Sew to corner of face cloth.

Drop your wish into the HOOVER WISHING WELL—

Win **£1,000**
in the BIG

HOOVER WASHING MACHINE CONTEST

EIGHT WEEKLY CONTESTS — ENTER EVERY WEEK!

Every week for eight weeks a Hoover Washing Machine and six of the Hoover Dustettes will be awarded as prizes and £1,000 in cash for the best wish of all!

Each week for eight weeks you can win a handsome, streamlined, bigger-tub Hoover, with a year's supply of Rinso. Or you may be lucky enough to win a Hoover Dustette—one of the mighty midget cleaners, so light, so speedy, so handy for all those special cleaning jobs.

(Note: If you win one of these prizes and have, in the period of this contest, bought a Hoover, we will refund the full cash price.)



ENTER NOW!

Here's all you do:

1. WASHES CLEANER than you can by hand. Cuts out soaking, rubbing, boiling.
2. DOES BIG WASHES FASTER. Does 4 lbs. of washing in four minutes!
3. SO VERY GENTLE—The Hoover's exclusive

- Pulsator never touches the clothes. It washes gently enough for your sheepest lingerie.
4. ROLLS OUT OF THE WAY. You can roll your Hoover Washer into a corner when you're finished.

5. EASILY FILLED . . . EMPTIES ITSELF automatically!
6. FITS THE FAMILY PURSE. Nothing else at this price can bring you so much freedom from drudgery.

★ GRAND PRIZEWINNER ANNOUNCED: MAY 17th, 1955 ★ ENTRIES CLOSE: APRIL 30th, 1955.

MAKE YOUR WISH COME TRUE!
These facts about the HOOVER WASHER will help you

Save time in the Kitchen

WITH GUARANTEED NAMCO PRODUCTS

7 out of 10 housewives choose Namco products for their cooking needs. And no wonder! The quality and sparkling good-looks of Namco guarantee a lifetime of service. All Namco products shown are made from cast aluminium featuring machine ground bases, specially designed to get the maximum amount of heat from gas jet or hot plate. This means quicker and more economical cooking.

EVERY FAMILY NEEDS A NAMCO PRESSURE COOKER



The Namco range includes cookers from 5 pint to 16 pint capacities. Namco cuts cooking costs and time to a minimum. Just imagine potatoes in 5 minutes, beans and peas in 3 minutes and roast chicken taking only 20 minutes. What is more important you retain all the flavour... all the tenderness... all the goodness and vitamins.

The Namco cooker is made from cast aluminium, and like all Namco products, is easy to clean and will last a lifetime. Cook quicker, cook better with a Namco pressure cooker.

A quick breakfast with a NAMCO Griddle Grill with egg rings...

Grill your meat and fry your eggs together in double quick time with a Namco Griddle Grill, the only one with egg rings. For frying and baking the other flat side is used. No burnt fingers either with the "finger grip" heat resisting handle.



QUICKER, TASTIER GRILLS WITH NAMCO MIRACLE GRILLER



Grills in 5 minutes and bastes at the same time, the Namco Miracle Griller is fitted with a special "dimpled" cover which helps the meat retain its moisture. Made from cast aluminium and machine ground, it is ideal for gas, electric and all slow combustion stoves.

NAMCO MAKES
OTHER LABOUR
SAVERS TOO!



10 1/2" Frying Pan
(now available
complete with
lid if desired).

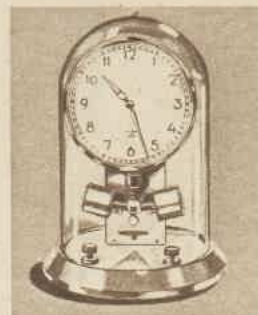
Kettle
4 1/2 pint capacity.

Saucepans
in sets of three
sizes, 2, 3
and 5 pint.

NAMCO

Clock runs for 3 years on a single Dry Battery

A most unusual clock seen the other day by one of our correspondents is the ATO. This is a weak current clock, deriving its impulse from a dry battery through a pendulum. The current consumption is so small that the battery will last for at least 3 years. This means that the ATO



will run for 3 years or more without attention. The pendulum with a nickel steel rod takes care of temperature variations. ATO gives time keeping results unequalled by mechanical or electric clocks in the same price field. ATO is one example of the many guaranteed precision clocks by Junghans now on the Australian market.

More imported clocks than ever before now on Australian Market

Clocks by the famous German firm, Junghans, are appearing in jewellers stores throughout Australia, in greater quantity and variety than ever before. With such a great range to choose from, buying a clock is no longer a problem. Overseas Corporation (Australia) Limited, the Australian distributors for Junghans have shown great foresight in bringing into the country such a great variety of fine clocks. The Junghans range includes utility alarms, Boudoir clocks, grandfather clocks, battery operated clocks, kitchen wall clocks, mantel clocks even ships clocks. Nearly every type of clock imaginable is made and is being displayed in jewellers and large stores throughout the Commonwealth.

More than 50 different alarms to choose from

The different types of alarms made by Junghans give a further indication of the extensive selection available. Our correspondent was shown more than 50 types of alarm clocks. These ranged from the simple utility alarms to the more elaborately finished Boudoir alarms. Large alarm clocks and small alarm clocks, some with single tone alarm, others with two tone, and again others with three tone alarms. One of the most popular of the utility alarm clocks is the Junghans "Silent-Tie". This clock, as the name implies is seen but not heard—that is until the alarm bell rings. The makers claim it will not disturb the lightest sleeper with its tick, but the alarm will wake even the heaviest.

For information about products on this page contact:
Overseas Corporation (Aust.) Ltd.
187 FLINDERS LANE, MELB.
84 PITT STREET, SYDNEY
293 QUEEN STREET, BRISBANE
CHARLES STREET, ADELAIDE
434 WILLIAM STREET, PERTH

Australia's most popular

COOKING RANGE

Your Rayburn is ready to cook at any time of the day or night—the secret is slow combustion. Fill the fire box with any fuel—coal, coke, briquettes or wood and cook for 10 hours without refuelling. This Rayburn has two large ovens—one for warming, one for baking. The fast powerful hotplate gives immediate heat while the large hobs can be used for slow cooking.



and WATER HEATER



The Rayburn combined cooker and water heater automatically supplies as much hot water as you need, wherever you need it at any time of the day or night at no extra cost - 50-60 gallon service. And, Rayburn can be easily and economically operated with an existing gas or electric water service.

- * Rayburn will save you money
- * Supplies Free Hot Water
- * Easily and economically installed
- * Burns any type of fuel
- * Can be connected to existing Hot Water Service
- * Has two ovens—is heat controlled
- * Has large, fast hotplate
- * Is completely insulated
- * Beautifully finished in cream vitreous enamel
- * Easy to keep clean
- * Rustless boiler—no coils to corrode



RAYBURN
INSULATED COOKER

FOR THOSE WHO HAVE
TO COOK FOR UP TO 30 PEOPLE

—there's the Rayburn 40. Ideal for cafe's, farms, small hotels, staff canteens and large households.

Fast Snapping Grippers Keep Rainwear snug



Snap! They're closed... Snap! They're open... no sagging buttons, no broken buttons to waste time. Fast snapping laundry-proof "Grippers" hold firm and flat... once they're on they're on for the life of the garment. Buy Rainwear, Shorts, Pyjamas, Denims, Children's T-shirts, Men's Wear and your own clothing with fast working "Gripper" Fasteners and end button bother forever.

Gripper FASTENERS

BUY CLOTHING WITH "GRIPPER" FASTENERS
REPLACE BUTTONS WITH "GRIPPERS" ON THE CLOTHES YOU WEAR
USE "GRIPPERS" ON THE CLOTHES YOU MAKE
FOR HOME SEWING BUY A "GRIPPER" CARD



"GRIPPERS" are manufactured under licence by CARR FASTENER Company of Australia Limited. Australian Dist. "J.B." Products, Victoria. STOCKS ARE AVAILABLE FROM LEADING GROCERIES AND WAREHOUSES IN ALL STATES.

Cabinets win prize

Two modern cabinets made from a tall, old-fashioned bookcase win the prize of £3/3/- in our homemakers' contest.

THE entry was sent in by Mrs. B. Russell, 14 Coronation Street, Bardon, Queensland.

Mrs. Russell wrote: "We had a dark, old-fashioned bookcase, which had glass doors on the top-shelf section, and solid doors with a small glass inset enclosing the wider-spaced shelves on the lower part."

"The bookcase was in good condition and in use, but it looked ungainly with our other furniture, so my husband converted it into two

small cabinets simply by cutting it in two.

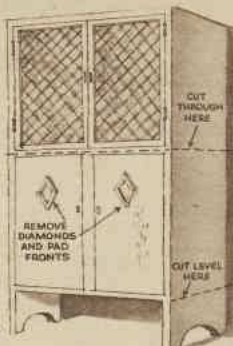
"He made and fitted Swedish-type legs and trimmed around the top of each cabinet with furniture beading.

"One cabinet, enamelled white with a yellow top and fitted with new black door-knobs, is now a modern bookcase.

"In the lower section the glass insets in the doors were removed and the front of the doors padded and covered with plastic upholstery cloth and trimmed with black studs.

"Enamelled and topped with plate glass, which we had to buy, it is now used as a cocktail cabinet."

Each week a prize of £3/3/-



Dotted lines show where the old bookcase was cut to make the bookcase and cocktail cabinet which are shown in the sketches below.

is paid to the reader who sends in the most useful idea for making something new from something old. A full description and either snapshots or sketches to illustrate the "before" and "after" should be sent with each entry.

Address your entry to the Editor, Homemaker Department, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Doors padded with citron-yellow cloth studded with black upholstery pins made a smart finish for the cocktail cabinet (left).



Swedish-style legs, new door-knobs, a trim of beading, and an enamel finish turned the top section into this modern bookcase.



NEW KNITTING BOOK

THE designs shown here are from our new knitting book for 1955 which we compiled as a Family Knitting Book.

This 48-page book gives instructions and illustrations for 51 specially selected garments, 31 of which are shown in color.

The book is divided into four sections, which include designs for infants and toddlers, for children from four to 14 years, for mother-and-daughter, and father-and-son sets, and sock designs for toddlers, children, and men.

Get a copy today from any newsagent or bookseller, or from our head office. The price is only 1/6.



INSTRUCTIONS for this man's well-styled pullover are for 38in. and 40in. chest. The boy's for 28in. and 30in. chest.



RIGHT. Dress and matinee coat for the 3 to 6 months old baby is made in unshrinkable "Viyella" 3-ply nursery wool.

BABY'S BATH

By Sister Mary Jacob, Our Mothercraft Nurse

WHETHER bath-time is going to be a pleasure to you and your baby or whether you will have a nervous, screaming baby at these times depends a lot on how the child is handled during the first few baths at home.

Never dawdle over bath-time when baby is very young, but, on the other hand, be careful of hurried movements that will make him nervous.

Have everything ready before you begin to undress the child. Make sure you put cold water

into the bath first — bad accidents from scalding have happened when this has not been done.

Wash the baby's face and head before placing him in the bath and test the temperature of the water just before it is used.

Gradually reduce the temperature of the bath by adding a little cold water before lifting the baby out. At six months a child should be having only tepid baths and, at this age, a healthy baby should be given a quick cold sponge after a bath.



The crispest cereal that ever came out of an oven

THE ONLY BREAKFAST CEREAL THAT GOES... "SNAP! CRACKLE! POP!"

Just listen to that exciting "Snap! Crackle! Pop!" as you pour on the milk! That's Kellogg's crispness for you! That's Kellogg's Rice Bubbles the happy, snappy golden-toasted breakfast cereal that's so good for all your family! Delicious!



FREE! COLOURED CUT-OUT SPORTS CARS see back Kellogg's Rice Bubbles packets.

"ESQUIRE" HANDBOOKS FOR HOSTS

By The Editors of "Esquire."

People of discriminating taste will find this book a goldmine of novel ideas on all types of gastronomic entertaining.

The advice and recipes are from "Esquire's" most highly commended collections; famous chefs have released some of their hitherto secret specialties; drinks and party games have large sections and the illustrations are some of "Esquire's" best cartoons.

Price, 34/9. From all Booksellers



Betty King, Home Economist
of World's Brands Pty. Ltd.

Betty King
introduces a
new
soup



Specially made for
all the people who like
a thick creamy soup **with**
the delicious flavour
of fresh celery



"From South Australia comes the finest celery of all — long fat stalks of unsurpassed sweetness and tenderness," says Betty King.

"This is the celery that goes into every packet of Continental brand Cream of Celery Soup. But first it's chopped finely, blended to velvet smoothness and delicately seasoned. The result is a soup with all the flavour, colour and aroma of the best home-made.

"You could make soup like it. But, think of the trouble just getting the ingredients together. Think of the hours of cooking, and the expense.

"Continental brand Cream of Celery saves you all that. You simply blend the contents of the packet with water and a little milk. The result is a soup that keeps the family asking for second helpings."

Continental brand Cream of Celery is at your grocer's now. Do go and get some. Betty King guarantees its goodness.

One packet makes 4 BIG BOWLS
of nourishing, creamy Celery Soup
in ONLY 10 MINUTES.

MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED

If you do not feel that Continental brand Cream of Celery soup fulfils the claims made for it, return the empty package to me, Betty King, Box 2625, G.P.O., Sydney, and I will refund the full amount you paid for it.

French Accent

• The excellence of French cooking, acknowledged as the world's best, sets a standard all good homemakers hope to reach

AN innate love of good food is the first step towards mastering the art of French cooking.

For best results the ingredients must be as fresh as possible. French cooks all agree on this point, and, of course, it applies to the preparation of all good food.

Subtle seasoning with herbs and spices and the use of wine (for this purpose Australian wines are without equal) are often all that is necessary to

COFFEE-CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Four ounces chocolate, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 4 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 dessertspoon coffee essence, 1 tablespoon sherry, 1 dessertspoon gelatine dissolved in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water.

Break chocolate up, place in top of double boiler with sugar and water. Heat until chocolate is melted, stirring occasionally. Add the egg-yolks one at a time and beat well after each one is added,

BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

give a French accent to dishes made from simple, every-day ingredients.

Recipes for some French dishes list unspecified quantities of important ingredients, and the inexperienced cook finds the result is disappointing.

To overcome this, and start you on the road to interesting and enjoyable cooking, we have chosen the following clear, concise recipes for some of the better-known French dishes.

All spoon measurements are level.

BORDELAISE STEAK

Three dessertspoons cooking oil, 3 dessertspoons butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. rump, sirloin, or fillet steak cut $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick, 1 tablespoon chopped shallot or onion, 1 dessertspoon flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup red wine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup stock or water, 1 oz. beef marrow or butter, chopped parsley.

Heat the oil and butter until it sizzles, add steak and saute 4 or 5 minutes on each side. Remove to serving platter and keep hot while preparing the sauce. Add shallot or onion to pan juices, cook 1 minute before adding flour. Stir in wine and stock and allow sauce to cook down until thick. This takes only a few minutes. Add beef marrow cut into pieces, or butter, and stir until marrow is half melted or butter completely melted. Pour some of the sauce over the steak, serve balance in a jug. Sprinkle meat with chopped parsley before serving.

Fold in vanilla, coffee essence, sherry, dissolved gelatine, and, lastly, fold in the stiffly beaten egg-whites. Turn into individual serving-dishes and chill as long as possible. It is best made in the morning for service at night.

CREPES SUZETTE

(This famous dish is nothing more than pancakes in fancy dress — and all that is needed for the fancy dress is some brandy and orange rind.)

One heaped cup flour, 2 eggs, 1 dessertspoon sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 cup milk, 3 dessertspoons melted butter, 1 dessertspoon brandy.

Sift flour, add whole eggs one at a time and stir flour in gradually from the sides. Add sugar, vanilla, and salt, then add milk gradually until batter is smooth and light and sufficiently thick to lightly coat the finger-tip. When batter is correct consistency add the butter and brandy. Grease pan with butter, pour in sufficient batter to just cover the bottom of the pan. Cook over medium heat until set and lightly browned underneath and bubbly on top. Toss or turn with a spatula and brown other side. As each crepe is cooked, treat it in the following way:

Cream 3 dessertspoons butter with $\frac{1}{3}$ rd cup sugar and grated rind of 2 oranges. Add 1 dessertspoon brandy. As each crepe is cooked, spread it with some of this mixture and fold it twice into a wedge shape. Place on a warm, fireproof

platter or chafing-dish. Keep hot until all crepes are prepared, then pour over them $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot brandy, and, at the table, touch a lighted match to the brandy and spoon it over the crepes as long as the flame lasts.

CRAB PUFFS

Quarter pound puff pastry, 1 tin crabmeat, 1 cup thick white sauce, squeeze lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, a little beaten egg for glazing.

Roll pastry into a strip 5 in. wide and as long as possible, rolling until it is almost paper thin. Drain liquor from crabmeat, break the flesh into flakes and mix with the sauce. Add lemon juice and grated cheese. Spread on flat plate until quite cold and firm. Place a small teaspoonful at a time in little heaps along the length of the pastry, spacing them about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. apart. Moisten the edge, fold pastry over and press edges together. Cut out little rissoles with a plain or fluted cutter, making sure that the small mound of crabmeat is in the centre of the cutter before cutting right through

the pastry. Brush tops of puffs with beaten egg, bake in very hot oven 7 to 10 minutes.

FRENCH PASTRIES

Quarter pound puff pastry, castor sugar, thin, warm icing, cherries, and angelica.

Make pastry in the usual way or use bought puff pastry. Roll out, using castor sugar instead of flour for the last 2 rollings. Roll pastry, again on castor sugar, into a strip 12 in. long. Fold the top edge into the middle and bring the bottom edge up to the middle also. Brush top with white of egg, fold in halves. This makes a piece of folded pastry 3 in. long. Use a warm knife and cut pastry into slices $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick. Place flat on oven-tray, spacing them well apart to allow for spreading—pastry folded this way spreads instead of rising. Bake in very hot oven 12 to 15 minutes until lightly browned. Cool on cake-cooler, decorate with thin, warm icing, cherries, and angelica.

ANGELS ON HORSEBACK

Fresh oysters, bacon rashers, toast croutons, 1 tablespoon

BORDELAISE STEAK, coffee-chocolate mousse, angels on horseback, and crab puffs are four simple and delicious French dishes you will want to try. They are simple to make and good to eat. See recipes on this page.

butter, 4 tablespoons soft breadcrumbs, and cayenne pepper.

Drain and beard the oysters, place in a strainer over boiling water for a few minutes to plump them. Cut rind from bacon, cut each rasher into 2 or 3 pieces, according to size. Wrap one oyster in each piece of bacon, secure with cocktail sticks. Grill until bacon is crisp. Meanwhile make the toast, butter lightly and sprinkle with soft breadcrumbs fried in butter and seasoned with cayenne pepper. Serve an oyster roll on each toast crouton.

CALVES' BRAINS IN BLACK BUTTER

Four sets calves' brains, 1 tablespoon vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ tablespoons wine vinegar, salt and black pepper.

Soak the brains in cold water for 1 hour. Remove as much of the skin and membrane as possible. Place in water to cover with vinegar and salt and bring to boiling point. Simmer 15 minutes, drain, and plunge the brains into cold water. Remove from water, pat dry on clean cloth. Heat half the butter in a frying-pan, brown the brains on both sides and place them on a very hot platter, preferably a metal one. Quickly brown the rest of the butter in the pan over high heat, but do not let the butter burn. When the butter is dark brown, remove it from heat and add the vinegar. Pour over the brains, sprinkle with salt and pepper, serve immediately. If possible, this should be served on a metal dish so that the platter is sizzling when it is taken to the table.



TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS

"Are jewels really necessary in a watch?"



Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard

THE WATCHMAKERS
OF SWITZERLAND

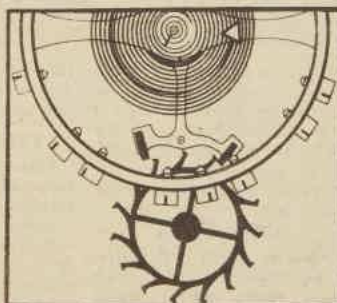


THIS IS THE JEWELLED LEVER 432,000 times a day these two lever-hammers strike the escape-wheel teeth. Only if there's a jewel on the head of each can the hammers resist wear many years on end. For lasting accuracy, jewels elsewhere are useful, two jewels here are essential.

Ask any good watchmaker. He'll say, "Yes. But be careful!"

If a watch is to be a lasting, really reliable time-keeper, it needs tiny jewels at certain points. For jewels stand up to wear better than any metal. But never judge a watch just by the number of jewels. Are they in the right places? Are there jewels at the two essential points, on the "lever"? Are they cut and polished with the unique craftsmanship that goes into the good Swiss jewelled-lever watch?

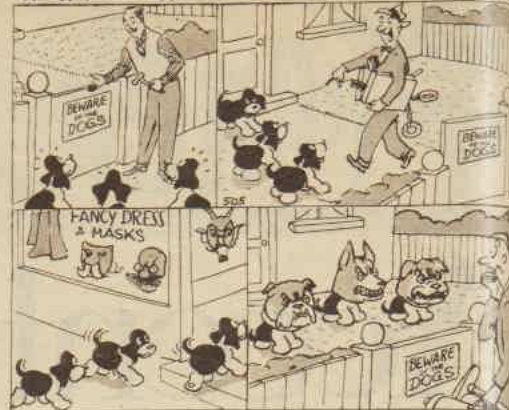
Talk to your watchmaker about it. He alone can give you expert advice, because he alone has the Swiss watch industry behind him.



FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



Continuing . . .

Bath Tangle

[from page 66]

that General Hendy is dangling after me!"

"What, is he staying here? Well, he always had an eye for a pretty female, but as for dangling after you — Fanny, he must be sixty if he's a day! It's a different matter, my dear, when a young jackanapes like this Major Kirkby of yours throws out lures! Now, don't put yourself in a fuss! I daresay there's no harm done but what may be put right very easily. I told Mama that if you had been indiscreet it must have been in all innocence. The thing is it won't do for you to be living here with no better chaperon than Lady Serena. We must decide what is best to be done."

In the greatest dismay, she stammered: "Papa, you are quite, quite mistaken! Major Kirkby does not come here to see me!"

He gave a low whistle. "You don't mean to tell me Lady Serena is the object of his gallantry?" She nodded. "Well! So it was true! Neither your mama nor I would credit it! I should have thought the young lady too high in the instep to have encouraged the attentions of a mere nobody! She must be the most outrageous flirt!"

"Oh, no, no!" she uttered, almost extinguished.

"Well, I won't argue with you, but I can tell you this, Fanny, if she should get into a scrape you will be blamed for it!"

"Who told you this story?" she asked faintly.

"Your aunt Charlotte had it in a letter from Mrs. Holroyd and told your mama. She said your Major was for ever in Laura Place and careering all over the countryside with Lady Serena besides. I need not tell you that was coming a bit too strong for me, my dear! It made your mama and me disbelieve the whole."

Fanny sat limply down and covered her face with her hands.

"Oh, how careless I have been! I should not have allowed — I should have gone with them!"

Sir William regarded her in the liveliest consternation. "You don't mean to tell me it's true? Upon my word, Fanny!"

"No, no, it is not what you think! Papa, you must not spread it about — Serena does not wish it to be known while she is in mourning — but they are engaged!"

"What?" he demanded. "Lady Serena engaged to a Major Kirkby?"

"Yes!" she said and, for no very apparent reason, burst into tears.

"Well, well, there is nothing

for you to cry about, my dear!" Sir William said, but beyond that he paid very little heed to Fanny's sudden spring of tears. Women, in his view, were always bursting into tears for no reason comprehensible to the sterner sex. He was very much taken aback by the news she had confided to him and at first inclined to dislike it almost as much as he would have disliked the news of her own engagement. But Fanny, quickly wiping her eyes, soon contrived to talk him out of his disapproval. He was not much impressed by the touching picture she painted of a seven-year attachment.

"Very fine talking!" he said. "It may be so with him, though I take leave to doubt it! No, no, my dear, that's doing it too brown! As for Lady Serena, all this constancy didn't prevent her from becoming engaged to Rotherham! But what you tell me of his having come into property puts a different complexion on the matter! Not that I think the Carlows will take kindly to the match, but that's no concern of mine!"

Guiltily aware of having conveyed to him the impression that the Major's estate was extensive and his fortune handsome, Fanny devoutly trusted that he would not question her too closely on the subject. He did ask her in what part of the country the estate was situated, but the timely entrance of Lybster with wine and glasses on a large silver tray made it unnecessary for her to say more than: "In Kent, Papa."

His attention was drawn off, he poured himself a glass of sherry; was agreeably surprised at its quality; and for some minutes was more interested to learn where it had been procured than in the size of whereabouts of the Major's property.

By the time Lybster, after discussing with Sir William the respective merits of Bristol Milk, Oloroso, and Manzanilla had departed, Sir William had refilled his glass, and was feeling in charity with the world. He told his daughter that she had a good butler, bored her very much by recalling how in his youth Mountain-Malaga had been much drunk; what he had paid for a tun in the '80s; how one was rarely offered it in these degenerate days; and at last came back to the subject of Serena's engagement. The more he thought of it the more he liked it, for if Serena were to be married before the end of the year the way would be

To page 75

Continuing . . . Bath Tangle

from page 74

clear for Agnes to pay her sister a prolonged visit.

"That is to say, if she doesn't go off this season, and although my mama is making every effort I need not scruple to tell you, my dear, that I entertain very few hopes. She does not take. It's a pity you cannot give her a little of your beauty! Though to my mind handsome as a handsome does, and a spoonful of honey on her tongue would get her a respectable husband sooner than a bushel of strawberries squashed on her face. Yes, Mama is determined to clear her complexion, and they say strawberries will do the trick. I hope they may, but so far it seems to me a great waste of good fruit. Kitty, now, is another thing. You would be surprised at the improvements in her since you saw her last! She is not unlike what you were at her age, and should go off easily, Mama thinks."

He continued in this strain for some minutes, so well-pleased with his scheme for fostering an unmarriageable sister on to Fanny that her marked absence of enthusiasm quite escaped his notice. Over his third glass of sherry he once more returned to Serena's engagement, but this time it was to warn Fanny against allowing the Major to be too particular in his attentions.

"It won't do to set tongues wagging, if the engagement is not to be announced until the autumn," he said. "Ten to one it will come to the ears of her family that one man is dancing attendance on her. If I were you, Fanny, I would relax a trifle permit people to talk, you know! It is more than six months now since Spenser died, and although I should not wish you to be leaving off your mourning, or going to public parties, I think there could be no impropriety in your entertaining—quite quietly, of course!—select company in your own house. A card-party, perhaps, or a dinner or two. We doubt there are plenty of other gentlemen in Bath who would be happy to be given the opportunity of dancing attendance on your step-daughter for her fine looking girl, and her heiress besides. I suppose there's no fear of Rotherham's snatching a spoke into the wheel?"

"We do not know how he will like it, Papa, but he has no power to prevent it."

"No power! I should call the strings of the purse power enough!"

"Neither Serena nor Major Kirkby would do so, however."

"More fools they! But it's

not my business, after all. What I am concerned with is that there shall be any more gossip about it, for that must draw you in, my dear. A good thing if the young man were to remove from Bath, but I suppose there's no chance of his doing that. The next best thing is to render him less conspicuous, and that you may achieve by allowing others to visit you."

"If you think it right, Papa," she said obediently. "I own, it would be agreeable if I might go out a little sometimes, and it was on that subject that I was talking to Major Kirkby when you arrived. You must know that the Masters of Ceremonies here have been most civil to us, and in particular have frequently been begging us to go to lectures or concerts. It so happens that there is to be a concert at the Lower Rooms which I should very much like to hear. Mr. Gwynette came to tell me of it yesterday, and to promise, if we would go, that we should have seats in a retired place. Do you think we might? Major Kirkby sees no harm in it, and if he does not I feel there can be none."

"None at all," replied Sir William. "A concert is not the same thing as a ball, you know. But if the Major means to escort you, take along some other gentlemen as well! I daresay you are acquainted with some?"

"Oh, yes!" Fanny said, rather doubtfully.

"You could invite old Hendyl!" said Sir William, laughing heartily.

"Yes—except that I don't think he likes the Major very much," said Fanny.

"Jealous of him, no doubt! Think he will be cut out by a fine, upstanding young man!" said Sir William, still much amused, and apparently forgetting his earlier and less flattering description of the Major.

If Fanny felt that her father's scheme was not very likely to achieve his object, she did not say so. She was more concerned to know how Serena would receive the news that her secret had been betrayed. But Serena, when she came in pleasantly refreshed by a seven-mile walk with a similarly energetic acquaintance, took it in very good part, merely begging Fanny to adjure Sir William not to mention her engagement to anyone but his wife. She came down to dinner looking so handsome in dove-grey with black ribbons that Sir William was quite captivated.

Knowing that it would please Fanny, she laid herself out to amuse him, and succeeded so well that when he took up his candle to go to bed he declared he had seldom enjoyed an evening more. In his own home, no one regaled him with lively conversation, or encouraged him to recount anecdotes of his youth. He would not, in fact, have approved of it had any of his daughters talked in the Lady Serena's racy fashion; and he would certainly not have played piquet with them for penny points, for that, win or lose, could have done him no good at all.

So well pleased with his entertainment was he that he decided to remain in Bath for another night. He told Fanny that it would do no harm for the Major to be seen in his company, and said that he would go with both ladies to the Pump Room, and promenade with them there. It did not seem to Fanny that the sight of her father lending his countenance to the Major would be very likely to allay the suspicions of the Pump Room gossips, but having a strong disposition to think anyone's judgment more to be trusted than her own, and being, besides, still a good deal in awe of him, she made no demur. It was by no means certain that the Major would visit the Pump Room, for ever since the daily rides with Serena had become the rule he had taken care not to go there too often.

But the Major, wishing to discover from Fanny the probable length of Sir William's stay, did visit it, and was considerably taken aback to find himself being shaken warmly by the hand, and greeted in much the same way as he could fancy Sir William greeting a favorite nephew.

And, after all, Fanny perceived, Sir William did not manage so badly. He discovered several acquaintances in the room, and to each one he contrived to convey the impression that Major Kirkby, an old and valued friend, had been devoting himself to Lady Spenser and her step-daughter at his express entreaty. The Major's quickness in following this lead pleased him so much that he began to think him a very good sort of man, and invited him to dine in Laura Place that evening, and to play a rubber or two of whist afterwards.

Fanny, an indifferent card-player, was too thankful to have prevailed upon Serena not to

To page 76

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introduce her father to Mrs. Floore to protest.

At dinner, Sir William continued to be pleased both with the Major and with Fanny's cook, some Spanish fritters earning his special commendation. The port was very tolerable, too; and he sat down presently to the card-table in a mood of great good humor. This, however, did not long endure, for he cut his daughter for partner, and if he was the most skilled of the four players, she was by far the least. The first rubber reduced Fanny almost to tears, so acid and incessant were the criticisms made by her parent of her mistakes.

By good fortune, she cut next with the Major, and he smiled at her so reassuringly when she said, with a nervous little laugh, that he was to be pitied, that she quite plucked up courage, and, in consequence, played very much better. Sir William continued to point out her errors to her, but since these were not to his advantage, he did so in a tolerant spirit which did not much discompose her. The Major encouraged her with as much praise as he could, without absurdity, bestow, found ingenious excuses for her blunders, and, when the rubber ended in their defeat, said: "Lady Spenborough, shall we challenge these expert gamesters to a return? Do let us have our revenge on them!"

She was very willing; and as Serena was a skilled player, Sir William raised no objection. Serena was so grateful to the Major for shielding Fanny from assault, that she gave him both her hands and her lips at parting, a thing that she was not very prone to do, and said warmly: "You are quite the kindest man alive, Hector! Thank you!"

Sir William went back to London next day, and his daughter did her best to carry out his instructions to her.

Continuing Bath Tangle

from page 75

Rather to her surprise, Serena approved of them. So a very respectable and correspondingly dull gentleman of their acquaintance was invited to accompany them to the concert; and Fanny wrote careful notes to a number of persons, bidding them to a small evening reception.

Life settled down into a slightly more variegated pattern, enlivened by morning visitors, and an occasional party. Several expeditions were made to places of historic interest in the vicinity of Bath, and if the Major rode behind the barouche, so too did some other gentleman. There was no difficulty in finding a suitable fourth to these parties: the only difficulty lay in deciding whose turn it was to be honored with an invitation. Every unattached gentleman who had cudgelled his brains for weeks to hit upon a way of becoming acquainted with the most beautiful woman in Bath no sooner heard that the bereaved ladies were now receiving visitors than he scoured the town for some common acquaintance who could be persuaded to perform the coveted introduction.

One or two lost their hearts to Fanny, but these were in the minority, Serena's admirers far outnumbering them, and behaving with an ardency and a devotion which made Fanny fear that the Major might be hurt. He seemed, however, to be rather amused; and whenever one of her flirts contrived to draw Serena away to show her a very fine view, or to conduct her to the top of a ruined keep, he made no attempt to go after the truants, but walked with Fanny instead, concealing whatever chagrin he might have felt.

Fanny, incapable herself of

conducting the sort of light flirtation of which Serena was an accomplished exponent, was distressed, and ventured to remonstrate. But Serena only laughed, and said that she was following out the spirit of Sir William's advice.

"The Bath quizzes will now say of me that so far from being violently attached to one man I am shockingly changeable!"

Fanny could only hope that the Major would not share this opinion. She told him once, when she saw Serena positively encouraging the gallantry of young Mr. Nantwich, that



"My advice to you, Hawkins, is to take the pins out of the map and stick them into the salesmen."

Serena had a great deal of vivacity.

"In her set, you know," she said, trying for an airy note, "that sort of — of liveliness is quite the thing! It doesn't denote the least want of delicacy, or — or unsteadiness!"

He glanced down into her perturbed countenance, smiling a little.

"I am not jealous, I promise you," he said.

"Oh, no! I am persuaded you could not be!"

His eyes followed Serena and her admirer.

"If all these moonstruck swains flatter themselves that she has any other intention

than to enjoy a little sport they must be a set of ninnyhammers," he remarked. "I own, it is not a sport I like, but there is no particular harm in it when the lady is as skilled in it as I perceive Serena to be."

She thought that she could detect a note of reserve in his voice, and said something about funning humors and openness of temper. He agreed to this; and she had the happy thought of adding that by dispensing her favors amongst several Serena was throwing sand in the eyes of those who suspected her of a single attachment. That made him laugh.

"Lady Spenborough, are you trying to bamboozle me, or has Serena been bamboozling you? She is enjoying herself hugely! Don't look so anxious! Do you care to stroll in the wood? May I give you my arm?"

Her conscience told her that it was her duty to follow Serena, but since to do that would entail bringing the Major once more within sight and hearing of what could not (for all his brave words) but give him pain, she yielded to inclination.

Nothing was more comfortable than a walk with Major Kirkby! He moderated his pace to hers, handed her carefully over the smallest obstacle, warned her of damp patches, and always chose a smooth path for her to tread. They were on the cosiest of terms, Fanny having very soon lost her shyness, and the Major discovering in her so sympathetic a listener that before very long he had put her in possession of nearly every detail of his career.

In return, she told him all about her home, and her family, and how much she dreaded having her sister Agnes sent to live with her. He entered fully into her sentiments upon this; and although she never spoke of

Mama except with respect, he mentioned her marriage, it did not take him long to arrive at a pretty fair understanding of why she had accepted the hand of a man old enough to have been her father. His reflections upon this subject he kept to himself.

Nothing occurred to disturb the harmony of these summer days until one morning in June the "Morning Post," when opened at the only page that interested Fanny, was found to contain a bomb-shell. She had just read aloud to Serena the news of the Princess Charlotte's indisposition, and was about to speculate on the probable nature of the malady, when her eyes alighted on another item of social intelligence.

A sharp gasp broke from her, and she cried out impulsively:

"Oh, no! Impossible!"

"Well, what now?" inquired Serena, engaged in arranging roses in a bowl.

"Rotherham!" uttered Fanny, in a strangled voice.

Serena turned quickly to look at her. "Rotherham? What has happened to him?" she said sharply. "Is he ill, too? Fanny, he's not dead?"

"Oh, no, no!" Fanny said.

"Betrothed!"

"Yes! The most shocking thing! To Emily Laleham!"

"It's not true!"

"It must be, Serena, for here it is, published! I don't wonder at your amazement. That poor child! Oh, what a wicked, abominable woman Lady Laleham is! A marriage has been arranged — yes, and well do I know who arranged it! — between Ivo Spencer Barrasford Marquis of Rotherham, and Emily Mary, eldest daughter of Sir Walter Laleham, Bart. You see, there can be no mistake! Oh, I don't know what I have been more distressed!"

To be continued

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Fashion PATTERNS

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F3608.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make girl's suspender skirt and blouse. Sizes: lengths 20, 23, 27, and 31in. for 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yds. 36in. material for blouse and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yds. 54in. material for skirt. Price, 2/6.

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● Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

NO. 872.—CHILD'S NIGHTGOWN.

The nightgown is obtainable cut out ready to make in white and colored flannelette. The color choice includes white, blue, pink, and lemon. The lace trim is not supplied. Sizes: lengths 39in. for 2 years, 17/11, postage and registration 1/6 extra; 33in. for 4 years, 18/6, postage and registration 1/6 extra; 37in. for 6 years, 20/11, postage and registration 1/9 extra; 41in. for 8 years, 22/6, postage and registration 1/9 extra.

NO. 876.—ORGANDIE WAIST-APRON

The apron is obtainable cut out ready to make in embossed organdie. The color choice includes white, blue, pink, and lemon. Price 17/6, postage and registration 1/-.

NO. 877.—WAIST-APRON WITH APPLIQUE TRIM

The apron is obtainable cut out ready to make with applique pieces ready to sew. The material is headcloth obtainable in white, blue, pink, green, and lemon. Price 14/6, postage and registration 1/3 extra.

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The attractive set featuring a leaf motif is obtainable cut out ready to make and embroider. The material and color choice include heavy linen in cream and white and sheer linen in blue, pink, lemon, and green. Sizes: centre mat 11in. x 17in. plate mat 11in. x 11in. cup and saucer mat 5in. x 5in. and serviettes 11in. x 11in. 9 piece set, including 1 centre, 4 plates, 4 cup and saucer mats, 18/11, postage and registration 2/- extra. 13 piece set, including 1 centre, 6 plates, and 6 cup and saucer mats, 22/9, postage and registration 3/- extra. Serviettes 1/6 each, postage 3d extra.

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The dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in waffle pique. The color choice includes white, blue, and lemon. Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust 31/11, postage and registration 1/9 extra. Sizes 36in. and 38in. bust 32/6, postage and registration 1/9 extra.

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OH-OH! FEELS LIKE RAIN!

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PLEASE, DAD!

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PLEASE, DAD!

PLEASE, DAD!



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HOUSEHOLD HINTS

SUPPLEMENT TO THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
APRIL 13, 1955. NOT TO BE SOLD SEPARATELY

	Page
TAKE A HINT . . . 2	2
Useful tips on first aid, washing-up, and salt uses.	
FLOWERS 3	3
Suggestions for the care and arrangement of cut flowers.	
SAFETY GUIDE. . . 4	4
Golden rules for safety with home electricity.	
APPLIANCES 5	5
A guide to the care and maintenance of electric appliances.	
FABRICS 6	6
Expert tips on choosing and caring for household fabrics.	
HOME DYEING . . . 7	7
General guidance for successful tinting and dyeing at home.	
RENOVATIONS . . . 8	8
Illustrations. Make something new from something old.	
PEST CONTROL . . . 9	9
Tested methods to rid your home of ants, mice, pests.	
HOW-TO HINTS . . 11	11
Illustrated hints showing how to make everyday jobs easier.	
FURNITURE 12	12
Comprehensive guide to the care of furniture of all types.	
TAKE A HINT . . . 14	14
Further brief hints, this time about cooking and sewing.	
CLEANING 15	15
Tried and tested methods of dealing with cleaning problems.	
WASHING 17	17
Helpful tips about difficult items in the family wash.	
STAIN REMOVAL . . 19	19
Detailed directions for removing stubborn stains.	
IRONING 21	21
Instructions on ironing such tricky pieces as shirts and suits.	
TAKE A HINT . . . 23	23
More short suggestions to save precious minutes in the home.	



TAKE A HINT

In the infinite variety of house-keeping there's always something to be learned in hints from others.

THESE hints are all tried and tested and may tell you something you don't already know about:

WASHING UP

PLATED WEAR should not be washed with soap containing soda. Use a mild good-quality soap and add a few drops of ammonia to the water.

DISHCLOTHS or mops will always stay fragrant if you rinse them thoroughly with cold water after each use and spread (fluff, in the case of the mop) them out to dry.

FURRED KETTLE. Mix a tablespoon of borax with a pint of water and boil solution in kettle.

BURNT SAUCEPANS should not be cleaned with soda. It may spoil the finish. Cover burnt area with a fairly strong solution of salt water, leave for a few hours, then bring slowly to the boil. Burnt particles will flake off quite easily. If stubborn, leave in the sun for a few days.

REFRIGERATOR BOTTLES which cannot be rid of brownish

stains by ordinary washing can be cleaned with a handful of rice. Put it in the bottle with a little cold water and shake briskly. Ammonia and washing soda are dangerous to use in vessels holding drinking water.



SALT USES

NEW POTATOES are much easier to scrape if they are first soaked in salted water.

WINE STAINS can be removed from table linen or clothes if the stain is rubbed with salt as soon as possible, and then washed.

A DISH OF SALT in a damp cupboard will help dry the air.

SETTING SOLUTION for colored clothes that are likely to run in washing is best made by adding a handful of salt to a gallon of cold water. Soak the garment for 15 minutes in the solution. Wash, then after final rinse immerse garment in solution again before hanging out to dry.

HOT SALTED WATER is excellent for bathing an infected finger.

BLOTTING-PAPER makes a good lining for the kitchen salt-box. It absorbs moisture and keeps the salt drier in humid weather.



FIRST AID

BLEEDING NOSE can generally be stopped if the patient holds the arm on the same side as the bleeding nostril straight up in the air above the head, at the same time pressing the bleeding nostril firmly closed with a finger of the other hand.

INSECT BITES. A piece of raw onion or a little ammonia rubbed on the bites will relieve the itching sensation.

HICCUPS can often be stopped by pressing one thumb hard (with nail dug in so firmly that it hurts a little) into the flesh where the thumb and index finger join on the other hand. Hold pressure about a minute. Drinking a teaspoon of vinegar is another generally effective hiccup cure.



BRUISES can be stopped from discoloring too badly if lint soaked in vinegar is laid on them when they are fresh.

HEADACHES can be relieved when you haven't a headache powder by a cup of hot, sugarless black tea flavored with five or six cloves.

*Flowers are guests too!
.. and they thrive on*

Florvita

The smart hostess looks after her flower arrangements as zealously as she does the other guests in her home. *Keeps flowers Fresh Longer* — There's no better pick-me-up for house-tired flowers than Florvita, no surer way of keeping them fresh days longer.

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because they're starved — but nourished with Florvita, they last twice as long. Your flowers keep that "fresh from the garden" freshness longer when you add Florvita to the water. To get best results with Florvita cut the flower stems on the angle before arranging in vase. *Keeps Water Clean and Fresh* — You don't have to bother about changing water daily any more. You just add water to the vase. Florvita keeps the water fresh and sweet-smelling, keeps stems clean and firm and eliminates nasty smelling residue and slime.

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ARTISTRY WITH FLOWERS

TO BECOME AN ARTIST with flowers you don't need a fortune or a five-acre garden. If you've imagination, a vase, and a handful of flowers, beautiful arrangements like these two are for you.

The lilies on the right, which were arranged by Mrs. A. M. Davis, president of the Garden Club of Australia, demonstrate Mrs. Davis' favorite hint, which is to follow a definite, well-proportioned line or pattern in all arrangements.

Here, to help you further, are the favorite hints of other Australian women well known for their feeling for flowers:

A little salt in the centre of gardenia and camellia blooms will prevent their going brown.

—Mrs. A. Flitton, Sydney.

Camellias carry well boxed if their stems are stuck in potatoes.

—Mrs. Gilbert Wood, Adelaide.



HARD - STEMMED FLOWERS, like lilac and hydrangea, which have wilted before their time can often be revived if the ends of their stems are cut off under water. Leave the blooms in water without exposing their stem ends to the air for an hour or so.

—Mrs. E. G. Waterhouse, Sydney, who arranged the irises on the left.

Ornamental grasses keep better in vases if their stems are dipped in vinegar.

—Mrs. B. Carrington, Sydney.

A penny in a bowl of roses will prevent the petals falling as they die. Spraying with a weak solution of gelatine and water, using an old insect spray-gun, will have similar effect on the petals of spring blossoms.

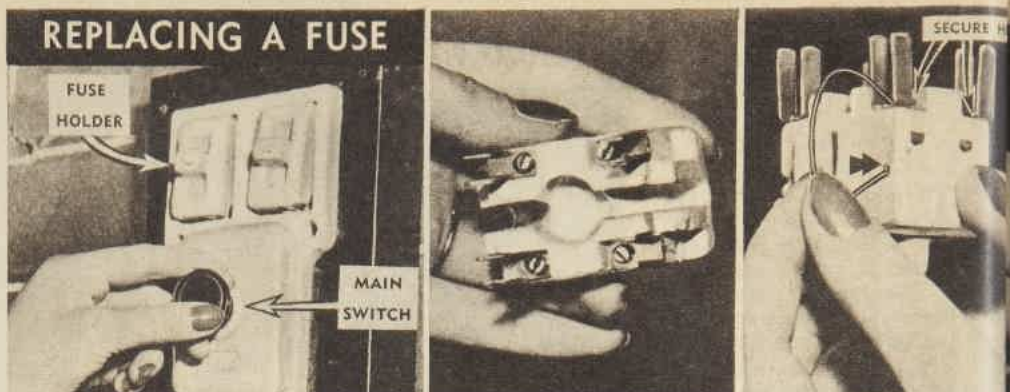
—Mrs. Eric Bonython, Adelaide.

Flowers like lilac, mock-orange, and hydrangea which carry a large amount of foliage will last longer in water if all their leaves are removed.

—Mrs. M. Vidler, Sydney.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly, April 13, 1955 — Page 3

REPLACING A FUSE



FIRST STEP in replacing a fuse is to turn off electric power at main switch in fuse box. Pull out fuse holder and find where wire is broken. If break is hidden pull ends of wire gently until the broken piece is revealed.

REMOVE burnt wires by loosening terminals. All fuse boxes are not like this one. For older types you may have to call an electrician to replace the fuse.

WRAP new wire clockwise under terminal and pass other end through groove in fuse holder. Wrap under other terminal clockwise.

ELECTRICAL SAFETY

Electricity, like fire, is a very good servant but a very bad master.

TO prevent electricity from becoming your master and not your servant, follow these simple safety rules compiled by the Electricity Authority of New South Wales.

DON'T interfere with the fixed wiring of your home. If you do, you not only break the law, you run the risk of serious accident.

Don't join cords by twisting or taping. A makeshift joint is dangerous. If it is necessary to join two lengths of cord, use a proper plug and cord extension socket.

Don't interfere with fixed appliances like stoves, washing-machines, and bath-heaters. If you want them moved or repaired, call in an electrician.

Don't attempt to clean any electrical device without first turning off the wall switch and pulling out the plug attached to the appliance.

Don't disconnect a plug from the wall socket by pulling on the flex. Jerking with the flex can damage the wiring in the connection.

Don't wind the cord round an iron, toaster, or heater while the appliance is still hot. Heat damages the flex.

Don't under any circumstances connect portable appliances, such as jugs, irons, and washing-machines, which are commonly used in the kitchen, bathroom, or laundry, to a two-pin power point or to a light socket.

DO make sure any additions to the electrical wiring in your home are made by a licensed electrician, and that all work is inspected by your electricity supply authority.

Do watch cords for wear and tear, and discard frayed, worn, or perished cords.

Do use a separate cord for each appliance. Flexes are not all the same, even if the plug fits, and with

a separate cord for each appliance wear will be less and safety greater.

Do disconnect all electrical appliances when they are not in use.

Do call in an electrician immediately if a fuse blows repeatedly, any appliance gives you even the slightest shock, or if there is any sparking, spluttering, or overheating in the power point or in the fittings of any appliance. These are all danger signals requiring immediate attention.

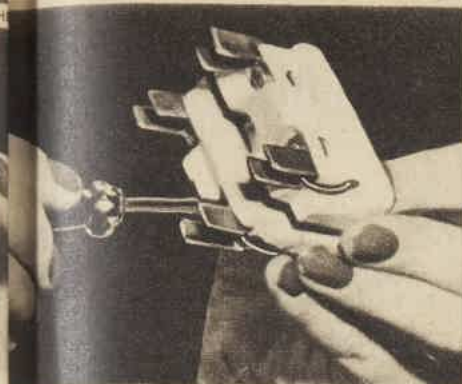
Do impress on your children the dangers of climbing on to a roof, tree, or pole near overhead electric wires.

ELECTRIC SHOCK. If, despite your care, someone in your home does suffer a severe electric shock you must act promptly.

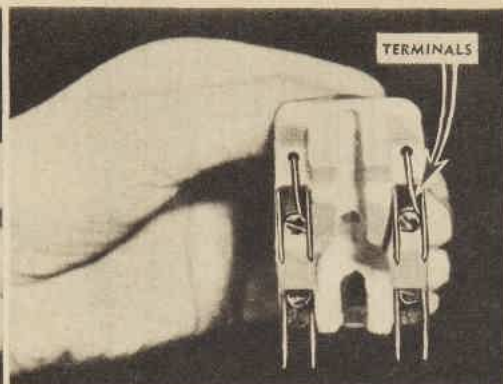
Switch off the current if switch is handy. If not, drag victim clear with a dry stick, dry rope, or dry coat. Don't use your bare hands. If patient is not breathing, begin artificial respiration **immediately**. Send for a doctor if someone else is there. If not, concentrate on artificial respiration, as **immediate** treatment may mean the difference between life and death.

If the patient is breathing, lie him on his back, give him plenty of fresh air, turn his head to one side, loosen tight clothing, and promote circulation by rubbing limbs vigorously from the extremities, on the inside, towards the heart.

FUSE-BOX FIRE. Switch off main switch if possible. Immediately notify fire brigade and local electricity authority. **DON'T** throw buckets of water or apply the hose in a solid jet to the flames. That way you risk a shock. As it's unlikely you'll have a proper fire extinguisher, you may use the hose **provided you set the nozzle to a fine mist spray**. It's quite safe that way.



TIGHTEN SCREWS of terminals, making sure you have left no stray ends of wire. This is a double fuse holder. Your fuse may be half the size, but the method of procedure is still the same. Never use thicker than the correct fuse wire.



COMPLETED JOB. Wires should look like this with terminals screwed down firmly and no loose ends of wire. **CAUTION:** A fuse is a safety valve. If your fuse blows persistently call in a qualified electrician to find the fault and repair it immediately. Delay is dangerous.

CARE OF APPLIANCES

Your electric appliances will last longer if you cosset them.

AS well as the general safety care outlined on the opposite page, all your electrical appliances need special attention to keep them functioning at their best.

DISHWASHER. Because of the variety of makes, few general instructions can be given. Keep the manufacturer's handbook by you and follow it exactly if you want the best results. Always rinse all dishes thoroughly before putting them in the machine and pack them carefully.

It's more economical to pack your dishes in the machine as they get dirty and then wash up only when you have a full load. Whether that means you wash up twice a day or twenty times depends on the size of your family and on your skill in being a cook who doesn't always use every dish in sight.

IRON. When cool after each use, wipe with a damp cloth. If surface becomes coated with starch, rub gently with a mild cleaning powder or paste or, better still, if you have it, rub the hot iron over beeswax. Never scrape with a knife or wash in water. And try not to drop your iron. That does it most damage.

MIXER. Detach beaters and wash them and bowls in ordinary way. Wipe motor casing with a damp (never wet) cloth. When not using it, keep your mixer in a closed, dry cupboard, or make a plastic dustproof cover for it.

REFRIGERATOR. Defrost about once every ten days. It's a good idea to clean the interior at the same time. For this, use a mixture of bi-carbonate of soda and warm water (about a tablespoon of soda to a quart of water). Apply it with a soft cloth. For the rubber seal round the door, warm water and mild soap is best. Do not use boiling water or gritty cleaning powders on your refrigerator if you want to preserve the enamel.

RADIATOR. Keep free from dust and keep the reflector highly polished. The radiator's heat is in direct ratio to the reflector's brightness. Don't let your radiator get wet and don't carry it round switched on when your hands are wet. Beware of using it in the bathroom and never touch it when you are actually in the bath. In summer, cover it from dust and store in a cool, dry place.

TOASTER. Shake gently after each use to get rid of crumbs. Wipe the outside with a damp cloth. Never wash your toaster or try to clean its element or wrap the cord around it while it is still hot.

STOVE. Wipe over enamelled surfaces with a damp cloth after each use. When cleaning the heating units, make sure the current is turned off, then wipe the rims with a damp (not wet) cloth, taking care not to twist the wires. Fine steel-wool will generally move any hard food particles. Clean the griller and oven after each use to avoid getting spilled food burnt on.

Stubborn stains in a neglected oven can generally be shifted if you stand about half a cup of ammonia in the closed oven and leave it overnight. In the morning the stains should wipe off easily on a cloth dipped in hot, soapy water.

For cleaning glass-fronted oven doors, a rub with a damp cloth dipped in baking powder is good.

WASHING MACHINE. As there are so many different types, it's impossible to give many general instructions. Follow the manufacturer's directions carefully on all points. If you lose them, get another set. As well as cleaning your machine according to these instructions, keep the area round it clean and dust free.

Don't overload your machine, and call in the service man if it shows the slightest sign of not running perfectly.



MODERN FABRICS, like these curtain lengths by Australian textile designer Frances Burke, combine beauty with utility. The squares-within-squares motif gives color and interest but is not overpowering in a room.

FACTS ABOUT FABRICS

Household fabrics, from dish-cloths to damasks, play a big part in furnishing every home.

TO help you in the selection of your fabrics here are some hints from Mr. A. Johnson, head of the School of Textiles at East Sydney Technical College.

Whatever the fabric you're buying there's one sound general rule—always buy a reputable brand whose manufacturers will support its guarantees of quality.

In the selection of particular fabrics here are some points to watch for:

BLANKETS. A loosely woven blanket is warmer but not as hard wearing as a tightly woven one. For warmth as well as quality look for a light, fluffy blanket with an even weave. Colors and satin bindings add to cost but not to quality. Satin is a weak link in any blanket, as it tends to fade or fray long before the wool in the blanket is worn.

SHEETS AND PILLOWSLIPS. In general principle the longer the fibre in any cotton material the stronger the cloth, but it requires experience to assess fibre length. "Filling" is sometimes used to hide an inadequate fibre structure. In buying sheets, hold them up to the light so that the threads can be clearly seen through the mask of size. Test varying brands by rubbing them in your fingers to see which contains the more powdered filling.

To increase the life of sheets and pillowslips wash them frequently, never allowing them to become badly soiled. Dirt does more damage to cottons than repeated washing.

TOWELS. Look for a firm weave and an even tightness in the loops. Remember that patterns, either self or colored, increase price considerably without adding to quality. You'll save much wear and tear on bath-towels if you always use two—a small, hand-sized one for mopping off the surplus water when

you step out of the shower or tub, and a normal bath-sized one for the final brisk rub.

TEA-TOWELS. Linen tea-towels wear longer but are more expensive and not as absorbent as cotton ones. A dip in thin starch after each laundering will increase the absorbability and reduce the fluffing tendency of tea-towels.

FURNISHING FABRICS. There is more dust resistance, consequently longer wear, from tightly woven, regular-surfaced materials such as cretonne and calico. Linens generally are not so dust resistant, but their extra fibre strength offsets this.

If you choose a furniture fabric in which the warp threads and weft threads are even in number you will have more scope in cutting the fabric, and the result will be a better-balanced structure. If both sets of threads are of equal thickness the material is less likely to split after wear.

To Test For Color: It is impossible to judge whether a furnishing fabric will fade merely by looking at it. But some colors, especially purples and certain shades of brown, tend to fade more quickly. Other colors, such as deep red, tend to rub off. Test this by rubbing the fabric with a white handkerchief to see if the color is fast.

Nobbly Weaves: These are now very popular, and generally will wear well, provided the nobbles are in both warp and weft. If the nobbles are in weft or warp only, care should be taken because the material may split.

Curtains: Lining doubles the life of heavy curtains. In making curtains it is advisable to line them with orlon, if you can afford it, otherwise use calico. For curtains over windows that are generally open, orlon is the ideal fabric.

GENERAL POINTS. Colors and patterns add to cost, and the more the colors the greater the cost. A plain fabric would probably be half the price of one of similar quality printed in six different colors.

As a general rule, tightly woven fabrics wear better than loose weaves.

Care in keeping clean is essential to all fabrics. Dirt is the great destroyer of any fibre.

ANOTHER DESIGN by Frances Burke is suitable for tall, narrow windows, where it will create an illusion of width and spaciousness.





TINTING AND DYEING

HOME DYEING changed a plain white cloth into this glamorous color. Fringe and braid were added after dyeing.

• With good taste, care, and a packet of dye you can work wonders in your home.

HOME dyeing is no longer a difficult and chancy business. Modern dyes are easy and satisfactory to use provided you take care and follow the manufacturer's instructions exactly.

When setting out to dye anything, the first essential is to know the composition of the fabric. Household dyes can be used successfully on most materials except acetate rayons, which require a special dye.

It is also essential that the object to be dyed and the dyeing vessel should both be clean and free from grease.

The ideal dyeing vessel is a copper, but if a copper is not available use any enamel or aluminium vessel which is large enough to allow the fabric to be moved about freely, thereby avoiding any patchy effects.

Depth of color and fastness to sunlight can only be obtained by boiling the dye into the fabric. In the case of woollens, which will not stand boiling, use water as hot as the fabric will stand, add a little extra dye, and leave in the dye bath a little longer than articles which will boil.

Cold-water dyeing will only produce light shades, which are not fast to sunlight.

Light colors cannot be dyed over darker colors unless the fabric is first stripped with color remover.

Rinsed articles in several changes of water until

all surplus dye has been removed, as it may cause discoloration.

Always hang dyed articles in a shady place to dry. Cardigans and pullovers should be turned inside out and spread flat on paper. Flimsy articles will retain their shape better if rolled in a towel until almost dry.

Don't put all the mixed dye into the dye bath at the start of the process. If it is not dark enough a little more can be added, but it is very difficult to remove the color if too much has been added. The use of too much dye can ruin what may otherwise be a good job. This is particularly true with the darker colors, which will take on a bronzed appearance if over-dyed.

And finally, don't overdo things generally. You'll ruin the whole effect of your

beautiful new color schemes if you don't resist the temptation to dip everything in sight into the dye pot.



CHAIR COVERS can, like this one, be dyed on the chair. Use boiling dye and a nail-brush.



THIS HANDSOME BOOKCASE and china cabinet was once an old-fashioned four-shelf bookcase with sliding doors. The doors were removed and the unit sawn in half. The woodwork was thoroughly cleaned and then, as this piece was meant for an ultra-modern room, with a predominantly black-and-white color scheme, it was lacquered black. The inside was papered with a suitable wallpaper and there was a new piece of furniture.

MODERNISING FURNITURE

● Turn your old pieces into new

AN OLD PHONOGRAPH CASE made this workmanlike desk. The lid and working mechanism were removed and the desk top was made from a piece of plywood. Trimmings around the legs and the centre of the cabinet were also removed and some of the timber from the lid did service again to make a shelf for books under the desk.

BACKS OF TWO BROKEN CHAIRS were used to make this hall seat, which has a wooden frame connecting the chair backs. Frame was padded and covered with an attractive coarse-weave modern fabric.



This modern, substantial home is under regular maintenance.

White Ants do climb over pier caps to attack foundations.

Unsuspected nest and floor damage revealed by a "Flick" inspection.

How can You be Sure there are no White Ants in the floor...? ...get a "Flick-Man"...

It costs you nothing . . . to have your local "Flick-man" call and advise on all insect-pest problems . . . He is backed by years of practical experience and a modern Research Laboratory.

- Every treatment guaranteed.
- Regular Maintenance Inspections.

WHITE ANTS and BORERS

and other insect-pests, attack all types of homes and buildings . . . and it is only by trained, experienced personnel who know the habits of these pests that you can be sure of maximum protection from this costly and frequently hidden damage.



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Remember! "One Flick and they're gone!"



CONTROL HOUSEHOLD PESTS

CARPET BEETLES did this damage to an expensive carpet. The small reddish brown grubs of this destructive pest eat through the base of the pile, leaving bare patches which show up after vacuum cleaning or sweeping.

WHEN it comes to controlling household pests, from ants to mice, today's housewife has enormous advantages over earlier generations.

Pest control has been revolutionised by modern chemicals, especially the recently developed chlordane.

With one thorough spraying, chlordane wipes out ants, spiders, cockroaches, silverfish, carpet beetles, and clothes moths. It goes on killing for months, or even years, after application.

For household use, chlordane, under several different trade names, is usually marketed as an 80 per cent. emulsion concentrate in 4oz. bottles which sell at about 7/6. When mixed with water this quantity of concentrate makes one gallon of 2 per cent. spray, this being the correct strength for normal domestic usage. Don't make up more than what is required for immediate use. For most jobs one fluid ounce of the concentrate in a quart of water will provide ample spray.

ANTS, COCKROACHES, SILVERFISH, AND CLOTHES MOTHS.—Two per cent. chlordane is the ideal material for spraying cupboards and other storage places where these pests are troublesome.

Remove contents from the cupboards being treated, and then apply as a fine mist spray to the woodwork, giving special attention to cracks and crevices. Allow to dry out before replacing contents.

Ants, including the troublesome Argentine species, can be kept out of houses by spraying around the outside walls to a height of 12in., and also treating a strip about 12in. wide extending out from the walls. Nests should be sprayed wherever they can be found.

CARPET BEETLES.—New carpets and other floor coverings can be protected from the ravages of carpet beetles, silverfish, and moths for several years by one treatment with 2 per cent. chlordane. Thoroughly spray a strip 6in. wide out from the skirting-boards, then lightly spray the remainder of the carpet.

Chlordane treatment of floor coverings also eliminates fleas, which often breed therein.

SPIDERS. Although not insects, all types of

spiders, including the dangerous redbacks, funnel-webs, and trap-doors can be wiped out by spraying the webs and woodwork with 2 per cent. chlordane.

FLIES AND MOSQUITOES.—Chlordane sprays should not be used against these pests, but effective control is readily obtained by using a spray which contains pyrethrum and piperonyl butoxide to give an immediate "knock-down" kill, as well as D.D.T. or Lindane to provide residual toxicity on sprayed surfaces, such as walls and windows.

Before buying any type of fly spray, always check the label to ensure that it does contain both the "knock-down" and residual type insecticide.

BORERS.—Thanks to some excellent research work, these destructive pests of furniture and other woodwork can now be eliminated completely by brushing or spraying on to the surface a mixture of 20 per cent. dichloroethylether and 2 per cent. chlordane in kerosene or a light, non-staining oil. This mixture will penetrate up to 3in. even into hardwoods, and it kills the eggs and all other stages of borers which are present. Treated timber remains repellent to borers for long periods.

RATS AND MICE.—Both traps and the family cat have been rendered obsolete by a sensational new rodenticide known as warfarin.

Ready-to-use baits consisting of crushed wheat or other grain products are readily available at stores and chemist shops throughout Australia. It is sold under various trade names.

Unlike other rodenticides, warfarin does not kill quickly. Its slow, painless method of killing gives warfarin a decided advantage over all other rodenticides, as rats and mice will go on eating the bait without developing "bait shyness," a common disadvantage with quick-killing chemicals, as the animals are quick to associate violent death with a particular class of food material and will then refuse to touch it.

The secret of success with warfarin is to keep the bait out while ever there is evidence of feeding, as regular feeding inevitably means death.

The greatest labour saver since the washing machine!

HOOVER Steam and Dry IRON



The Hoover lightweight iron gives a real professional finish.

**NOW YOU SAVE
TIME AND ENERGY
BECAUSE STEAM
DOES THE WORK**

Here it is—greatest labour saver since the washing machine! An iron that makes pressing and ironing easier than you ever dreamed because it uses steam to save you the hardest part of the job.

There's no need now for hard pressure or weight. You simply let the Hoover Iron steam out the creases for you. As you iron, steam is gently fed into the fabric, damping it far more evenly and thoroughly than you ever could by hand. You won't need a damping cloth for a thing.

When you need a dry iron just flip down the switch. It's the lightest, easiest iron you've ever used, and there's an automatic control to give exactly the right temperature for every type of fabric. Go to your Hoover retailer for a demonstration to-day.



SWITCH UP, IT'S
A STEAM IRON.
SWITCH DOWN,
IT'S A DRY IRON.

HOW THE HOOVER STEAM IRON WORKS

Steam is formed by water dripping through from the tank on to the hot interior of the iron, one drop at a time. Grooves in the sole-plate of the iron are arranged to distribute the steam evenly. With the Hoover iron, heat and moisture—not weight—do the job. That's why Hoover ironing is so much easier than the way you iron now.



PRICE. £8/17/6 OR EASY TERMS



A TAILOR-LIKE FINISH

You need no damping cloth to press suits, skirts and school tunics to perfection. You can get in creases or pleats like a tailor.



SAVES DAMPING-DOWN

Steam-ironing with the Hoover iron is not only easier and quicker in itself, it saves all damping down except, of course, with heavy cottons, linens and starched fabrics.



WEIGHS LESS THAN AN ORDINARY IRON

You don't need a heavy iron when clothes are correctly damped. This marvellous Hoover steam and dry iron weighs only 3½ lbs. dry, less than 4 lbs. when the tank is full.



EASY TO FILL

Simply pour cold water through the opening in front of the handle. (No need to empty the tank for dry ironing—just flick the control down, that's all.)

HANDY HOW-TO HINTS



COLOR TEST. Want to know what color that flat wall paint will be when it dries? You can find out in a hurry. Just brush a sample on a clean white blotter. Almost at once the shine will disappear, and you can see exactly the color you will get on your painted walls.



SAVE THE DRIPS. To avoid wasting paints or varnish when you are refurbishing chairs or tables, stand the leg being painted in an old saucepan or dish. Surplus paint runs down into the dish and isn't wasted. The same method is also good when using a paint remover.



REPLACE LIDS. Lids from paint tins shouldn't be battered back on with a hammer. Just put tin on floor and step on lid gently. It will seal without sputtering. To avoid getting paint on the sole of your shoe cover the lid with paper before you step on the lid's edges.



HAMMER HARMLESSLY. Marrying woodwork with a hammer is easy when you're doing close-quarters nailing in a corner. To avoid it, wind a heavy rubber band or inner-tube loop around the head of your hammer. Then you can hammer near a wall without causing any scratching.



STORE NAILS. An old patty-cake tin from your kitchen discards makes a handy workshop accessory. Use it for storing small screws, brads, tacks, and nails. Here, the tin pivots under the bench top on a single screw, can be swung back out of the way when not being used.



NON-SKID RUG. Here's a quick way to safety-proof a small rug for a polished floor. Apply rubber cement to several spots on the underside of the rug, let it dry, and it will stay put. The cement can be removed from rug or floor simply by rubbing it. Non-skidding will save falls.



WRAP PARCELS. These three pictures give parcel wrapping hints which you'll find both economical and sound. Old brown paper can be used often and will look like new if you press it with a warm iron. But never try to salvage old gummed paper. It won't stick well twice.



SHOCK ABSORBERS for packing fragile goods like glass, china, or silverware is easily prepared by cutting old newspapers into strips, then crinkling them tightly to fit round the articles to be packed. For awkward shapes damp the paper a little and mould it to fit.



PICTURES AND MIRRORS need a piece of waxed paper cut to fit the glass surface. Then pad with shock-absorbing material until surface is flush with the outer edge of the frame. A corrugated paper sleeve around piece makes it ready for nesting in a carton.



MODERN FURNITURE of the type in this room, designed by Sydney decorator Mr. B. Jeffree, derives much of its charm from its clear, bright colors, which need care to keep them clean and gleaming.

NO matter what the material, furniture eventually reaches a point where it needs more than dusting and polishing to make it look its best.

Even the finest furniture which receives regular care accumulates a film of dirt after a while and needs to be washed.

To wash wooden furniture, make light suds, using pure, white soap or soap flakes and warm water. Dip a soft cloth into the suds, squeeze it as dry as you can, and wash a small area. Rinse promptly with a second cloth, wrung out in clear, warm water. Wipe dry.

Move to an adjoining area and repeat this routine until the entire piece has been thoroughly cleaned. Use a soft brush on carved pieces. If your suds go flat, mix a fresh lot. When thoroughly dry, polish. (Caution: Never let water stand on the surface.) Work carefully, but quickly.

If the piece of furniture under special surveillance has been badly neglected and looks as if refinishing may be the only solution, try this procedure first:

Dust the piece and then wash it as described above. Next dip a cloth in linseed oil (either boiled or raw), then in powdered fine pumice, and rub it over a small area in the direction of the grain. Wipe with a cloth moistened with plain linseed oil.

Proceed in this manner until the entire surface has been cleaned, then polish with a flannel cloth. Make minor repairs, then give the whole thing a final polishing.

MINOR BLEMISHES on furniture can sometimes be corrected, or the appearance of the piece improved, without help from a cabinet-maker. Your success will depend upon how deeply the surface has been damaged and the care and skill you can muster for the job.

ALCOHOL STAINS are caused by spilt drinks, medicines, skin lotions, and perfumes. Since alcohol dissolves many finishes you have a real problem.

ALL ABOUT YOU

When accidents occur, wipe up the spilt liquid instantly and rub the spot vigorously with the palm of your hand or with a cloth moistened with any polish. For old stains use powdered pumice, mixed to a thin paste with raw or boiled linseed oil. Rub lightly in the direction of the grain. Wipe with a cloth dampened with plain linseed oil. Repeat many times as necessary, then polish. Sometimes finishing is necessary.

BLOOM, the grey discoloration that sometimes appears on highly polished furniture, often disappears when the furniture is wiped with a soft cloth. It has been wrung out in warm water containing a little vinegar. (One tablespoon of vinegar to one quart of water.) Wipe dry with a clean, soft cloth. The application of liquid polish often will accomplish the same result. Polish afterwards.

BURNS, if very light, sometimes disappear when rubbed with your usual polish. If not, use fine powdered pumice, mixed to a thin paste with raw or boiled linseed oil. Rub in the direction of the grain. Wipe with another cloth moistened with plain linseed oil. Repeat a number of times if necessary. Polish.

GREASE SPOTS. Wipe with a cloth moistened with carbon tetrachloride. Polish.

HEAT MARKS. A cloth dampened with camellia oil, peppermint oil, or turpentine often will remove white marks caused by hot dishes. Rub lightly.

PAINT. Wipe off fresh paint splashes with a cloth dampened with liquid wax or turpentine, or with soap and water. Polish. Soften old spots first with linseed oil. Daub it on and let it stay for a while. Scrape away the softened paint carefully, then wipe off remaining traces with a cloth moistened with linseed oil. Polish.

SCRATCHES, if light, often disappear when furniture is carefully waxed or polished. Using your usual mixture, rub an extra amount into the scratch. If the scratch still shows, try rubbing it with a piece of walnut kernel (cut sharply). This will darken the stain. Be careful to rub the walnut directly into the scratch so as not to darken the surrounding wood excessively. Another method is to rub or brush a little turpentine into the scratch. Let it dry, then polish. A quality of turpentine is that it can penetrate the finish and restore the color of the original stain. Don't use too much; it might soften the finish.

DEEP SCRATCHES must be filled in carefully—a job that usually calls for a professional. If you try it yourself this is how it is done. Wrap very fine steel wool around the pointed end of a matchstick and smooth the scratch carefully. Brush out all particles, then apply turpentine, or a matching stain, very carefully, using a fine-tipped watercolor brush. When this has dried thoroughly, apply a

FURNITURE CARES

A comprehensive guide to the cleaning of all furniture from antique to ultra modern.

coat of white shellac to the scratch, being careful not to spill it. Let this dry completely and apply a second coat. Repeat the coatings, letting each one dry thoroughly, until the crack has been filled. Polish carefully.

BAMBOO, CANE REED, WICKER, AND RATTAN furniture should be dusted with an untreated cloth or with a cloth dampened with water. Or you can use the dusting attachment of your vacuum cleaner, which is ideal for crevices. To prevent drying out and splitting, this type of furniture should be wet thoroughly about once a year. Put it outside and treat it to fine spray from the garden hose or place it under the bathroom shower. If such furniture needs washing, use mild, pure suds, containing a little ammonia, thoroughly. Once a year treat it to a coat of shellac.

LEATHER - UPHOLSTERED FURNITURE should be dry-dusted with an untreated cloth and cleaned, as required, with saddle soap or with thick suds made of mild soap. Use as little water as possible. If using saddle soap, obtained at an ironmonger's or a shoe shop, follow the directions on the container. Wipe off soap traces with a clean, damp cloth and, when thoroughly dry, polish briskly with a soft, dry cloth.

To prevent leather from drying out and cracking, rub it occasionally (once or twice a year) with castor oil, neatsfoot oil, or a good commercial leather conditioner. On light-colored leather use a white petroleum jelly, since most oils tend to darken leather.

If using neatsfoot oil, remember that, while it is an excellent leather conditioner and is readily absorbed, it leaves a dull rather than a glossy finish. Do not use mineral (paraffin) oil. It is not good for leather. Do not polish leather furniture.

METAL FURNITURE should be dusted regularly and cleaned according to the particular metal of which it is made. It seldom requires more than dusting.

PAINTED FURNITURE is more easily cleaned if it is kept polished.

PLASTIC FURNITURE should be dusted regularly. A damp cloth usually is all that is needed to remove spilt foods. It can be washed with lukewarm water and a mild soap or detergent. Rinse with a cloth wrung out in clear, warm water and wipe dry. Do not use chemical cleaners or chemical aids, such as ammonia on plastic furniture.

PERIOD PIECES like this superb mahogany table will increase in beauty and value with the years if given regular and skilful care. An occasional wash with soap and water will improve all furniture, and do no damage, if the instructions given on this page are followed carefully. Do not overdo the washing.

UPHOLSTERED FURNITURE attracts as much dust as your mahogany tabletop. Don't neglect it just because the dust is less visible.

On cleaning days remove the cushions and clean all surfaces with the upholstery attachment of your vacuum cleaner or with a good stiff brush.

Caution: If your cushions are stuffed with down, don't use your vacuum cleaner on them. It will pull the feathers through and you will spend the afternoon plucking them.

Spots should be removed from upholstery as soon as possible after being made. Follow the directions given, for the particular stain, on page 19 in this book. Always test an inconspicuous portion, or sample, first for color-fastness, if using water, and for any possible reaction to the chemicals called for.

You'll find you can do a pretty good job on most materials except piled fabrics like velvet and plush. Use a good upholstery shampoo or soap lather, which you can mix up yourself. A dry-cleaning fluid can be used on materials that won't stand water.

To make your shampoo, dissolve about six tablespoons of pure, white soap flakes in a pint of boiling water, adding two teaspoons of ammonia or two tablespoons of borax as a softener, if desired.

Let the mixture stand until it sets, then whip it with an egg-beater. Whether you are using a chemical shampoo or soap, remember that it is the lather you want for this job. The fabric must absorb as little moisture as possible.

Using a small, soft brush, clean an area about eight inches square, applying the lather until that portion is clean. Now wipe it with a clean cloth or sponge, squeezed out of clear, warm water. Proceed to an adjoining area and work in this manner until the entire surface has been cleaned.

Do not use the cleaned furniture until it is absolutely dry. Do not dry it in the sun; colors may be damaged. An electric fan will speed drying.



TAKE A HINT

Further tested hints which help to make easier two of the most important tasks in any household.

MENDING and patching, boiling and baking take up much of the housewife's time, so here are some work-saving tips about:

SEWING Scissors may be given a sharp edge quickly by cutting them through fine sandpaper.

Talcum powder used freely on hands when knitting with white wool will help to keep the garment clean.

A vacuum-cleaner will remove dust from odd corners of your sewing machine.

Crochet and knitting needles should be washed occasionally with soap and water. This lets you work faster and easier.

Worn tea-towels can be rejuvenated if you place two together and stitch crosswise in quilting pattern. This makes one really good towel out of two old ones. The same can be done with worn blankets, which are further improved if

you cover the joined pair with cheerful washing cotton, thereby making them into a warm quilt.

Tack velvet with fine cotton, otherwise the material may be marked. To remove tacking threads cut every few inches; never pull out in a long thread for the same reason.

When slipping knitting stitches on to a safety-pin place a small button on the pin first. This stops the wool from getting tangled around the hinge of the pin.

COOKING A clean cotton reel is quite a good substitute for a pie-funnel.

When making a sweet pie, try a change of flavor by substituting coffee for water when mixing the pastry.

To make breadcrumbs quickly and easily, place dry bread between sheets of waxed paper and roll with a rolling-pin.

Save on eggs when apples are plentiful by using unsweetened

apple pulp to bind and moisten meat loaves and rissoles.

Keep herbs always on hand for flavoring meat dishes. Dry parsley, mint, and celery leaves in a very slow oven, then powder them and store separately in screw-top jars.

Earthenware must always contain a liquid, fat, or a moist food before it is placed over a flame, otherwise the glaze is likely to crack or the dish break.

THE KITCHEN KNIFE

Nothing is more important to a cook who wants to save her time and temper than the kitchen knife. It should be small, preferably pointed, and really sharp. To keep it that way don't toss it in the cutlery drawer. Contact with other things in the drawer quickly blunts it, so keep it in a special place where it touches nothing. Treat your carving knife with the same respect.



so easy with LAMINEX and LAMINEX contact adhesive

With Laminex Contact Adhesive, it's child's play to apply Laminex yourself to any surface. You simply buy your piece of Laminex cut roughly to size you can trim it yourself, then with a few simple tools and the Contact Adhesive you're ready to make that coffee table or any other surface look like new.

Obtain an illustrated free booklet on how to apply Laminex. Write to Laminex Pty. Ltd., 463 Nippon Highway, Brighton, Victoria.

LAMINEX

EVERYTHING SPICK and SPAN

Nothing is more cheering to a housewife than a home shining with cleanliness.

HERE are some well-tested methods which will help make the endless task of cleaning easier and more satisfying.

BATHS. A daily wipe with a cloth damped with kerosene, then with a dry cloth, will avoid hard cleaning of the bath. For badly stained enamel tubs or basins a paste of cream of tartar and peroxide, applied with a stiff nail-brush, will work wonders.

BRUSHES AND COMBS. Wash them in warm, soapy water to which a little ammonia or borax has been added. Do not dry brushes in artificial heat. Ivory-backed brushes should not be dried in the sun, because it will discolor the backs.

BRASS. Clean regularly with a reliable brass polish. For corrosion spots try lemon rind dipped in salt or a mixture of salt and hot vinegar. Boiling in water to which salt and vinegar have been added saves effort with small all-brass pieces.

COPPER. On ornaments use a good copper polish, or make one yourself from equal parts of salt, vinegar, and flour. Corrosion spots may be removed with a mixture of either hot vinegar and salt or lemon juice and salt. For verdigris try hot soapsuds and ammonia or, if that isn't strong enough, a paste made with whiting mixed with a little oxalic acid.

LINOLEUM FLOORS. There are various good linoleum cleaners and polishes on the market. Use whichever you prefer, but bear a few general points in mind. Always clean a small area at a time. If washing the floor, wring the cloth out well. Water rots linoleum. So do harsh soaps and oil, so avoid them. To clean a floor coated with old polish and stubborn dirt, steel wool dipped in mineral turpentine is excellent. Work on a small area at a time, don't rub too hard, and keep a clean cloth by to mop up the grime as you go.

Caution: If you must have a highly polished kitchen floor, don't put loose mats on it. A slipping mat is the quickest step to a broken leg.

PEWTER. For a dull finish rub it with a paste of powdered pumice and olive oil. For a bright finish use a good quality silver polish. Spots on pewter can be taken off with very fine steel wool, dipped in olive oil to prevent scratching.

SILVERWARE. Sterling silverware should be used daily because constant use gives it the deep, mellow glow so much admired. You will not have to polish it frequently if you wash it in hot soapy water promptly after every use. Finish by rinsing in hot water and dry immediately.

The best method of cleaning silver is by hand rubbing with a prepared polish, either liquid, paste, or powder. Wash the silver first in hot soapsuds, then apply a reliable polish with a soft cloth, sponge, or



SHINING MIRRORS enhance both your looks and those of your house. Take care never to let water seep round the edge of a mirror. It damages the backing and makes the mirror look spotty.

chamois. Each piece should be rubbed briskly but not hard, using even, straight strokes. Silver should not be rubbed with a crosswise or rotary motion. After applying the polish, rub each piece with a clean, soft cloth or chamois until it is shining.

Finally wash each piece carefully to remove any traces of polish. Silverplate should be treated in the same way as solid silver, but too frequent polishing will tend to remove the plating.

SINKS. Flush daily with hot water, and once a month add a little washing soda to the water. If the sink shows signs of clogging, try pouring in a mixture of a pound of washing soda to three gallons of boiling water. When really blocked, unscrew the cap at the bottom of the curved section of the pipe under the sink. For this you'll need a wrench and a bucket to catch the grease and dirty water that will flow out when the cap is removed.

SHOWER CURTAINS. To remove accumulated grime and soap, dunk your plastic curtains in a laundry tub of warm water to which a little ammonia is added. Spread the curtains flat along the side of the trough and give them a brisk rub with steel wool or a nylon sponge. Hang in the shade to dry.

TEAPOTS. To remove the coat of tannin which collects inside all teapots, soak the pot overnight in a strong solution of washing soda and hot water. Then scrub with a round bristle mop and carefully wash down the spout. Rinse thoroughly with boiling water before using again.

WINDOWS AND MIRRORS. For an easy, home-made cleaning preparation make a mixture of one-third water, one-third methylated spirit, and one-third kerosene. Apply with a clean cloth soaked in the mixture, allow to dry, and polish with a clean, dry cloth.

You get true white
... dazzling white
when you use ...

Reckitt's Blue

It's the 3 essential steps that make clothes whiter



*A little bird
told me ...*

that Robin Starch, the easy-
to-mix starch, makes ironing
easier and gives a lovely gloss.
Robin Starch, the perfect washday
companion of Reckitt's Blue.

ROBIN Starch

GIVES W-I-N-G-S TO YOUR IRON

WASH

to remove
loose dirt



RINSE

to make
clothes clean

BLUE

to stop whites
turning yellow

★ **TESTS PROVE.** Washing tests have shown conclusively the wonderful effect of Reckitt's Blue in preventing whites developing a yellowish tinge. That's why you cannot afford to miss the blue rinse any washday.

Reckitt's Blue

OUT OF THE BLUE COMES THE **WHVEST** WASH

Page 16—Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly, April 13, 1955



EASE WASH-DAY WORRIES

A little planning and a little care will take the worry out of your wash day.

WHETHER you wash your clothes in a modern machine or an old-style copper, you'll need to do some planning to make wash day go easily.

Getting up a little earlier on washing morning is always a help. So is sorting the clothes beforehand. Do this according to fabric and degree of soiling. Soiled articles such as tea-towels, collars, and handkerchiefs are best soaked overnight in cold water.

Put handkerchiefs in a separate container and add a tablespoon of salt to the water.

With washing-machines put in the quantity of soap powder or detergent the manufacturer advises. With a copper allow a heaped tablespoon of soap or soap powder to each gallon of water.

Put the clothes that are to be boiled (making sure no colored socks or such are caught among them) into cold water and bring to the boil. Boil about ten minutes.

Good rinsing (twice or three times) is essential. Bear in mind that after the final rinsing the water should be quite clean.

Bear in mind, too, these other wash-day do's and don'ts.

DO keep woollens under water while washing. Lifting them in and out of water strains the elasticity of the wool.

DO iron all fabrics until they are quite dry. Any dampness left in articles tends to crinkle when dry and gives clothes a rough, dry appearance.

DO place freshly laundered and aired items at the bottom of their respective stacks so that articles are used as far as possible in rotation. This extends the life of fabrics.

DON'T let things get so dirty before washing that severe methods are needed to clean them. Frequent light laundering is better for fabrics than occasional hard laundering.

Don't handle clothes roughly. Clean by gently squeezing. If rubbing is necessary, rub affected part lightly. Soil marks on collars and cuffs can be brushed with a soft nailbrush along the grain of the material.

Don't stretch and pull artificial silk when wet. This weakens the fibres.

Don't use hot water for colored articles, lukewarm is best.

Don't leave articles too long in a washing-machine. To avoid this, sort clothes carefully and wash the cleanest together, allowing minimum time for cleaning. When lightly soiled and heavily soiled articles are washed together the tendency is to keep them in the machine too long.

Don't use bleaching agents unnecessarily. Sunshine and fresh air are the best bleaching agents for whites. A final rinse in blue water improves color, but if too much is used it gives whites a grey appearance.

On more specific problems of the laundry here are some notes to guide you when washing:

KNITWEAR. As knitted goods tend to go out of shape when washed, measure each garment before putting it in the tub. After washing pull it back to the right measurements before putting out to dry.

Prepare good suds. The temperature of the water should be only tepid. Avoid rubbing, but squeeze every part of the garment, turning about, but trying as far as possible to keep it under the water.

Give at least three rinses in water of the same temperature as the washing water, and if any trace of color shows either in the washing or rinsing water, give a final vinegar rinse, using $\frac{1}{2}$ -cup of vinegar to each gallon of water.

Extract excess moisture either by putting knitwear through a wringer with rubber rollers or by rolling tightly, first one way then the other, in big towels, changing the towels as they become saturated.

If a garment is embroidered, appliqued, or brushed wool, it should be dried on the right side. In all other cases it is advisable to dry everything on the wrong side. Shape garment to original measurements and dry in shade either by spreading on towel or hanging on line by threading old stockings through sleeves.

To finish, press lightly when dry, on the right side over muslin. Do not press the iron backwards and forwards, this stretches the garment. If ribbed or cable-stitch pattern or hand-knitted articles, press on the wrong side on an ironing table with a fairly well-padded surface.

VELVETEEN. Wash in tepid suds, dipping up and down in the suds, but do not rub. Should there be any particularly soiled patches they should be noted before wetting, then the material should be placed flat on one hand and rubbed with the other hand the way of the pile only.

Do not wring or squeeze the garment at all, hang it dripping on a padded coat-hanger and allow to dry.

Iron very lightly, when almost dry, on the wrong side, on a very soft blanket; if possible draw the material over the surface of the iron. Afterwards turn on the right side and rub the material up the right way with the palm of the hand or a velvet pad, so that the pile shows glossy and even. Then hang out to dry thoroughly.

QUIET WEEK-END! BY *Aria*



BOB FARR, OF SALESMEN QUITE THE KING, HAD TROUBLE WITH HIS GUTTERING.



"WITH LABOUR COSTS NOW WHAT THEY ARE I'LL DO THE WORK MYSELF," SAID FARR.



AS WEEK-END ORDERS HAVE GONE OUT HE BATTLES HOME WITH PIPE AND SPOUT



HIS HANDS! OH WHAT A FILTHY MESS! ... A SALESMAN'S LOST HIS JOB FOR LESS!



BUT HANDY MEN KNOW SOLVOL'S SKILL — SO FARR IS TOPS IN SALESMEN STILL!



And Solvol's tops for kiddies' grubby hands and knees.

Solvool cleans hands better than ordinary soaps ever can! No painful scrubbing! Yet dirt, ingrained grime, stains and odours are swept away in just 30 seconds flat. Solvol — the short-cut to well-groomed hands.



ON REMOVING STAINS

Stains are easier to acquire than lose. But with care most can be removed

ALL stains present different problems, but there are certain basic rules in all treatments.

The first thing is to know your fabric, your stain, and your stain remover. Then treat the stain as quickly as possible. Try the simplest method first—cold water for non-greasy stains, carbon tetrachloride or a similar solvent for greasy ones.

For light stains apply a few drops of remover unevenly (to avoid rings), and repeat as mixture spreads. For stubborn stains in washable materials hold the spot over the steam of a boiling kettle.

For heavy stains place stained portion wrong side out over absorbent pad and drip remover through. Move pad when soiled and don't rub too hard.

MATERIALS FOR STAIN REMOVAL

OXALIC ACID. Buy from chemist. Use level tablespoon to cup of hot water. Store safely and label **POISON**. Rinse oxalic acid thoroughly out of fabrics.

HYDROGEN PEROXIDE. Bleach. Buy from chemist or chain store. Add one teaspoon of ammonia or borax to cupful of peroxide for greater effectiveness.

SODIUM HYPOCHLORITE. Bleach. Buy from chemist. Use 2 to 5 tablespoons per quart of water.

CARBON TETRACHLORIDE. Solvent. Buy from chemist. Apply only to dry fabrics. Use with cup, bowl, or absorbent pad.

SODIUM HYDROSULPHITE. Bleach. Buy from chemist. Use about one teaspoon to cup of hot water.

WASHABLE STAINS

The following stains are generally removed in the ordinary family wash, so no steps need be taken for their removal before washing:

- Beauty clay.
- Butter.
- Confectionery.
- Carrot.
- Cream.
- Glue.
- Iodine.
- Milk.
- Mud.
- Orange juice.
- Tobacco.
- Tomato.

PARTIALLY WASHABLE

The following stains may or may not be completely removed in washing, so some steps may be necessary before or after washing to remove them:

- Acid.
- Bluing.
- Chocolate.
- Coffee.
- Cocoa.
- Mayonnaise.
- Meat juice.
- Rouge.
- Light scorch.

Treat as follows: **ACIDS**—Sponge with weak solution of ammonia. **BLUING**—With oxalic acid. **THE OTHERS**—With sodium hypochlorite.

STAINS REQUIRING SPECIAL CARE

STAIN	White Cotton, Linen, and Rayon	White Wool and Silk	Colored Cotton, Linen, and Rayon	Colored Wool and Silk
ALCOHOL	Cold water sponge, then hydrogen peroxide.		Cold water, then little glycerine, stand 30 minutes, sponge again.	
ASPHALT TAR	Carbon tetrachloride.		Carbon tetrachloride.	
COD LIVER OIL	Carbon tetrachloride then hydrosulphite.	Carbon tetrachloride then peroxide.	Carbon tetrachloride.	
FRUIT	Pour boiling water through from height then hypochlorite.	Hydrosulphite.	Color test, if fast try peroxide or lemon juice. Never use soap. It sets fruit stains.	
GRASS	Hypochlorite.	Peroxide.	Methylated spirit.	
INK	Hydrosulphide then oxalic acid.		Color test, if fast, hydrosulphide.	
IRON RUST	Lemon juice, oxalic acid or hydrosulphite.		Color test, then lemon juice or oxalic acid.	
LIPSTICK	Carbon tetrachloride then hydrosulphite.		Work in cold cream, follow with carbon tetrachloride.	
MILDEW	Soak in mixture of tablespoon of chloride of lime to pint of water or: Wash in hot water, alternate hypochlorite and oxalic acid.	Wash in hot water, then peroxide.	Wash in soap and water or if unwashable send to dry cleaner.	
OIL OR GREASE	Carbon tetrachloride. Work from wrong side of material and from outside to stain towards its centre. Place pad of clean cloth under stain and change when soiled.			
PAINT	Turpentine or carbon tetrachloride.		Turpentine or carbon tetrachloride.	

"This smart threesome won the triplets contest" in Velvet-washed blouses"

says *Aunt Jenny*



* The Australian Women's Weekly Triplets Picture Contest.



THREE BONNY AUSTRALIANS, Jeannette, Lynette and Annette Bishop make a winsome picture in their first "Radley" tunics and Velvet washed blouses. "Everyone notices triplets so I make a special effort to keep my girls spick and span," says their proud mother, Mrs. E. E. Bishop of Brussels St., Mascot. "My wash is tremendous — fifteen school blouses a week, for one thing." Mrs. Bishop smiles. "But then I do have help — Velvet Soap. Those extra soapy suds are wonderful, particularly for the specially grubby parts. And gentle Velvet makes the girls' clothes last so well!"

"WHAT A GIANT-SIZE WASH-UP!" gasps Aunt Jenny, when she sees the dishes on the Bishop's sink. "Next to washing this is the biggest job in our house", answers the trio's mother. "It's almost continuous. But Velvet comes to my rescue again. These extra soapy suds make short work of even our wash-up — and it's so kind to my hands."



BUY
THE BIG
ECONOMY BAR

A QUICK GUIDE TO BETTER IRONING

FOLDING A SHIRT



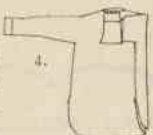
1. Do up buttons and lay shirt on table, back up, like this.

2. Turn in one under arm seam few inches. Lay sleeve straight across back.



3. Turn down the sleeve in line with the centre of the collar band.

4. Fold sleeve in half to bring cuff level with collar. Do the other sleeve.



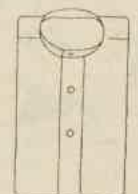
5. Take one side which has been turned in and fold to centre of the shirt.

6. Repeat the folding on the other side of the shirt back.



7. Turn up the tail about six inches, then fold again level with collar.

8. Front of the finished shirt. Pin at each shoulder to hold in position.



Ironing is an art that requires skill and patience. This guide will help you in acquiring that skill.

THERE are some general principles which if followed in ironing make the job less tedious.

Always fold your clothes ready for ironing when you take them from the line. Iron first the articles requiring least heat—that is artificial silks, nylons, and woollens; then real silks requiring a warm iron, then unstarched linens and cottons, and finally starched goods which require a hot iron.

Damp clothes evenly. If you're in a hurry use hot water. Iron in straight strokes with the thread of the material. Most articles should be ironed on the right side unless, as with embroideries and lace, you want to bring out a pattern. Do them on the wrong side first.

STEAM IRONS, of which there are now several brands on the market, save ironing time. They eliminate damping and the fear of scorching. When using a steam iron follow the manufacturer's directions closely.

PRESSING A SUIT is not really difficult but it does require care. For successful pressing you need a firmly padded table or board, a damp clean cloth, a sleeve-board, a flat-backed clothes-brush, and, to get a really professional finish, a small, tightly padded bag of stout material about nine inches square.

With the coat, commence pressing at the right-hand front, pressing over a damp cloth and working up towards the waist. When the cloth is lifted steam will still be rising. Don't move the garment until this steam has been knocked in with the back of the clothes-brush. Knock down hard on each section you press, hold for a second or two and continue knocking until not a trace of steam is left in the garment. Then pass the section you have pressed away from you.

The next step is to press from the waist up to the shoulder. Never attempt to press the bust flat or you will ruin the tailor-like finish of the coat. The small padded square should be placed under the bustline before pressing.

Open the revers out flat and press from the underside and fold, not press, back flat into position.

After the collar has been well pressed on the underside, turn it back to its final position and lay it on the small pad for a second pressing. The shoulders are pressed curved, and here again you will find the small ironing pad invaluable.

Sleeves should never have a crease pressed in them. Use a sleeve-board.

A skirt that has bagged at the back can be restored to shape by shrinking the material before pressing. Baggy trouser knees of a man's suit can be treated in the same way. Place the garment on the board with the stretched part in the centre. Lay a wet cloth over the work then glide the iron over the cloth in small circles, making sure there is no pressure. The whole weight of the iron should be held in the hand. The object is to use heat and moisture to shrink the cloth back to its original shape. When all bagginess has disappeared the garment can be pressed in the usual way.

When pressing men's trousers, iron down the back crease first, then across the turn-up, and finish by ironing up the front crease.

If any shine appears after pressing, lay the damp cloth on the spot and gently pat with the iron. This will remove it.

14 sheets a week!

In the good, green country of Baulkham Hills, N.S.W., Mr. and Mrs. Beer are bringing up a healthy family of young Australians—five girls and two boys. The eldest is 13, the youngest 14 months—and between them they make plenty of washing for capable Mrs. Beer.

WITH ALL THOSE SHEETS,
10 OR 11 TOWELS AND THE KIDDIES'
CLOTHES, THE WASH PILES UP. BUT
WITH RINSO'S THICKER, RICHER
SUDS IT'S SOON ON
THE LINE.



**Rinso's thicker,
richer suds** make light
work of **all the wash!**

Step into Mrs. Beer's sunny backyard any washday and you'll see a line full of frosty white sheets, towels, tea-towels, pillowslips and a row of youngsters' clothes. The whites are dazzling, the coloureds brighter than new.



"I couldn't manage without Rinso, and get through two packets a week," Mrs. Beer says. "And no red, rough hands either!" Like thousands of Australian housewives, Mrs. Beer has proved that there's nothing to beat Rinso's thicker, richer suds for everything you wash—whites, coloureds, dishes.

Rinso is recommended by the makers
of all leading washing machines

MORE WASHING-UP!
BUT WE DON'T MIND WHEN
WE'VE GOT LOTS OF LOVELY
RICH RINSO SUDS TO GET
DISHES BRIGHT AND SHINY.



Z 354.5WWFPs

TAKE A HINT

More brief tips which will help save precious time and effort with many of your household chores.

ANYTHING that saves time about the house means more leisure for the housekeeper. Here are some time-saving tips about:

LAUNDRY

When laundering lace doyleys

protect them from strain by placing them in a pillow-slip.

Navy blue cotton school uniforms should be washed individually to avoid a dull appearance. Before starching turn them to the wrong side.

To clean a white felt hat rub all over with fine emery paper, using a circular movement, coat with a generous layer of block magnesia, leave for 24 hours then brush well.

Never starch white linens that are to be stored. Wash thoroughly and rinse in clear water. Fold rough dry and wrap in blue tissue paper. No matter how long they are stored they will not yellow.

When ironing table linen occasionally change the folding creases. This prolongs the life of linen.

Save time when pegging out clothes by grouping articles into those that can be folded without ironing, those that can be taken from the line before they are quite dry, and those that need to be dampened down.

Never iron over a plastic zip-fastener. It may buckle.

Before washing sashes or ties cut on the cross and double-run a tacking thread around the edges and they will keep perfect shape.

Add a little borax to the water when washing tea-towels. It removes dirt and grease and makes the towels a good color. It also acts as a disinfectant.

Soak new tea-towels in cold water with half packet of Epsom-salt. This removes the dressing and makes them soft and absorbent in one wash.

A few grains of Condy's crystals added to the water in which khaki shorts are rinsed will improve their color.

A few soap flakes sprinkled in the starch after it has been made will stop starch from sticking.

When drying silk or nylon stockings on the line place a penny or a marble in each toe. This prevents them being blown and wrapped around the line.

To remove the odor of underarm perspiration from woollens, sponge with lemon juice and water and hang garment in the air.

Stale bread is a good cleaner for light-colored suede gloves.

PAINTING

Hot vinegar will soften paint

brushes that have become hard and dry. Soak for at least an hour.

To rid a room of the odor of fresh paint stand a large

bowl of water in it. Hay placed in the water will be still more effective.

Paint spatters can be removed from tiles by wiping them with a cloth that has been dipped in nail-polish remover.

When painting a room coat door knobs and other metals with petroleum jelly so that the paint can be easily wiped off if it splashes on those surfaces.

Paint the inside of a dark cupboard with white enamel. You'll find it so much easier to see what's in it.

WINDOWS

Don't make your windows too fussy.

Simple treatments and good fabrics look best.

Curtains will not look any better than a flag if you let them wave outside like one in all weathers.

Avoid using fabrics with horizontal stripes, large figures, or checks on broad and low windows.

Curtains that are to hang on the outside casing of a window should never finish at the sill. They should be made to cover the apron below, or to a point 4 to 2 inches below the sill, otherwise to floor length.

Never drape windows primarily for effect from the outside. The appearance from the inside is of greater importance.

To distribute surface fading or soiling of venetian blinds frequently shift slats from up-tilt to down-tilt. A coating of wax about every three months not only gives protection to the paint surfaces

but makes cleaning much easier.

ODDS AND ENDS

Always useful to know.

A half-penny measures an inch in diameter and five half-pennies weigh one ounce.

Make a one-job process of washing and applying polish to a floor. Add about 1 dessertspoon of wax floor polish to the hot suds, wash floor in usual way and when dry rub with a clean mop to a bright finish.

A discarded shaving brush makes an excellent duster for pleated lampshades and elaborately carved furniture.

When travelling you'll find a tube of shaving cream much more convenient to carry than a cake of soap and a container. Only a little cream is needed to clean the hands.

Carrot seeds sown thickly in a low bowl make an attractive table decoration. The feathery tops are a lovely green, they grow quickly and can be trimmed to any shape.

When arranging flowers and all your flower holders are in use half a potato is a good substitute. Punch holes in the skin with an ice-pick for the flower stems and set in the container cut side down.

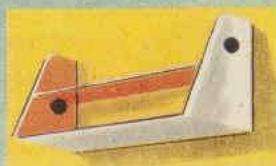
A blanket that's too short is most uncomfortable on a bed. Lengthen it by sewing a wide piece of flannellette across one end. It will not be noticed as this part can be tucked under.



... you'll find it's
child's-play to use KEM-GLO
for all interior woodwork



• Furniture



• Shelves, accessories



• Doors and skirtings



• Bathroom or kitchen walls



• Cupboards



• Window frames

Looks and washes like baked enamel...

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